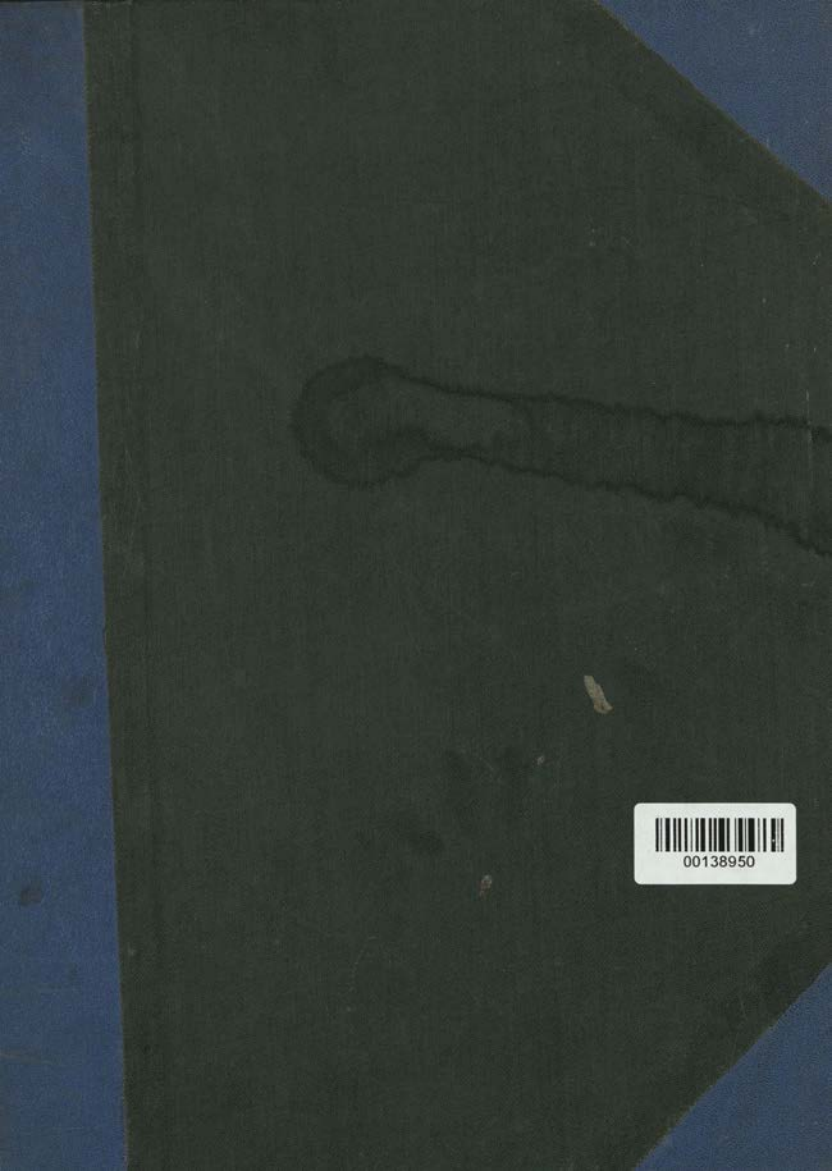
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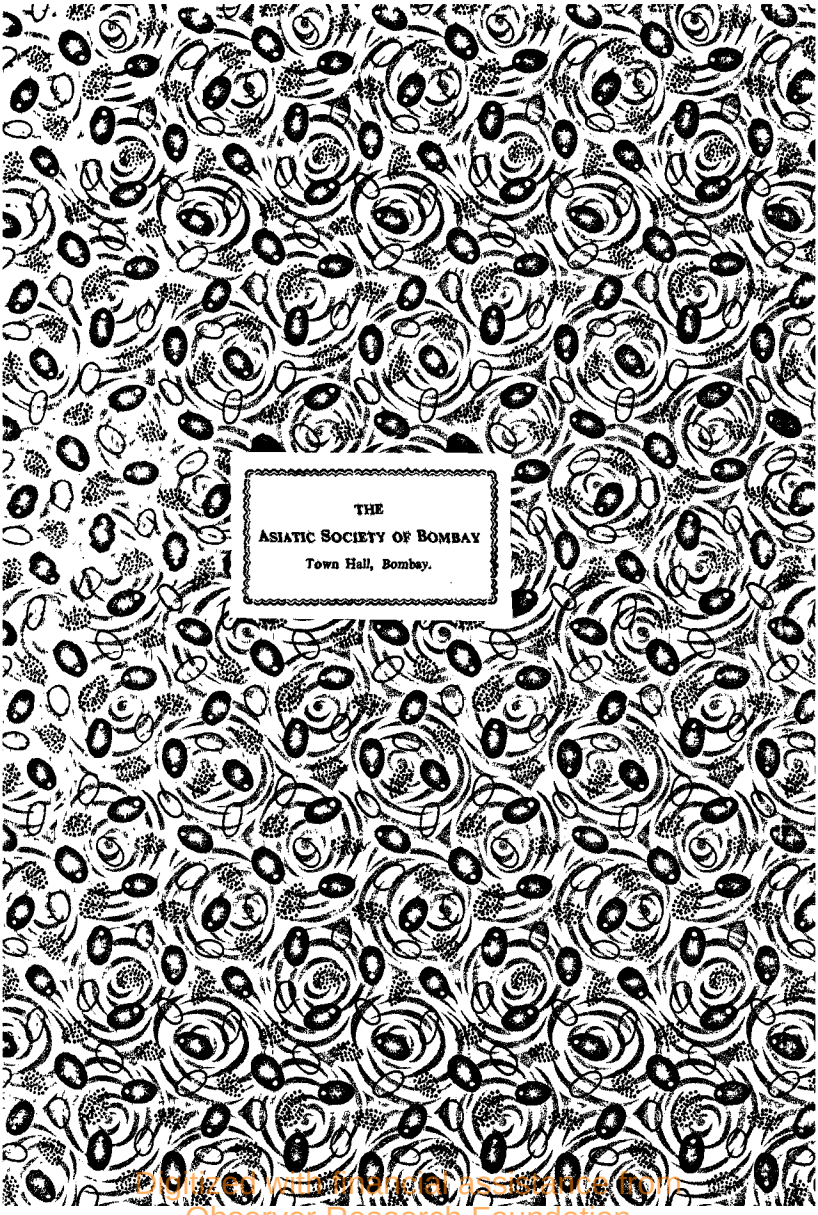

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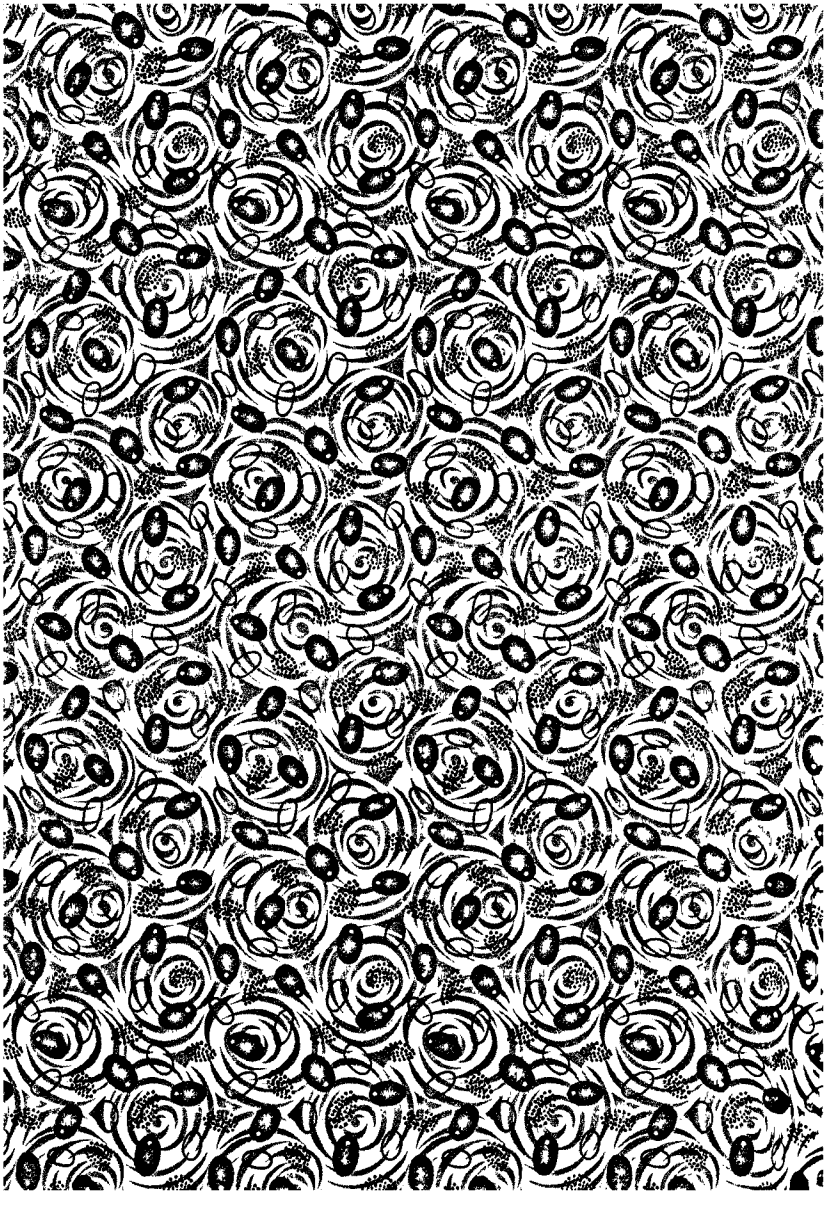

TRAVELS IN THE EAST
OF
NICHOLAS II
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA
WHEN CESAREWITCH

VOLUME
II

H. I. M. Nicholas II

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TRAVELS IN THE EAST

WHEN CESAREWITCH

1890-1891

Written by Order of His Imperial Majesty by

PRINCE E. OOKHTOMSKY

and Translated from the Russian by

ROBERT GOODLET (ST. PETERSBURG)

IN TWO VOLUMES : WITH ABOUT 500 ILLUSTRATIONS ENGRAVED ON WOOD; AND NUMEROUS HELIOGRAVURE PLATES

Edited by

SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD

M.D., K.C.I.E., Etc.

VOLUME II

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STEEL AND HELIOGRAVURE PLATES

H.I.M. NICHOLAS II. (STEEL PORTRAIT), ... *Frontispiece*

SOUTH INDIAN SANCTUARIES (HELIOGRAVURE), ... *at page* 80

KING OF SIAM'S GONDOLAS (HELIOGRAVURE), ... „ 206

INTERIOR OF SIAMESE TEMPLE (HELIOGRAVURE), ... „ 226

STORM IN A SIBERIAN FOREST (HELIOGRAVURE), ... „ 463

FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
BURIAL OF THE DEAD IN THE GANGES AT BENARES,	9
SNAKE CHARMER,	21
TEMPLE OF BUDDHA GAYA IN THE NEAR FUTURE,	61
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN MADRAS,	75
TRICHINOPOLY,	87
GOPURAS OF SRIRANGAM,	91
PERATERA PROCESSION IN KANDY,	125
PRIMEVAL FOREST IN CEYLON,	133
NUWARA ELIYA,	137
STREET IN BATAVIA,	159
THE VOLCANO OF PAPANDAYAN,	181
CROCODILE HUNT,	191
THE CROCODILE KILLED BY H.I. HIGHNESS (ST. PETERSBURG WINTER-PALACE),	195
LANDING IN BANGKOK,	209
KING OF SIAM IN ST. PETERSBURG,	213
LEAVING THE CHIEF PALACE IN BANGKOK,	217
TEMPLE OF 'EMERALD' BUDDHA,	229
BANGKOK FROM THE GOLDEN HILL,	237
TEMPLE IN BANG-PA-IN,	241
PARADE IN SAIGON,	271
THE GENIUS OF HUNTING,	283
ROADSTEAD OF HONG-KONG,	291
HARBOUR OF HONG-KONG,	295
RIVER VIEW IN CANTON,	307
IDOLS—	
CHINESE DEITY,	317
THE 'VENERABLE,'	317
CHINESE DEITY,	317
FROM THE CHINESE BUDDHIST PANTHEON,	317
CHINESE BUDDHA,	317
RECEPTION IN CANTON,	327
AMAZONS IN TRANSBAIKALIA,	331
IDOLS—	
DEITY,	335
A FOLLOWER OF THE FUTURE BUDDHA,	335
THE GREEN TARA,	335
CHINESE BUDDHA,	335
VAJRADHARA,	335
THE GREAT EMPEROR OF THE SOUTH SEA,	335
ONE OF THE SEVEN WISE MEN,	335
A GREAT LAMA,	335
PRIESTLY DOCTOR,	335
GREETING WITH CHADAKS,	339

FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS—*Continued.*

PAGE

IDOLS—
A 'PATRON OF LEARNING,' 343
THE GUARDIAN OF TIBET, ... 343
KUBERA, GOD OF RICHES, ... 343
FROM THE LAMA PANTHEON, ... 343
THE GREAT MAGICIAN DAMDSCRIN, . . . 343
A BODHISATVA, ... 343
GOD OF MAGIC, ... 343
YAMA, GOD OF THE DEAD, WITH CHILD'S SKELETON AS A CLUB, ... 343
VAJRAPANI, WIELDER OF THUNDERBOLTS, . . 343
ON THE ONON, THE CRADLE OF GENGHIZ KHAN, ... 347
CHINESE GARDEN, ... 353
THE 'VLADIVOSTOK' ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG, ... 359
ROCK OF THE LITTLE ORPHAN ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG, ... 363
FIREWORKS ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG, . . 367
RECEPTION AT HANKÒW, ... 371
RUSSO-CHINESE BORDER SCENERY, . . . 377
RUSSO-CHINESE FRONTIER, ... 381
COUNT MOURAVIEFF AMOORSKY, ... 387
VIEW IN SIBERIA, ... 391
QUAY AT HANKOW, ... 397
GROUP OF BURIATS, ... 401
BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN JAPAN, ... 411
ISLAND OF PAPENBERG, NEAR NAGASAKI, . 415
IDOLS—
PADMAPÂNI, ... 421
GODDESS OF MERCY, ... 421
JAPANESE BUDDHA, ... 421
KWANNON GRIEVING OVER THE SORROWS OF THE WORLD, ... 421
ANCIENT JAPANESE BUDDHAS, ... 421
PROTECTOR OF THE NORTHERN PORTION OF THE WORLD, ... 421
IDOLS FROM JAPANESE PANTHEON, . . . 421
NEAR VLADIVOSTOK, ... 431

PAGE

OLD JAPANESE WAR PROCESSION, . . . 435
IN OTSU, ... 449
AMONG THE GOLD-MINES OF SIBERIA, . . 459
AMONG THE WHARVES ON THE AMUR, . . 469
ON THE AMUR BORDERS, ... 471
CANOES ON THE AMUR, ... 471
CHIEF COMPANIONS OF H.I.H. THE CESAREWITCH ON HIS JOURNEY THROUGH THE EAST, ... 475
OUR FIRST RAILS BY THE OPEN SEA, . . 479
IN THE OOSSOORI TERRITORY, ... 479
RAILWAY-BUILDING IN THE SIBERIAN FORESTS, ... 483
PASSAGE OF THE CESAREWITCH THROUGH OOSSOORI TERRITORY AFTER A FLOOD, 487
THROUGH THE FOREST MARSHES OF SIBERIA, 491
THROUGH THE TRANS-BAIKAL HILLS, . . 495
BEFORE THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE IN CHITA, 499
ACTORS IN THE BURIAT 'TSAMA' (A RELIGIOUS DANCE), ... 503
MYSTIC DANCE OF LAMAITES, ... 503
ON THE SELENGA BEYOND LAKE BAIKAL, . 509
EMIGRANTS, ... 511
MONASTERY OF ST. INNOCENT, NEAR IRKUTSK, 515
IRKUTSK MUSEUM, ... 515
AT THE SHRINE OF ST. INNOCENT OF IRKUTSK, 519
IDOLS, FURNITURE, AND MODELS OF DWELLINGS IN THE MINUSINSK MUSEUM, . 523
H.I. HIGHNESS CROSSING A SIBERIAN FERRY, 527
TOBOLSK, ... 529
KIRGHIZ TENT, ... 533
TENT OF WEALTHY KIRGHIZ, ... 533
NATIVE CHIEFS (SULTANS) OF WESTERN SIBERIA, ... 537
SIBERIAN NATIVES, ... 537
THROUGH THE STEPPES OF WESTERN SIBERIA, 541
THE STANDARD OF THE URAL COSSACKS, . 543

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT

	PAGE
At Daybreak in Benares,	7
Monument at Sarnath,	13
Banyan-Tree, Calcutta,	51
Under the Banyan-Tree,	52
Krishna,	67
Royal Yacht Club in Bombay,	68
From a Temple-Façade in Tanjore,	78
The Bull Nandi,	79
Hall in the Castle-Palace of Tanjore,	83
Hall in Temple of Madura,	95
From Tirumala's Palace,	97
Colombo,	112
Rice-Fields in the Tropics,	113
Waterfall in Ceylon,	114
Clump of Bamboos,	115
On the Kandy Railway,	116
On the Kandy Railway,	117
Tea Plantation in Ceylon,	118
Tea Sifting,	119
Packing the Tea,	119
Landscape in Ceylon,	120
Buddhist Priests in Ceylon,	121
A Ceylon Girl,	124
A Singhalese Woman,	128
Kandy Lake,	129
Buddhist Temple in Ceylon,	130
Doorway of Buddhist Temple,	131
Buddhist Temple in Ceylon,	132
Elephant Hunting in Ceylon,	135
European Villa in the Ceylon Mountains,	136
An Aboriginal of Ceylon,	139
Reception at Singapore,	149
Batavia Harbour,	155
European Children and Young Ladies in Batavia,	165
Siamese Monument in Batavia,	167
Theatre in Batavia,	168
Near the Palace in Buitenzorg,	176
Pyramid of Fruit,	177
Wayang Wong,	179
Javanese Village,	184
Road up Papandayan,	186
Javanese Town,	189
Mosque in Java,	190
Paknam,	202
Siamese House-Boats,	205
Roadstead of Bangkok,	206
Royal Boat,	207
A Noble Family of Siam,	208
King Chulalonkorn,	211
Royal Palace in Bangkok,	215
King's Park,	215
Hall in the Chief Palace of Bangkok,	216
White Elephant,	221
Prince Svasti,	224
The Queen of Siam,	225
River Boats, and Temple,	226
Temple in Bangkok,	227
Images in Front of Temple,	228
Temple in Bangkok, with Lion-like Image,	231
Treasures of the King of Siam,	232
The Golden Hill in Bangkok,	235
Siamese in Bazaar,	236
River and Bridge,	239
Siamese Prince on an Elephant,	243
Siamese Aborigines,	245
Gifts of the King of Siam,	246
Gifts of the King of Siam,	247
River View on the Menam,	253
Courtyard of Pagoda,	256
Vessel on Sea,	265
River Scene, Tower in Background,	265
Reception by Men-of-war,	266
Saigon from the River,	267
Government Palace in Saigon,	270
Annamese Throne-Chair,	282
Common Chinaman,	290
Court of Justice,	293
Present Emperor of China (as a Sitting Child) with Father and Brother,	297
Old Female Chinese Worthy,	298
Chinese Youth,	303
Li-Hung-Chang, with Facsimile of his Writing,	305
Elegant Young Chinaman,	310
Li-Hang-Chang,	311
Entrance to Chinese Yamen, from a Chinese Drawing,	312

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT—*Continued.*

	PAGE
Mandarin in State Robes,	313
Protecting Deity,	314
Monastery in Hai-Hwang-sze,	315
Two Celestial Generals,	316
Buddhist Apostle,	319
Temple Guardians,	320
Confucian Temple,	321
Kwan-Yin,	322
Porcelain and Nephrite Vases, brought from the East by H.I.M.,	323
Mandarin in Summer Clothes,	324
Lamaserei (Buddhist Clergy House), from a Tibetan Picture,	325
Tibetan Soothsayer and Doctor with Pupils,	326
Buriatic Lama,	329
Mongolian 'Regenerate,'	330
Kalmuck Lama,	333
Buriates,	334
The Country of the Lamas,	337
Pilgrims on the Way to Lhassa (Native Drawing),	338
Exterior of Temple of Lamas,	341
Lama Monastery, in Eastern Siberia,	342
The Chief Lama-God of the Mongols,	345
Eldest Mongol Prince,	346
Soiotes on the Mongolian Frontier,	349
Market in Tibet,	349
Archery Drill,	352
Chinese General,	355
Rickshaw,	356
Chinaman in Winter Clothes,	357
The God of Storms,	358
Old Chinese Filigree Work,	361
Kiachta, Tea Trading Centre,	362
Tea Packing in Kiachta,	365
Packing Tea (on the Mongol Frontier),	366
Russian Church in Hankow,	369
Chang-Chi-Dun,	370
Chinese Pagoda,	373
Russian Merchant Clerk and Mongolians,	374
Natives of the Yenisei Province,	375
Mountain in Siberia,	376
Tea Transport Wagons,	379
Tea Caravan,	380
Opium Smokers,	383
Weighing Tea,	384
Pressing Tea,	384
Brick Tea Factory at Hankow,	385
Members of Yermak's Band,	386
Buriats of Selenginsk,	389
Distinguished Mohammedan Natives of the Western Russo-Chinese Frontier,	390
Siberian Tartars—their Mosque,	393
Baschkir Man,	394
Baschkir Woman,	394
Ostiaks (from a Siberian Picture),	395
Giljaks,	396
Samoyeds (Men),	396
Giljak (Woman),	399
Native Siberian Sportsman,	399
Samoyed with Dog-Sledge,	400
Natives of Amoor,	403
Chinese Child,	404
Group of Cossacks,	405
Immigrants in Siberia,	406
Old Armour,	410
Woman of Inassa,	413
Basket Merchant,	414
Vegetable Seller,	417
Temple of Gosindzi,	418
Bonze Okamura,	419
Temple Guardian,	420
Off to Kagosima,	423
Doctor and Patient,	424
Bronze Statues of Buddha,	424
Monster Statue of Buddha,	425
Temple,	426
Group of Coreans,	427
A Corean,	428
Corean Pots,	428
Wrestlers before the Contest,	433
Wrestling,	433
Fencing,	434
Kobe,	440
Triumphal Arch at Kioto,	441
Old Japanese Minister in Court Dress,	442
Cossack Settlement in the Region of the Amur,	444

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT—*Continued.*

	PAGE
GEISHAS,	446
CROWN PRINCE'S BEDROOM IN HOTEL AT KIOTO,	451
EMPRESS OF JAPAN,	452
EMPEROR OF JAPAN,	453
OLD JAPANESE WARRIORS,	454
PRESENTS ON BOARD,	456
CONVICTS AT WORK,	458
GOLD-WASHING,	462
YURAK MEN,	463
YURAK WOMEN,	463
STATUE OF YERMAK (IN YEKATERINBURG),	464
MONUMENT TO YERMAK (IN TOBOLSK)	464
YERMAK'S STANDARD,	465
RELICS OF OLD SIBERIA,	465
AN ABORIGINAL OF THE AMUR TERRITORY,	466
ABORIGINES OF THE AMUR, WITH A RUSSIAN OFFICIAL,	467
CAPTAIN NEVELSKY,	468
ARRIVAL AT VLADIVOSTOK,	477
BARON KORF, FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE AMUR TERRITORY,	478
TROOPS OF THE OOSSOORI TERRITORY, SIBERIA,	481
SIBERIAN CONVICTS,	481
RUSSIAN RAILWAY STATION IN THE FAR EAST,	482
TROOPS OF THE SOUTH OOSSOORI TERRITORY,	485
ON THE WAY TO KHABAROFFSK,	486
KHABAROFFSK,	489
UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO MOORAVYOFF,	490
MONGOL FRONTIERSMAN,	493
COSSACK BOYS,	493
NERTCHINSK,	494
TUNGUS MEN,	497
BURIAT WOMAN,	497
BURIAT TENT, WITH ALTAR AND ROYAL SEAT, PRESENTED TO THE CESAREWITCH,	498
CHIEF LAMA OF THE BURIATS,	501
OUT OF LAKE BAIKAL INTO THE ANGARA,	502
IN THE WILDS OF SIBERIA,	505
NOMADS OF EASTERN SIBERIA,	506
ON THE SHORES OF LAKE BAIKAL,	509
BURIAT SCHOOL-CHILDREN,	510
A TYPE ON THE BORDERS OF WESTERN CIVILISATION,	513
DERVISHES,	514
NEAR KRASNOYARSK,	517
SHAMAN SACRIFICE,	518
A TUNGUS MEDICINE-MAN (IN THE TRANS-BAIKAL),	521
THE GRAVE OF A MEDICINE MAN IN WESTERN SIBERIA,	522
IDOL OF THE ABORIGINES ON THE OBI,	522
TOMSK UNIVERSITY,	525
WOOD-PAVED STREET IN TOBOLSK,	525
COSSACK OUTPOST IN THE STEPPES,	526
COSSACK BOYS,	526
COSSACK SKIRMISHER,	531
SIBERIAN SHAMAN (MEDICINE-MAN),	531
SIBERIAN MUSICIAN,	531
SIBERIAN FEMALE MUSICIAN,	531
KIRGHIZ,	532
KIRGHIZ GIRL,	532
KIRGHIZ WOMAN,	532
KIRGHIZ BEGGAR,	532
ORENBURG COSSACK ESCORT OF H.I. HIGHNESS,	535
GROUP OF COSSACKS,	536
IN ORENBURG,	536
WARRIOR OF CENTRAL ASIA (WITH RUSSIAN MEDAL),	539
MERCHANT OF CENTRAL ASIA,	539
IN THE STREETS OF SAMARKAND OR DELHI,	539
NATIVES OF BOKHARA,	539
WOMAN OF TURKESTAN,	540
DISHES FOR 'BREAD AND SALT' PRESENTED TO H.I. HIGHNESS,	545
GIFT FROM SIBERIAN COSSACKS TO H.I. HIGHNESS,	546

CHAPTER XX

'. . . . Asia! thou light of life!
Shadow of beauty unbeheld!'
(SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound.*)

H. I. HIGHNESS the Cesarewitch is now in one of the most interesting cities of all Asia. The centres of Assyro-Babylonian, Egyptian, and Hellenic culture are long ago dead, and tell us of the ancient, almost prehistoric, forms of human civilisation only through the investigations of archæologists; but Dravido-Aryan India, reflected and, as it were, personified in the pilgrim-life of Benares, still thrills with the life and mystery of the ages, and thirsts for the Divine Light, standing in dumb yearning before the gloom of its temples, where they rise beside the sacred stream of the heaven-born Ganges, and looking on the supersensual world with the faith of a child.

Benares! A name reverenced in speech and in heart by hundreds of millions! The petrified prototype of the land, a prototype in comparison with which the ages of Delhi are as a day in the life of the gods, who dwell above the Himalayas! It is enough to remember that the fabulous chronicles of the Buddhists make 84,000 monarchs, descendants of the wise king Asoka (the prince Vladimir of Indo-Turanian legend), rule uninterruptedly in 'Varanazi the Holy.'

Two derivations are given for the name of the city: the one from the name of Rajah Banar, who rebuilt the vast ruined city eight hundred years ago; the other from the two rivers, Varana and Azi, which, encircling the capital of Sivaism, fall into the Ganges near it. The latter derivation is, however, the less probable.

Its ancient and yet existing name is 'Kasi' (the 'shining,' the 'splendid'). Though the princely Sakya-Muni began his preaching in the neighbourhood of modern Benares, and though in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries of our era Chinese Buddhist pilgrims gathered here to pray at the shrines of their faith, in the land which witnessed the greater part of their master's active life, the city remained and remains chiefly, and almost exclusively, in the power of the Brahmins, who have created for themselves in this place a centre of profound knowledge, and of corresponding influence over the countless throngs of Hindu pilgrims from every part of India.

In a few hours the illustrious travellers will begin their survey of the city. In the meantime, while settling down in the gloomy, somewhat damp and comfortless 'guest-house' of the native Maharajah, one cannot but cast a retrospective glance at our thirty-two days' journey through India, and, standing on the threshold of a world, ethnographically new, and leading up, as it were, to the Celestial empire, with its gigantic semi-independent borders on the south-west, form a mental picture of the future of Hindustan proper, which we have just left behind us. This is the more appropriate, in that, hitherto, when visiting and surveying cities either very much under the influence of civilisation (such as Bombay), or, on the contrary, possessing an extreme individuality (such as Jodhpur), considerations of an historical and, much more, of a political nature, naturally retreated into the background. Gradually, however, as a clearer idea of the East is formed in the mind, the influence of its life, its faith, and its hidden yet deathless might, seeks entrance into the heart, with an inexpressibly melancholy charm.

To think that two-thirds of the human race are condemned by fate, and their own innate inertness, to be dumb and dead, perhaps for ever, that they have said their last word in the arena of historic development, would be completely contrary to the real state of matters. For us Russians it is especially important and interesting to consider the weakness of this generalisation of the egotistic West; for our own past, and the past of India—that most typical of all the lands of the East—are similar and related, even in their very details; they are equally confused and gloomy on their material side, and in an equal measure contain the spiritual promise of a renovated future, and of a determined struggle for their rights. To take the trivial European view of Eastern races is to sign our own sentence, both as an empire, and as a race with lofty ideals of a mystic cast predominating over all else. There, beyond the Altai mountains and the Pamirs, lies really the same boundless, uninvestigated Russia as that of the ages before Peter the Great, with an untouched store of tradition and quenchless love for the marvellous, with its humble submission to elemental and other calamities, accepted as a punishment for sin, yet bearing the stamp of a stern majesty on every spiritual feature.

A comparison of the natives of India with the Russian peasantry must seem to many almost incredible, or simply fantastic. An accidental confirmation of the fact that the analogy has not struck me alone I find in Bishop Heber's three-volume work, published at a time when the English gave no serious thought to our progress in Asia, and gradual reunion with the East. The remarks of this author refer to the third decade of the present century, after he had visited Russia, and travelled through it from the capital to the southern frontiers, remaining under the ineffaceable impression of the churches and halls of the Kremlin, whose likeness he sometimes seemed to see in India when looking on some colossal building. The spirit of ancient Moscow seemed to breathe on Heber as soon as he had set foot on the soil of Bengal. The Rajput and Maratha guards, who accompanied him during his official journeys through his gigantic diocese, seemed to him like the Cossacks of the Kuban; evidently it is not without reason that in India the name of 'kazaks' is applied to her bold horsemen, and sometimes even to those who fight on foot (for instance, the Jats, at whose head stands the Maharajah of Bhurtpur, who at Agra came to pay a visit to the Imperial Ataman of all the Cossacks), bred up in the spirit of unceasing war and daring raids.

Without doubt the deeper one's study of Indian history and of the individual qualities of the races inhabiting the peninsula, the more definite become certain theses concerning this land, which excites in us an ever-growing and almost instinctive interest. Once 'Russia' and 'the

'East' (taking the latter to include the combined peculiarities of the culture of Islam, Brahminism, Buddhism, Confucianism, etc.) are placed in a completed group of organically associated nations with a strong vitality, their marked difference from the nations of the West in their past and their present, will become patent to every unprejudiced observer.

Though at first sight it is very difficult to discover any similarity between Russia and India from an historical point of view, while it seems wellnigh impossible to draw a parallel, based only on certain very interesting facts, between two such distant and apparently different countries yet, sooner or later, some one would have to notice it;—wherefore it is most befitting for a Russian to establish a connection between them, especially beneath the sky which now stretches over him.

In spite of the fact that this vast country presents in reality a most heterogeneous and motley amalgamation of races, creeds, and civilisations, it is yet clearly marked, in the fundamental principles of its being, with the stamp of the Aryan spirit. This spirit, the spirit of the proud invaders, who in bygone times colonised the land, has spread during the ages to the most distant districts and even nooks of India. This spirit is, and has always been, ineradicably implanted in the hearts of her people. The English themselves state, as an undoubted and characteristic fact, that they conquered it and took it, not from the Mussulman sovereigns, but from the Hindu princes, as in the last century and in the present one Hinduism (represented by the Marathas and to some extent by the Sikhs) undoubtedly played the most prominent part in this its great fatherland. Such an intense vitality bears witness to the depth of the feeling of national consciousness (in the broad sense of the term) even among races dissociated and seemingly hating each other. Some unseen force has always underlain, and still continues to underlie, all on which the complex spiritual life of more than two hundred millions of natives rests, grows, develops, and, even when perishing, assumes a new form identical with the old in spirit.

The mighty Aryans of the Vedas and of the later Indian epics, who fought with the aborigines of the Punjab and the Dekkan, are they not the same Slavs who settled in the forests and along the rivers of prehistoric Russia, inhabited in those ancient days by many races, who recall in many respects the dusky, half-civilised tribes whom the Kshatriyas strove to exterminate, whom the Brahmins and the agriculturists strove to convert as they penetrated deeper and deeper into the wilds of the wonderful peninsula? As soon as this dual external and internal process had reached a certain stage (with us, too, the warlike princes were willing, on small provocation, to exterminate the pagan foe, while the peasant settling in the wilds, and the missionary burning with zeal, in their turn gradually paved the way for the coming union), India was afterwards attacked by the dread and implacable races of the Turanian steppes, which contemporaneously despatched their barbarous and predatory hordes against ancient Russia. In both cases, the invasion and the influence of ruder principles on the foundations of the constitution and of national life gave rise to an intense national feeling, both in the inexhaustible world of Brahminism, and in our own much-suffering, patient Russian race. Then, on either side, began the reaction, scarce perceptible to the eye, but extremely consistent and significant in its creative power. If we examine the epoch when both Hindustan and Muscovy, judging superficially, had assimilated many outlandish customs, had somewhat lost their Aryan features, had assumed to some extent a purely Turanian complexion (expressed, for instance, in the forms of court life in Moscow and in the later Delhi, which rose to glory by the aid of the Rajpoot's sword and the talents of its Hindu subjects), we see that the character of both the courts, their

relations to everything foreign, their semi-barbaric splendour and minute etiquette, are features bearing no accidental relationship, and imbued with the spirit of the East, containing, perhaps, much more of the Assyro-Babylonian and Scythian element than of the Slavonic or, in general, of the European. And suddenly the depths of Russia, and beyond the Himalayas the Dekkan (principally the Konkan coast), almost simultaneously woke to a newer and broader life.

Central Asia, after having troubled both us and the Punjab during many centuries by a never-ceasing flood of invasion, gradually became conscious of an impregnable wall before it —a living rampart of warriors, Aryans both in language and culture—determined to repulse and humble the hated Turanian race. Like the Russian borderers and daring adventurers, who marched against it as an advanced line of skirmishers, the free-spirited Sikhs struck terrible blows at the fabric of Islam, while on the south, from Delhi (as from our central districts) it was attacked with growing and irresistible force by the once peaceful and good-natured Marathas, unconsciously grown into heroes and guardians of the national, still somewhat vague, ideal. Of the prestige of the Moguls and the predominance of the Turkic race there soon remained nothing but the rapidly fading shadow. Hinduism triumphed, could boldly celebrate its victory, and promised to transform its native land into several federated states of the ancient heathen type, on a basis radically sound. Had this actually taken place, the land, whose religious centre is Benares, might soon have experienced a spontaneous and independent want for education, enlightenment, and culture (qualities which, with the great susceptibility characteristic of the nations of the East, might, under the rational influence of European civilisation, easily have produced the same fruits as with us in the development of science and art in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries). But fate willed otherwise. The new India, regenerated from the ashes of the old, independent in spirit, and faithful to its ancient traditions, suffered a fresh fall owing to the handful of strangers from the West, who came hither and assumed the sovereign power. All those calamities, which might have awaited us, had not Russia, a century and a half ago, freed herself resolutely and finally from the uninvited guardianship of foreign adventurers, often accustomed to regard our native land as a fertile field, where they might reap, without having sown—all these calamities, I repeat, imperceptibly crept over the unfortunate birthplace of Buddhism. It fell into a trance for some two or three generations. While the northern Colossus, with an identical historical development, grew, and still keeps growing, bringing to light the spiritual inheritance of her thousand years' struggle and mutual relations with Finno-Mongolo-Tartaric strata, India lies crushed and dumb under the burden of her exotic mushroom universities and expensive administrative and social reforms, carried out with all the blind energy of self-sufficient ignorance. On the other hand, what irony lurks in such cheap catchwords as 'native congresses,' 'a free native press,' and, finally, 'the right of natives to be citizens of a great colonial empire'!

Before expounding the ideas which form the organic continuation, so to speak, of what has been laid down above, it will be interesting to pause a little on the fundamental principle of native life and of the whole interior world of heathendom.

The religious tolerance of the Hindus, in spite of the extreme prejudice of caste, is most clearly expressed in the fact that, though deeply convinced of the divine origin of their own creed, they are yet quite willing to grant that the Mohammedans may have received their faith from

God, that the Christians, too, profess a creed, which regenerates their whole life. The Hindus (and Eastern nations in general, for the matter of that) are of the opinion that all men should hold to the faith in which they were born. It is said that in the bazaars of most large Indian cities there are pictures for sale which show how much eclecticism there is in the Brahmin mind. One of them, for instance, represents a human figure with eight arms, each of a different colour, signifying the eight principal teachers of the world. Six of them—Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Krishna, Kali, and Durga—are the divinities nearest and most comprehensible to the native mind; the seventh and the eighth hands, holding each a book, represent respectively Christ and Mohammed.

The Hindu is of an extremely peaceable disposition, and therefore, having no wish to interfere with another man's beliefs, he asks only that he should be allowed to believe as he thinks best for him. Those who know the Hindus, not only by their present views and inclinations, but also in their history, declare that, in former days, they were far more fanatical. Various sects fought savagely with one another; the deities, worshipped by the people, seemed to thirst for exclusive adoration and for predominance above all others. The priesthood fomented, rather than restrained, this storm of religious passion.

Gradually, however, these terrible dissensions died away. Now, a Hindu, though in his heart of heart he may hate one ceremony or another, which seems to him abhorrent and deserving of contempt, yet will look calmly on its performance, without any open protest. Devotees, for instance, of a creed which does not allow of the shedding of blood or the deprivation of a living being of life—worshippers of the bright god Vishnu—will nevertheless take part, for money, in the sacrifices offered to the bloodthirsty goddess Durga. Old Brahmins, well read and even learned men in their way, not infrequently make the appointed offerings to the divinity of their choice, and at the same time offer up a handful of rice to other gods, acknowledging, as it were, that beyond the bounds of our knowledge there may exist many incomprehensible deities with whom it is well and even necessary to be on good terms. May not this be the reason why the different monuments of Indian religion, where they have not been touched by the hands of the iconoclastic Mohammedans or the over-zealous Portuguese, have remained unharmed for many centuries, though one victorious creed may have been ousted by another, while in some places there has apparently been nobody to care for the preservation of the objects of worship of the abolished creed and forgotten art? Nevertheless, the population, while believing in new gods, showed reverence to those who were doomed to oblivion. The adoration of matter, when it has assumed a finished and canonically regular form, seemed so important and so inevitable to the Hindu that this may perhaps furnish the principal explanation of the fact that many architectural and sculptural creations of antiquity have preserved their pristine beauty to the present day.

To-day we are to witness for the first time the cremation of corpses on the banks of the Ganges. This grim ceremony requires some preliminary explanation.

In nothing is Hindu thought expressed with so much individuality as in its views of death and in the relations of the living to the dying and the dead. This people, among whom parental and filial love are so deep and touching, at the thought of some one lying sick unto death, turn their attention, not to battling with the mortal disease that has attacked the beloved one, not to shielding him from disturbance and easing his last moments, but first and

foremost to the salvation and repose of his soul. Of all the wearisome and complicated rites, whose performance a Hindu regards as obligatory, his duties towards the dying and the dead are, from our point of view, the most extraordinary.'

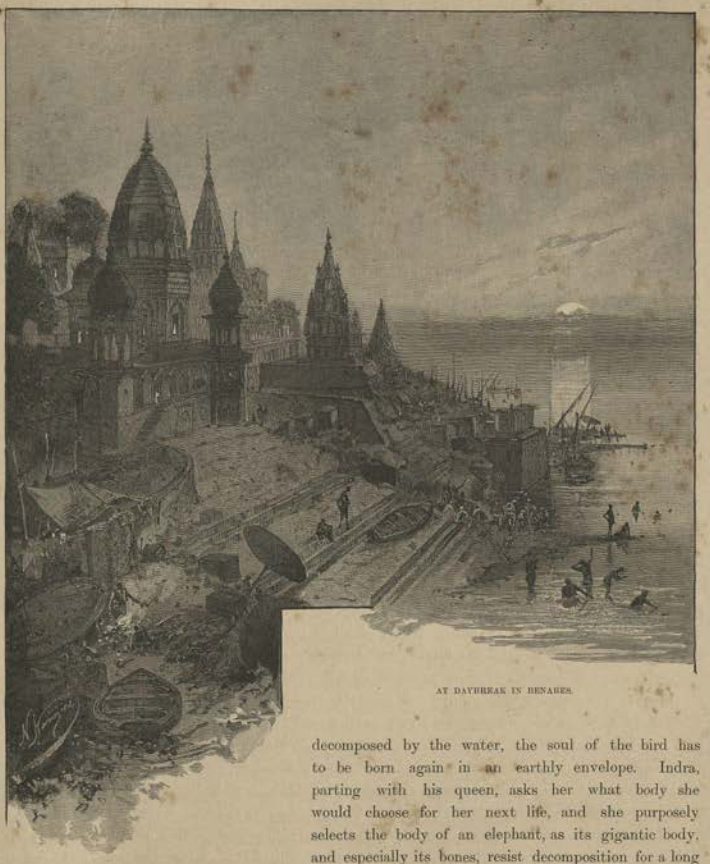
According to the Brahmin creed, however sinful a man may be, it is enough that he die on the banks of the sacred Ganges, or of some other greatly reverenced river, or even near some tank connected with them, for his spirit to attain to bliss in the other world. It is enough to cast a fragment of the body into those saving waters—even this will aid the soul of the departed. As a man's life is not always distinguished by the degree of righteousness necessary for a fortunate reincarnation, the relations of a sick man, on perceiving the approach of death, hasten to bear him to the sacred waters. Not to do so would be to bring down many calamities in the future both on him and on themselves. The observance of this rite has attained especial development during the last three or four hundred years; it springs from the belief that the river Ganges (Ganga, 'the Goer,' in Sanscrit), as the wife of Siva, is permeated with an all-healing and all-saving virtue. 'Ganga,' as the natives call the river, has come down from heaven; those who touch her, those who wash themselves in her current, those who plunge into those pure waters, participate in virtue of the fact in a higher life, in a state of bliss, in the state of sinless joy and peace which is the lot of the dwellers in Paradise. The Hindu's hymn to the sacred river breathes a childlike faith in her divine saving powers:—

'O mother Ganga, I bow down at thy feet! Have mercy on thy servant! Who can tell all thy virtues, when the human understanding is too weak to grasp them, and only the Supreme Brahma knows some of thy qualities? Let the greatest sinner, defiled with countless crimes, but pronounce thy name, and he is purified, the heart of the heavenly mansions is regenerated. Thou alone art justly called 'the source of happiness,' 'the saviour of men.' Endless are the powers at thy disposal. He who bathes in thy waters not only saves himself, but also cleanses the souls of his ancestors, of the ancestors of his mother, of the ancestors of his wife. Thou art at once matter and not matter, thou art at once simple and complex, thou art the eternal source of all things.'

How deep a Hindu's faith must be in the miraculous powers of the river is evident, for instance, from the fact that the natives are convinced that people living many hundred miles away from the Ganges may be saved by simply remembering the holy name of the goddess. A dying man has but to think of the great river to gain a place for himself in the heaven of Siva. Should a man leave home to bathe in the Ganges and die on the road, his good intention alone is imputed to him as a merit, as if he had really performed the appointed ablutions. Such terrible sins as the slaying of one's spiritual teacher, or of a cow, as the being addicted to the use of narcotics, and so forth, are pardoned to him who bathes in the sacred waters, if only he repents of his sins. The popular creed teaches that every worm or insect or plant falling into the wonderful river, in case of death, escapes reincarnation, and is absorbed into Brahma. Even suicides who drown themselves in the waters of the Ganges are sure to attain to final bliss. Should a man at the moment of death be partly sunk in the holy river, his soul will be rewarded with a thousand years in Paradise.

The native fancy even seeks in various popular tales for explanations of what takes place with those creatures who are accidentally drowned in the Ganges. For instance, how simple and beautiful is the story of a little bird, which had built its nest in a spreading tree by the river! A terrible storm tore it up by the roots, and the bird, carried away by the wind, perished

in the waters. . . . But it is reborn in heaven, where it becomes one of the queens of Indra. It enjoys its happiness there but for a short time, for as soon as its tiny body has been



AT DAYBREAK IN BENARES.

decomposed by the water, the soul of the bird has to be born again in an earthly envelope. Indra, parting with his queen, asks her what body she would choose for her next life, and she purposely selects the body of an elephant, as its gigantic body, and especially its bones, resist decomposition for a long time. The soul of the bird (also the soul of one of Indra's queens) is born as an elephant on the banks of the Ganges, remaining there purposely to the hour of its death; then the body

falls into the river, and the disincarnate soul flies up again to the heaven of Indra, to live there in bliss for an endless term of years.

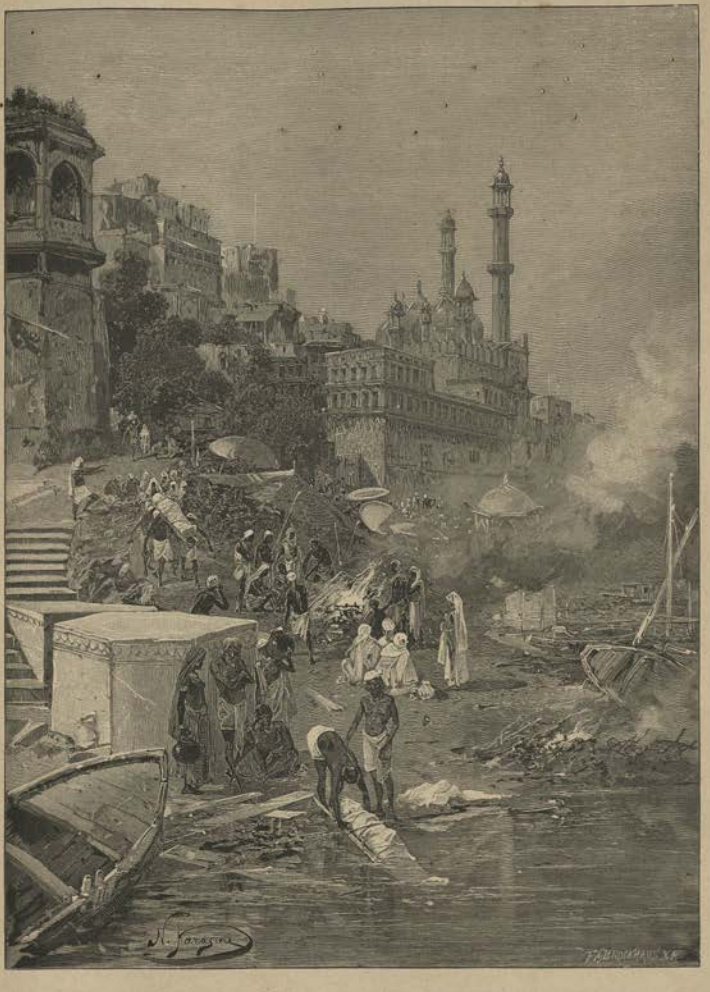
When there is no more hope of a sick man's recovery, his friends and relations immediately determine to 'give him to the Ganges.' No one dreams of putting off the hour of death, of battling any more with the disease, of saving the patient from death. 'Life and death,' say they, 'are in the hands of the gods, but it depends on us to bear the dying man to the sacred waters.' The sick man is therefore placed in a litter; if it is dark he is carried out by torch-light—in fact, all haste is made lest the sick man should die on the way. One may imagine how the unfortunate man must suffer from the haste of his departure, from the farewells with the remaining members of the family, who fill the air with wails and sobs. Having brought its burden to the bank of the river or the reservoir, the procession gathers round the dying man and requires of him that he should turn his eyes upon the waters lying before him, with the words, 'O mother Ganges, I have come to look on thee!' As death does not generally take place at once, the relatives place the patient in some low, damp, miserable hut on the bank, where the dying man lies waiting for his death. In some places more respectable buildings are erected for the reception of the sick, but they are so dirty, and so full of miserable creatures lying in the agonies of death, that the dying man, so long as he retains consciousness, is in worse case than before. All around him the sick lie moaning in horrible convulsions. The mourners meanwhile wait until it is time to plunge him in the river, that he may draw his last breath in it. Generally death is long in coming, and (worse than all!) women and even children lie for a long time—suffering from the sun and the chilly night air—in wearisome expectation of their last hour. It sometimes happens that the sick man is willing to await his death, even under such circumstances, for as long as three weeks; often, too, his relations will not agree to take him back home. Both sides seem to consider it a misfortune to be unable to find rest by the Ganges.

Sometimes, in their zeal for the welfare of the dying man, his friends fill his mouth with river mud, and the unfortunate patient dies of suffocation.

The vitality, however, of the Hindus is so extraordinary, that some men undergo this barbarous experience as often as ten times, and yet are always brought back to their homes. When this takes place with elderly people, they are simply ashamed that death has rejected them on the banks of the Ganges. Worst of all is the case of aged widows. If they cannot die even when their mouths are filled with clay, they drown themselves from very grief and shame.

Should a man even accidentally fall into the Ganges, no one will try to save him, considering it good fortune for him to perish in the sacred waters; on the other hand, should a man escape with life, he is thenceforth regarded as one rejected by the gods.

Putting aside the question of the degree and the causes of Russia's inner relationship with India, some characteristic peculiarities of the spiritual history of the two countries must be noticed. These peculiarities are so strange, so striking, so remarkable and deserving of attentive investigation, that the hour is not far distant when they will be discussed seriously and without prejudice. Here are a few well-known facts which deserve some words of mention. Why is it that, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, pagan Lithuania, defending itself against the stern



BURIAL OF THE DEAD IN THE GANGES AT BENARES.

crusaders, bears a wonderful resemblance (both in the customs and the high-mindedness of the defenders) to the chivalrous land of Rajputana, that terror to the Moslem? Prince Marger, worn out by the siege of his native town, and calmly deciding, instead of surrendering, to devote the women, the children, the treasures, and the idols of the place to the flames, and, having raised a terrible funeral pyre of all that was near and dear to him, to charge furiously against the Germans, and die fighting amongst them,—in what does he, with those around him, differ from the mediæval maharajahs, who, having suffocated their women in the flames, and donned their saffron-coloured robes, rode to certain death in the Mussulman camp from their ancient Aryan citadels which could hold out no longer against the Turanians? But the Lithuanians of that epoch are in reality an embodiment of our own ancient Russia, identical with the trans-Himalayan lands.

Again, how are we to explain that incomprehensible and peculiarly Hindu prejudice of our dissenting communities against defilement by eating with men of another creed, even though the religious difference be very trifling and superficial, springing mainly from inherited inertness of thought? Further, do we not find purely Indian features in the bigotry of some of our sectaries of the seventeenth century in their thirst for self-immolation and self-cremation? Is it in name alone that the mysterious and little studied *tewkalshchicks* or 'stranglers' among our dissenters resemble the Thugs, who elected to live a life of crime solely on religious grounds?

To say anything definite on the subject is as yet extremely difficult. Any hypothesis concerning this group of facts, so rich in analogies, would be premature and baseless. Intuition may show us a truth without our having sufficient data to formulate it. One thing, however, seems clear and undoubted: that we must have assimilated very much from India during the troublous period of the colonisation of our borders beyond the Volga, when Russian captives were every year carried off by the thousand into Central Asia, and sold in the bazaars of Khiva and Samarkand to the splendid nobles of the Mogul court. Having spent many years in slavery among the Hindus, who must have appeared to them much nearer and more sympathetic than their common masters, the Mohammedans, they sometimes escaped to their native land with changed views of the spiritual world, with foreign prejudices of a primitive stamp, with a religious cast of mind capable of influencing the simple minds of our peasantry. Here, probably, lies the source of a persistent current of strange views, exceptional feelings and mystical impulses—the spontaneous products, it is true, of a later period of Russian thought, yet owing their origin perhaps to the direct influence of Brahminical India. May not this be the reason why now there is a growing tendency among us to come into closer contact with her, to learn more about her, and to gain a firmer conviction of some radical relationship (strengthened by the influence of the predatory Turanian nomads) between our motley population and the even more complex racial elements of that Asia where Siva moved mysteriously among the people as a mendicant, and where the historical Buddha was born?

Being in Benares, we may not be silent concerning the spread from this place of the religion founded by the mild prince of the warlike Sakya clan. The Sakyas were not quite Brahminised; they sympathised with the aborigines, who had been conquered by the Aryans; they felt their racial and spiritual kinship with the Dravido-Turanian tribes. A rebellious feeling against the all-powerful priestly caste, along with a deep-lying longing to seek and to find the divine element in themselves, stirred the minds of the Hindus some twenty-five centuries ago. The people wished to draw nearer to the gloomy and unapproachable altars. Sages denied the very existence

of a supernatural world beyond the bounds of the phenomenal world, with its miserable, senseless reality. A social and religious crisis became imminent, and it was then that Northern India rang to the preaching of one of those who, according to the striking definition of the Russian poet Feht, 'wearied out by a whirl of enjoyment and pleasure, lost his love for the brilliant slavery of life.'

To idealise Buddhism is unnecessary. Undoubtedly it has its dark sides, and it is more difficult for Christian nations than for any other to satisfy themselves with its answers to the questions of being and non-being. But in the East the masses are blind, and thirst for words which will bring peace and healing to the weary soul. Such words were in due time spoken on the banks of the Ganges by the semi-legendary man named Gautama Buddha, and found an unexpected and passionate echo in the most various classes of ancient Indian society. The words of love and truth were first heard by the laity in the little village of Sarnath, near Benares, on the spot now marked by a shapeless block of stone, a monument of a specially Buddhist type, for the commemoration of pious deeds or thoughts. Here the sacred city itself, the Brahmins, and the rajahs listened with rapt attention to the young prince, who, free from all fantastic dreams, had donned the garb of humility and poverty. Thus he spake to those who gathered around him, or whom he met upon his way—

'Ye who are sad, ye who are weary of the battle of life and of the burden of its woes, come ye unto me, and I will show you the path of peace, and receive you into my arms. The way of truth is as wide as the heavens: the greatest and the least, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, will all find room enough to travel along it.

'Remember that the flesh ever strives to rule over the spirit: strive to compel it therefore to a regular mode of life, abstaining from too abundant and palatable food, eating only at fixed hours, avoiding songs, dancing, light amusements, precious ornaments, perfumes, soft beds, and so forth. Above all, beware of money, that root of the majority of sins.

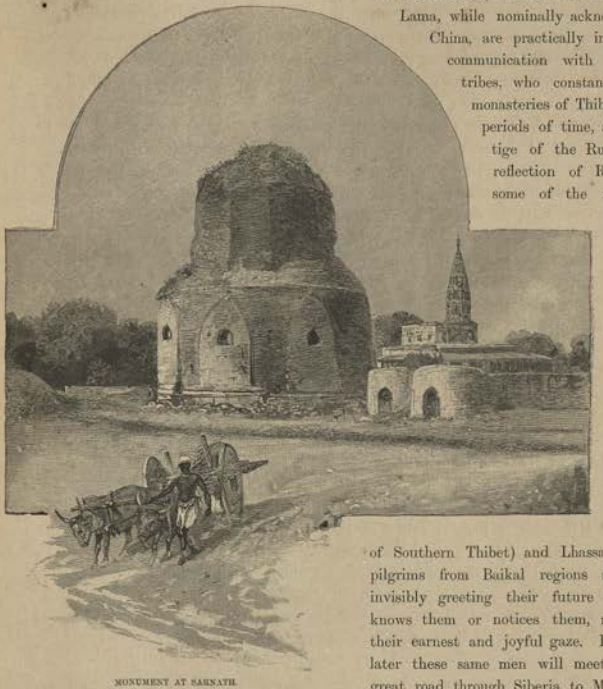
'Think not of the morrow. Work for the whole of mankind. For the sake of mankind despise your own profit, comfort, and your egotistical care for your own salvation. Be vigilant in body and in thought; think evil of none; be not puffed up with proud thoughts; preserve a kindly disposition towards all men, in spite of any resistance; and forgive those who injure you.'

Thus taught the founder of Buddhism, and it is not wonderful that the hearts of his hearers were stirred as they listened to his sermons and admonitions.

Before us lies a whole series of lands into which the humane creed of Gautama, second only to Christianity, has penetrated, and where it has left ineradicable traces. Beginning with Ceylon, where the 'sweet-voiced' Buddhagosha, the missionary of this creed in the East, gathered his wisdom, and ending with Japan and Eastern Siberia, whither our journey leads us, we shall everywhere meet with temples built for the glorification of him who preached the way to the unruffled peace of Nirvana,—everywhere we shall be surrounded by people who cherish his simple commandments in their hearts.

Aryan India, it is true, has lost the Buddhists, having partly expelled them and partly converted them to Brahminism (in which it was much assisted by Islam); but the religion, which has its origin here, and was so attractive to the masses, acknowledged the whole world as its home, and spread far and wide over the Asiatic continent, with its most important islands, laying the stamp of Indian creativeness, Indian philosophy, Indian ideas of wisdom and holiness, on the most distant tropical and northern (Siberian) lands of Asia.

From Calcutta the Cesarewitch intended undertaking (according to the original plan of the journey) a most interesting trip to Darjiling, a sanitarium in the hills (almost on the borders of Sikkim and Thibet). This is a place which, on account of its majestic beauty and the character of its population, presents an immense artistic and ethnographic interest—an interest the greater for us Russians, in that the dominions of the Dalai-Lama, while nominally acknowledging the rule of China, are practically in comparatively close communication with our own Buddhist tribes, who constantly visit the learned monasteries of Thibet, live there for long periods of time, and spread the prestige of the Russian name and the reflection of Russian civilisation to some of the most isolated points on the face of the globe. I could see, in my mind's-eye, the picture of the Grand Duke's visit to the Indo-Thibetan frontier: amidst the silent and absorbed crowd of Lepchas (the subjects of the Rajah of Sikkim) and Bhotanese, amidst the visitors from Dashilhunbo (the chief religious centre of Southern Thibet) and Lhassa, Buriat and Tungus pilgrims from Baikal regions stand reverently and invisibly greeting their future sovereign. No one knows them or notices them, no one even remarks their earnest and joyful gaze. But some five months later these same men will meet their prince on the great road through Siberia to Moscow, will greet him as loyal subjects and offer him gifts, decorated with Thibetan 'sacred' inscriptions, and will offer up prayers night and day for the health of the Grand Duke, who, in their eyes, represents the power and the glory of the White Tsar.



MONUMENT AT SARNATH.

Owing to the very definite and unsatisfactory accounts of the illness of H.I. Highness the Grand Duke George, this projected trip to the foot of the royal Himalayas must be abandoned, as the frigate *Admiral Korniloff*, by the Emperor's orders, is to proceed with him to Algiers, and the Cesarewitch will of course return before that time to Bombay.

It is enough that we have breathed the air of Benares. What a city of internal contrasts and spiritual marvels! It is not without reason that the Hindus believe it not to have been founded on earth, like any ordinary city, but to have sprung from a wonderful lotus, which bloomed on the point of Siva's trident. Therefore it is that from tropical Burmah and from the northern slopes tireless pilgrims flock hither to the sacred fanes: side by side with wandering mendicants we find prosperous Asiatics (partly attracted, perhaps, by commercial considerations), native statesmen in disgrace, high-born exiles, and so on, coming to the capital of Sivaism to improve their prospects, to soothe their conscience, to obtain forgiveness of their sins—finally, to forget their troubles. . . . Countless sums of money are expended here on temples and alms-houses, and on the haughty priesthood; especially large sums are thus spent by the Hindus during the festival of the gods whose names they happen to bear: the Brahmins receive generous donations of silver and rice, while the cripples and the blind are never refused food by those who are celebrating the occasion. The former chief of the Marathas (Peshwa of Puna, not far from the Konkan coast) on such occasions used to distribute several thousand pounds to the poor of Benares. It was here, standing by the Ganges, among these rude Hindu temples, that Bishop Heber, whose opinions and observations are really of value to Europeans, felt that God ruled also over these motley crowds, that His unknown elect might perhaps be here, in the midst of this spiritual darkness. . . . So great is the power of mercifulness over man!

When the bishop was visiting the temples of the place, the people crowned him with garlands of flowers. With equal hospitality do our Siberian Buddhists greet and bid farewell to our own bishops, for whom they have a sincere respect.

According to Bishop Heber, in his days the Hindus, for some reason or other, were expecting the patriarch of Constantinople to visit their country.

At every step one meets with unexpected analogies, one involuntarily generalises the most dissociated facts, and looks on the surrounding Oriental world with new eyes. Endless is the Grand Duke's journey through the borders of Asia and the boundless expanse of Siberia. At the very thought of what lies before us the fancy fails, and one feels the impossibility of grasping and understanding all.

An hour ago the Maharajah of Benares called on their Highnesses. His illustrious guests, in their turn, will soon return his call, and survey the city from the river. The carriages are brought round. O royal India! magic India of stern rites and childlike faith! disclose to us some new mystery, rouse the thrill of life in the petrified relics of the ages!

CHAPTER XXI

THE plain immediately surrounding Benares is regarded as equally sacred with the city itself. This region is bounded by a road (Panch-Kosi), which at no point lies further than some twelve miles from the holy city, and is greatly frequented by pilgrims. Countless little shrines are erected along it. The little idols in them are supposed by the people to watch vigilantly over the prosperity, purity, and safety of the city. The road, therefore, which connects them with each other is in itself endowed with marvellous qualities. Beyond it, outside of the limits of the Benares district, the ground is like all other ground, but the very dust of Panch-Kosi is sacred. Those who walk along it, those who dwell between it and the temples on the bank of the river, are thereby saved and internally regenerated. Here, even Mohammedans and Europeans, even the worst of criminals and the despised pariahs are permeated with the divine atmosphere, are overshadowed by Siva, and become a portion of the proud Brahmin world. Even the inhabitants of the place itself consider it necessary for their bodily and spiritual welfare twice a year to walk barefoot, after a preliminary bath, along this famous road. To ride or drive along it is not permitted; neither age nor position entitle the wayfarer to the use of carriage, ass, horse, camel, or elephant. Only the sick and the crippled may have recourse to assistance for travelling along it.

On this road it is forbidden to chew the aromatic betel leaves, of which the Hindus are so fond, to take food or water from any one, to quarrel, or to use abusive language.

The Panch-Kosi is kept in repair by the British authorities, who would willingly undertake the care of the crowded and disorderly streets of the 'city of the gods,' so as to improve its sanitary condition, to introduce more regularity into its streets and buildings, and subject it not only to a stricter sanitary and police administration, but also to a wider political supervision, as, undoubtedly, much is done and planned here which afterwards spreads imperceptibly over the whole country, and which the 'white lords' of the land never completely fathom, or else discover too late.

The illustrious travellers proceed from their suburban palace to Ramnagar, in the neighbourhood of Benares. Booths and simple workshops are seen along the way; groups of artisans

stand by the doors of their houses. Among the local manufactures the most striking is the work of the native coppersmiths, who are justly famed throughout India, as they fully satisfy the demands of the throngs that flock to the banks of the Ganges for ceremonial ablutions and for a supply of its holy water. The vessels used for this purpose—bowls and dishes, candlesticks and lamps, bells and censers, and especially the so-called 'lotas' (a sort of pitcher)—are finely embossed, and are remarkable for the antique elegance of their pattern. This marvellous land seems to have preserved the outward forms of its prehistoric life in their minutest details, like the petrified flora and fauna of bygone ages lying buried in the bowels of the earth. In the traditional outlines of religious symbols and divine images on the copper of his household vessels, the Hindu naturally sees the long vanished past of his native land, and reads the mythic story which he holds sacred.

The great city of Siva is not only the Mecca of Hinduism and the Athens of Brahmin learning, but also an Indian Birmingham, though sadly fallen during the present century owing to the pernicious influence of the West.

Gold, silver, and iron are cheaply and skilfully manipulated by patient and diligent hands, carefully and tastefully ornamented, decorated with patterns fine as the veins of leaves and delicate as the variegated plumage of a bird's wing. Moreover, large quantities of brocade, silk, muslin, saddles and saddle-cloths, richly chased weapons, and other articles are prepared here, not a whit inferior to those of Ahmedabad. The throngs of pilgrims that gather here at certain times of the year—the richest men in the land either coming in person or sending brilliant deputies—of course repay an hundredfold, as they did in other and more flourishing times, the noble labour of the citizens, who have devoted themselves to the practice of the secrets of ancient metallurgic art, armed with the most primitive of tools (little hammers and sometimes even simply nails), and aided only by an innate intuition as regards the creation of artistic forms, at which the clever lad, trained from childhood in the occupation of his caste, often works side by side with the grey-bearded, spectacled old man.

On examining the work of the coppersmiths of Benares, one is struck by its strength, and by the colour and the ring of the metal, which is an alloy of quicksilver, zinc, tin, iron, copper, gold, and silver. What tints! what a clear ring! Small wonder that Europe and America are purchasers.

Among the objects manufactured for sale, no small place is occupied by various appurtenances of Hindu worship and idols of all forms and sizes, which do not at all correspond to Western ideas of the elevated and the beautiful. It is true that they are manufactured in bulk, and that an equal share in the work falls to joiners, stone-cutters, and even potters, who model idols of clay to last a day only! The faithful pray to them, and then cast these fragments of deified matter into the river.

Our carriages roll past a fine large building (of a composite style, something between Gothic and Moorish). This is one of the most important Government schools for natives, formerly a special college for the study of Sanscrit, founded by the British authorities. It has flourished for a century, and of late years the number of pupils has risen to seven hundred, under the able management of the talented headmaster, Mr. Griffith, and Arthur Venis the orientalist.

Very appropriately, this centre of learning stands perhaps on the very spot where Kapila and other Brahmin sages developed each his own complicated system of philosophy, and where

the great grammarian Panini expounded the laws of the 'perfect speech of the gods and of the Vedas.' As if to increase the illusion, behind the walls of the college rises a strange and lofty monolith of great antiquity, brought hither along with fragments of sculpture from Sarnath and places of a similar character, now almost forgotten to history, and illuminated only by archæological research.

Passing by the city, we drive through gardens and over a very ordinary plain. To the left rise the walls of a temple, with a red and blue roof. The distant cries of monkeys are heard from it. Two or three ugly russet-haired specimens even peep out into the road from the trees that surround it. This is a very well-known temple of the bloodthirsty Durga, around which hundreds of these parodies on mankind range at large, treated by the Hindus both with kindness and with honour, which are expressed in generous offerings and in non-resistance to the marauding attacks of the monkeys on neighbouring, and even on distant, houses.

They were long regarded as inviolable, but of late years the good sense of the priests has got the better of popular superstition, and they try to remove them in whole herds, by night, into the jungles beyond the river.

It was from this place that peacocks and monkeys were brought as rarities to Solomon. On the banks of the Ganges, at the gates of Paradise, these latter creatures, so near to the human race, may have seemed even more amusing and peculiar, even more preternatural in their capacities, than their wilder kinsfolk of the forest.

The illustrious travellers cross over to the right bank of the sacred river, where, on a steep cliff, some five miles from the city, stands Ramnagar, the residence of the Maharajah of Benares, who, however, has no dominions, and lives here as a private gentleman. His sounding title does not at all correspond to his actual position. The 'lord of Benares,' perhaps the only prince of Brahmin blood (though of a low sub-caste) in all the land, living in the immediate neighbourhood of the religious centre of India (and in somewhat humble circumstances) naturally produces a melancholy impression on visitors from the West.

Time, of course, is pitiless, but when it destroys or ruins the material productions of the human mind, one is still reconciled to their oblivion or destruction, and can even regard them with awe; but a caricature, in an unnatural light, of the forms of past greatness, rouses an involuntary protest in the mind against its painfulness. . . . Something of the kind is experienced to-day on approaching the decorated landing-place near the Maharajah's mansion, where the path leading up the slope is occupied by three or four elephants, those inevitable adjuncts of an Indian official reception.

Ramnagar! . . . To-day the empty though sounding name of an ancient fortress where at one time (and even up to the time of that great statesman of the last century, Warren Hastings, into whose hands it fell), the native representatives of the Brahminised population regarded themselves as independent and invincible! True, from the twelfth century onwards they were at intervals defeated by the Moslems—granted that the neighbourhood of the Europeans made itself felt more and more with each succeeding century;—yet, strong in the illusion of their former power (exercised, it is true, within a small region) and comparative importance, the predecessors of the present Maharajah still retained their place at the head of the people, as a power organically connected with them and seemingly stable.

The illustrious travellers are received at the landing-place by H.H. the Maharajah of Benares, Prabhu Narayan Singh, and his eldest son: they are descendants of the young nephew of Cheyt Singh, the last actual sovereign of Benares, whom Warren Hastings made nominal successor of the latter, depriving him, however, of all real power, and appointing a special British resident to rule over the district.

The deposed royal family of the holy city of India is still possessed of ample means and of large estates, and is entitled to a salute of thirteen guns from the British authorities.

Untroubled by ambition, the family has now lived for more than a century quite apart from the internal dissensions which agitate India. Twice during this period has Benares witnessed the murder of British residents. In 1857 a mutiny broke out here; here, too, in silent indignation, the people sat *dooma, i.e.* tried to starve themselves to death (a thing regarded as a terrible protest, the consequences of which, according to local superstition, fall on those who are the cause of it), but peace and contentment reigned in Ramnagar. The sacred current of the Ganges, bearing away to the sea the secret of the marvellous snow-topped Himalayas, seems to have lulled and subdued the successors of Cheyt Singh.

Their Highnesses proceed to the castle of Ramnagar and the little town surrounding it, mounted on elephants, which swing lazily along the road up the water-side slope. At the gates and in the court, near the principal entrance, stands a small guard in mediæval armour. This mimic guard of honour in coats of mail rouses a very comprehensible astonishment in a European. On entering the halls of the palace, furnished to some extent in European fashion, one experiences a mingled feeling of bitterness and disenchantment.

The melancholy strains of native dance music suddenly arise before the raised seats of the Maharajah and his guests. Three old and faded nautch-girls move slowly along the hall of state. . . . For many ages it has been the custom in this country to gratify the sight of the sovereigns with the graceful movements of dancing-girls. The gods themselves, in their heavenly mansions, gaze on the dancing of supernatural and beautiful beings. Benares has always been famed for its nautch-girls, who are sent off even to the remotest parts of India. In Ramnagar, of course, in spite of a superficial veneering of European civilisation, it is impossible to omit the nautch, which is almost obligatory at every state reception.

This is followed by the traditional crowning with wreaths, and the offer of rose-water, or some other scent. The illustrious travellers and their suite are photographed along with their hospitable host, who is a great lover of the art. The first group is taken on the terrace, the second at the principal entrance to the palace, the members being mounted on elephants. The Maharajah shows his guests the trophies of the chase (including a large number of tigers' skins) and a variety of objects carved in ivory, which form a regular collection of specimens of native carving, and invites them to cross the river to his preserves, which abound in game, both large and small. Prabhu Narayan is an excellent shot, and one of the foremost sportsmen of India.

The private life of this sympathetic prince remains a sealed book to us, even in its general features. Behind the walls of the durbar hall (somewhere above the landing-place) there is said to be a most interesting temple dedicated to Vedavyasa, a wonderful collector of Vedic hymns and spells, who, on his road to Benares, when he drew near to the goal of his wanderings, to so holy a place, was overpowered with awe, and decided that it would be happiness enough for him to reach Ramnagar. Here he consecrated the bank, which was regarded as far less prosperous than the other, and founded a festival for pilgrims, to take place about the end of January and

the beginning of February, so as to draw hither from all points (among others, from the 'proud' neighbouring city) Hindu pilgrims in search of ceremonial purification.

It is bright and hot on the royal Ganges. An enormous, gaudily painted barge, with an awning, and with wooden horses, primitively carved, at the bows, glides smoothly towards the crowded temples and buildings of the centre of Brahmin religion. Unfortunately we did not see at Ramnagar the marble statue sculptured for the Maharajah's worship of the female genius of the river. This remarkable idol, according to those who have seen it, wears a diadem, and is seated on a crocodile, the emblem of these waters. The goddess has four hands: in one she holds a lotus, in another a *lota*—a metal vessel; the third simply hangs down, while the fourth is slightly raised. Dravido-Aryan art expresses so much in the symbolic figure of the daughter of Siva, that, from different points of view, it would really have been interesting to see her before beginning a cursory survey of the most mysterious of Asiatic cities.

Why does the Ganges enjoy such importance and influence? Whence arose that ardent faith in its magic powers? What is there in the worship of the 'divine' river that is worthy of thought and interpretation?

Water in general is reverenced in the East. Serpent-worship, in all probability, is connected with primitive ideas of mountain rivulets. The Vedas call running streams 'goddesses,' 'mothers of the earth.' Where Nature, in the absence of irrigation, is but a step-mother, there mankind naturally worships the personified source of fertility. Can the Hindu mind find a better personification than the Ganges for bounteousness towards agriculturists, who form ninety-five per cent. of the population of the country?

Throughout a course of more than a thousand miles it feeds and nourishes it. Generation after generation lives out its life on the soil it waters, thanks only to its fertile mud and never-failing stream. The daughter of the Himalayas flows with a much fuller current than the beneficent Nile, and that, too, through a country without either subterranean waters near the surface, or even good wells.

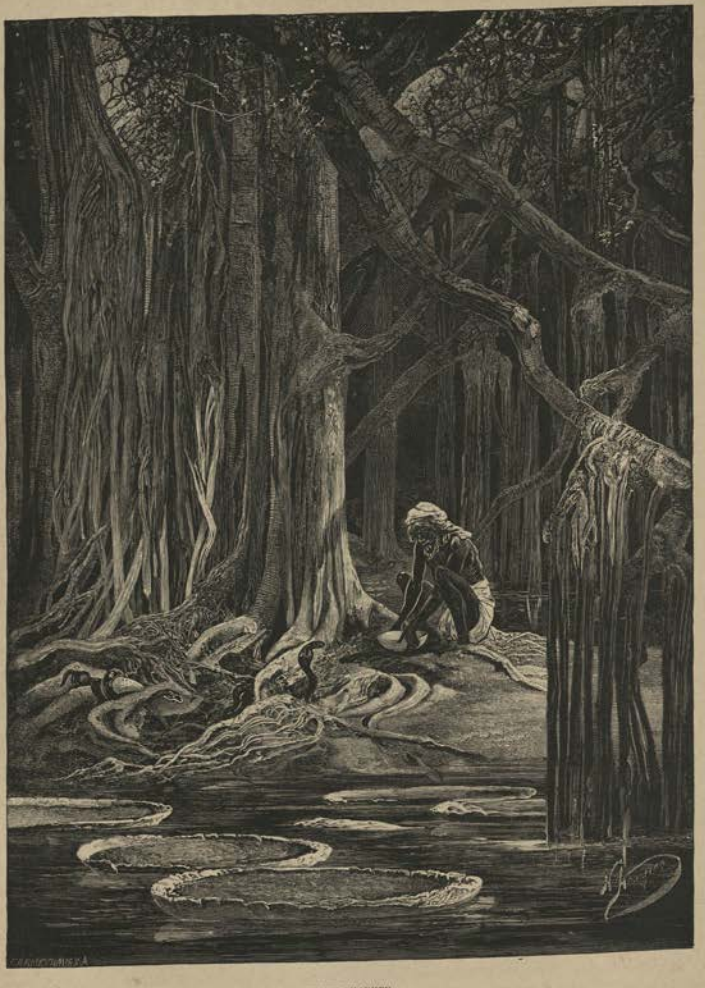
Taking its rise in the distant mountains of the inaccessible north, this great river first rushes tumultuously down its native glacier from a height of 13,800 feet above the level of the sea. The theogony of the Brahmin world cannot but throw a halo of poetic myth around the birth of the Ganges in the snows so strange to the tropic south. The Vishnuites are convinced that it breaks forth in Vaikunta, the most radiant heaven of their divinity, springing from beneath his miraculous foot. The Sivaites, on the other hand, picture the river as seeking incarnation, and streaming down from heaven over the frozen locks of their favourite god. The terrible Siva, in the halls of his heavenly mansion Kailasa, buried in contemplation of the lifeless expanse surrounding the mountain summits, seems suddenly to have taken pity on the lands of the south, thirsting for life, and stands forth as the guide of the creative stream of water, which rushes down the head and shoulders of this lord of the universe: he is the destroyer, it is true, yet it is he also who originates every act of creation.

The river over whose surface the barge now glides, bearing the Maharajah's guests, is regarded as perhaps the most sacred in all India. There is even a great popular festival (Dasahara) exclusively to commemorate its descent from heaven. To bathe in it on this occasion, offering it at the same time a sacrifice of flowers and grain, is enough to redeem the sins of ten preceding incarnations. The Brahmins, however, who dwell on the banks of the Nerbudda (in the Dekkan)

and the Kaveri (in the presidency of Madras) prophesy that the fame of the Ganges will soon vanish and pass over to the two latter rivers, which possess even greater powers for the washing away of sins. At present, however, nothing seems to point to such a revolution in the inner life of the country having actually taken place. As before, millions of pilgrims flock to certain favourite points along the course of the healing and regenerating river, carrying away with them to their distant homes vessels filled with its water, and with it moisten the parched lips of the grievously sick and the dying. Enthusiasts are always to be found for 'pilgrimage with prayer' along the Ganges (Pradakshina) from the source to the mouth and back again along the opposite bank. Some Hindus, in making such a pilgrimage, fall on their faces after each step, then step on from the place just touched by their head, and repeat the process. Such a pilgrimage not uncommonly drags on for six weary years. The northern Buddhists (Lamaites) sometimes do exactly the same thing, spending time without end on pilgrimages to their scattered religious centres.

Not content with the visible Ganges, the natives all over this part of the country seek for an invisible connection between different tanks and wells and its mighty current. Whoever had a deep faith in it could, according to tradition, draw the subterranean current of the inexhaustible stream whithersoever he would. It is for this reason that so many wells in India are regarded as portions of it, the best known among them being at Gangakandapur (in the Trichinopoly district).

One of the most interesting and unique spectacles in the whole world now opens out before the eyes of the illustrious travellers. Archaic Benares, the fountain-head of Hindu beliefs and views of life incomprehensible to the European mind, rises before us on the bank, glistening with the pale grey, massive piles of its temples and palaces. On the opposite bank of the Ganges lies a stretch of yellow sand. At the point now reached by our barge, the river sweeps with a grand curve towards the 'city of the gods,' the city of the divine sun and of the temple mysteries. . . . The dull boom of a gong sounds from the lofty terrace of a temple on the steep bank, apparently summoning the crowd that rapidly gathers before it. What a motley throng it is! What undisguised curiosity at the sight of the Russian Grand Duke, combined at the same time with an irrepressible desire to devote themselves heart and soul to religious worship! Animated groups of citizens and pilgrims flood the narrow quays and the gigantic staircases (*ghats*) that lead down to the sacred river. Many of the latter are crumbling away, as well as some buildings standing too close to the precipitous bank which overhangs the lazy current of the muddy waters. The sacred stream, clear as crystal at its source, gradually, as it flows away from the Himalayas, slackens its eager course, mingles with the dust, takes to itself the colour of the earth, and with slower pace rolls on its waters, fertile indeed, but beautiful no longer, to the distant sea. In the eyes of the Hindu, however, they are still endowed with miraculous powers. Dense crowds of women, children, old men, and people of all ages and stations move up and down the broad flights of steps which lead to the bosom of the Ganges: one plunges into it piously, remaining there a long time; another ceaselessly mutters traditional prayers, standing here in a state of ecstatic bliss; a third fills a heavy pitcher with water; a fourth drags after him, or supports in his arms, some sick man who can scarcely crawl. A bald and elderly man in a green cloak sits imperturbably in the shade of an enormous umbrella of straw, numbers of which are fixed into the bank at Benares. A frail little boy, with soft, thoughtful eyes,



SNAKE CHARMER.

wearing a little gold-embroidered velvet cap, seems to be awaiting his mother, who is engaged in the customary religious ablutions. Here, on the banks of the Ganges, the bathers know neither caste nor prejudices, nor the iron yoke of daily life, which requires of every Brahminist, and most of all of the weaker sex, the observance of strictly defined external forms and ceremonies. The modest and retiring wife of some wealthy native, who has never in all her life shown her face to a strange man, here at the *ghat* freely and fearlessly doffs her veil: in doing so and stepping into the waters of the long dreamed of and adored Ganges, she becomes as one of the gods; she cannot sin even in thought, and is at one with beings of the highest purity! The bathers observe all decency in their ablutions. Naked bodies are nowhere to be seen. It is but rarely that some bearded bather, standing waist-deep in the water, throws back the dripping garment on his breast.

To-day it is comparatively cool, according to Indian ideas. Their long-continued sojourn in the water must produce appreciable effects on the zealous worshippers, but they cheerfully stand the chill, and are in no haste to dry themselves upon the bank. An aged, grey-haired woman, with the folds of her crimson garment clinging to her withered form, seems to be planted immovably in the mud by the half-flooded little chapel, round which stands a throng of pilgrims, eager for their ablutions,—while above them pigeons, crows, and kites are constantly rising upward into the air, and the winter sun sheds its beams from the pale blue sky above, indifferent to all this busy life on earth.

The buildings which line the endless quay of Benares present a solid, unbroken series of towers and walls of unusual height and strength. Their golden-coloured stone fronts, which reflect the quiver of the sunlight, are many stories high, and oppressive in their dimensions, every foot of ground on the bank of the sacred stream being more precious than gold or silver, and imbued with mystic meaning. It is an honour for any rajah or Brahminical Crœsus to build, or even to dwell, in the immediate vicinity of Benares. This is why the city of Hindu temples, the centre of Hindu piety, rises in such lofty piles along the sacred shore. One detail only must strike the true Vishnuite or Sivaite pilgrim as a discordant note,—the minarets of the mosque of Aurangzeb, soaring like the personification of the victory of Islam above the temples of the idolatry it hated—the protest of a one-sided monotheism against the superabundant pantheism of races endowed with a luxuriant imagination!

The fanatical Mogul, who, for a time, breathed destruction on the peaceful city of Benares, and even changed its name into Muhammadabad, was but a monstrous exception among those wise Mussulman sovereigns of northern India, who, in the majority of cases, refrained from doing any violence to the spiritual life of the native races of India. Though superficial students of the history of India regard the Turanian conquerors as the roughest of iconoclasts, merciless foes to the monuments of ancient Indian art, yet this view is gradually losing adherents.

The sultans were tolerant enough as regards the creations of Hindu architecture, and generally contented themselves with defiling the temples with the blood of sacred cows, and converting them into mosques.

Though Benares experienced the savage onslaught of Islam, yet the adherents of the latter creed play only an insignificant part among the Brahmin population of the city: on the banks of the Ganges Hinduism has infected the religion of Mohammed, whose followers, as well as the Hindus, calmly perform their ablutions at those very same *ghats* where the Giaour ascetics, revered by the people, committed suicide in the sacred waters, or rose to heaven on the wings of

fire; where every stone, every step in the staircase, is marked by some miracle, by some detail in the connection of numerous gods and goddesses with the holy places of the city, with the Sivaite and Vishnuite centres of prayer and penance.

British soldiers, it is said, also bathe in the Ganges; but the sight of the naked 'white men,' breaking the immaculate charm of the 'daughter of the snows' with their laughter, must produce but an unfavourable impression of the Europeans on the river-side population.

How rapidly and how noiselessly the crowd gathers on the stairs, hastening to gaze on the Imperial Russian guest in the Maharajah's barge! We have never yet met with such a mixture of different races: every figure is a combination of everyday Indian life, with colours of another world, which seems to free us from the bonds of earth. The dirty boards of the floats at the river-side, the heaps of rubbish lying at the gates of closed temples, the worn and disgusting bodies of wandering ascetics, the well-fed, self-satisfied faces of the Brahmins, draped in garments of white, the chattering of the washerwomen on the brink of the sacred stream, the pungent smell from the funeral pyres in the neighbourhood, the jostling crowd of pilgrims about the 'watery bosom of purity and final rest,' the heavy and gaudy ornaments of a whole group of nautch-girls, also bathing in the healing waters,—how novel and unusual is the sight! How deceitful was the imagination when it painted Benares as a fairy city, radiant with the light of antiquity alone! The lower temples, when approached, show grey and faded fronts,—the wretched natives on the crumbling bank are dull and gloomy,—the spiritual capital of the kingdom of Siva begins to strike one by its artlessness and the unsightliness of its adornment and its life. Thousands upon thousands of human beings creep down like a swarm of locusts into the gigantic muddy 'font' adopted by the people as an object of faith and worship. More strange and striking than anything else is the ecstatic behaviour of the women. They put their whole soul into their ceremonial worship; they become an embodiment of impulse, and belong not to the life about them, but to the Ganges. . . . Thou great and mysterious Ganges, give rest and regeneration to their hearts! What do these step-children of fate—granted even the happiness which is the lot of most families among the natives of the lower classes,—what can they hope for from fate, but a ceaseless battle with starvation and a constant social inequality? Truly has Rudyard Kipling, that remarkable writer and connoisseur of India, said of the native peasant:—

> 'His life is a long-drawn question
> Between a crop and a crop.'

If such a pessimistic view may be taken of the position of the men, how much more does the weaker sex deserve pity from the European point of view? Tolstoi in his *Power of Darkness* has given us a simple yet terrible sketch of the psychic life of the Russian peasant-woman. Glancing at the women of India, how are we to characterise their embodied woes, the source of their hopes and prayers? Here, in the land which saw the forms of Buddha and of other masters like unto him, there is such intensity and vigour in life that thinkers have regarded it as a divinity, defined it by a series of mythological appellations, and, in one word, have completely anthropomorphised it. The ceaseless change and succession of phenomena bears, in the eyes of the people, the seal of an eternal heavenly law: outside, therefore, of wedlock and motherhood, a woman knows nothing, dreams of nothing, can devote herself to nothing. Should she be childless, a curse weighs on her; should widowhood overtake her, she becomes one of the most insignificant links in the chain of being. It is in search of fruitfulness, or else of healing balm for

the widowed heart, that these women have come, from city and from village, to the bosom of the Ganges, in their variegated veils, now freely lifted. How meek and thoughtful the eyes raised up to the heavens! how delicate the oval of many a female head bent over the stream! Students of modern India bear universal witness to the fact that the country is full of loving wives and exemplary mothers. Their whole life is devoted to religion, to the constant guarding of the members of the family from the evil eye, from spells, from the envy of their gods and goddesses.

The proportion of death in childbed here, in India, is striking. Before the fateful day, it is customary to make a feast in honour of the future mother, to enliven her with songs and dances, to bring her gifts, as if at parting. Well for her should she bear a son; her relatives then rejoice: should the child be a girl, she may look for disappointment, in that fate has been cruel in depriving the father of direct heirs, whose prayers, according to the Hindu creed, are necessary for the souls of their ancestors. For a long time the patient remains almost without attendance. She is confided to the very uncertain care of Shasti, the supernatural patroness of the realm of childhood, and of female prosperity in general: corpulent and yellow, she willingly comes (according to popular belief) when called upon, standing on a cat, her favourite animal: on this divinity depends the fate of the wife and child of every Hindu. No wonder that all means are used to propitiate and humour the capricious goddess. May it not be the thought of her that clouds the starry eyes of the female worshippers of the Ganges, as they reverently enter into its waters within a few yards of us? Or, perhaps, the mothers are more intent on averting by their prayers the terrible advent of the goddess Sitla (the small-pox), from whom there is but little hope of escape in the villages (unless, indeed, by clothing their children in rags, so that the epidemic may pass by, without noticing those who are apparently neglected, and whose portion in life is not deserving of envy or hatred).

Some sullen-looking men, in garments trimmed with fur, with pilgrims' staves in their hands, form a marked contrast to the crowds that flood the river's bank. They are Nepalese, who are also connected with this centre of Hinduism. Beyond the buildings nearest the river rises a carved roof of Tibeto-Chinese architecture, crowning a temple built here by a prince who was exiled from Katmandu, the mountain capital of the land.

Benares is regarded as sacred by these northern strangers (who may be assigned to the 'yellow race' of mankind, rather than to any other), since, according to tradition, the Buddhist faith was planted there by its original teachers (Manjucri and Gautama), though Sivaism did, after all, become the dominant creed; and, moreover, the dynasties reigning there always prided themselves on their Rajput extraction; now, we know to what degree the latter is connected with reverence for antiquity, that is, with the adoration of all that was dear to their ancestors. For this reason, even to the present day, educated Goorkas or, more correctly, Gurkalis (the most warlike inhabitants of Nepal, from the Gurkali district), after defiling themselves with a visit to England or to China (on diplomatic errands), are content with bathing afterwards at the *ghats* lying before us.

Each *ghat* possesses its own fabulous history, its own strictly defined appellation. The city of the Brahmin gods opens out before us in one grand panorama. Here stand the palatial temples of those zealous worshippers, the rajahs of Nagpur (in Central India) and Amet (in Oudh): further on rise the temples of the Jain faith. In the very centre of the quay stands the Manikaranika, the most important point along the quay of Benares for the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims who flock hither. Above, at the head of the stairs leading up from the water, lies

a reservoir, excavated by Vishnu and filled exclusively with his sweat. When Siva looked into it countless suns shone from it, and his radiant brother-divinity begged the gloomy guest from Kailasa to remain here always. Pleased with this flattering proposal, the latter shook his head so violently that one of his earrings fell into the well. It is on this account that the tank has received its name (from *mani*, jewel, and *karna*, ear). Everything is remarkable for something or other. Here is the footprint of Vishnu, there stands an idol which averts droughts, and is kept in a reservoir of water: should the god forget his duties, he is then deprived of water, to force him to minister to the wants of mankind. Into the miraculous tank of Manikaranika the Hindus cast sandalwood, flowers, rice, and sweetmeats, and even pour milk into it: one may imagine in what a state of decomposition the natives receive the disgusting broth which they draw from it.

There are several such hotbeds of typhus and cholera in Benares. The sense of smell and taste in the faithful, however, does not seem to suffer, lulled probably by a flood of religious feeling. The pilgrims only repent more sincerely of their sins, and look on the increased mortality among them as a fresh proof of the deserved weakness of the children of earth. How can men dare to murmur against fate, and how can they care for their health, when, from time immemorial, such has been and such will be the life of those who, by the sacred stream, put themselves in the hands of the 'true rulers of the universe'? Do they not do everything possible for the glory of the city and for the salvation of the souls of the faithful? Is it not the gods who on this spot give all care to the healing of the sick and the feeding of whole masses of the poor?

Before us lies one of the most mournful of sights: two or three boats with timber are moored near the bank; miserable funeral pyres are built upon the charred mud; a corpse lies motionless under its crimson pall by the water-side. This is the place for the cremation of the dead! It is nearly deserted at present. The fire, lighted by some relation, slowly creeps about the body of an old woman with a withered face. As the flames spread, the limbs of the corpse rise convulsively, and the body shudders amidst the rustle of the tongues of fire. The scene is a depressing one, and the feelings aroused by the contemplation of this traditional ceremony are not to be expressed! . . .

Hard by, above the landing-place, the priests are repeating the service for the dead. Standing by a tiny altar of sand (*vedi*), some reverent and grieving son, assisted by a Brahmin, takes measures for easing the lot of his father in the other world. Another son feeds some greedy beggars of the Brahmin caste. The gilding on the domes of the temples sparkles in the sun; the dull grey ashes, remnants of the bodies burnt up by the fiery embraces of the goddess Agni (the personification of fire), lie drearily along the narrow strip of land by the river-side. How strangely these bronzed children of the tropics die and depart into the shadowy land!

The Cesarewitch leaves the Maharajah's barge near the observatory, built in 1600 by the sovereign of Amber (now known as Jaipur). It is one of the few buildings which escaped ruin in the earthquake of 1828.

The illustrious travellers disembark at the Dasaswamed landing-place, where the gods, tempting Divodasa, a very pious rajah of the place, obliged him to prepare for a sacrifice and to offer up ten horses, a thing which in ancient India demanded the knowledge and fulfilment of the

minutest ceremonial details. The king came out of the trial with honour, and is said to have forced the far from sinless gods themselves to quit the city for a time.

Carriages are in waiting near the head of the long stone stair. The very typical crowd surrounding them contains almost all the racial elements of civilised commercial Asia. At first sight one is somewhat taken aback by the combination in this throng of lithe Bengalis, Persians, Afghans, Bokharians, Tartars, and others. In 1824 Bishop Heber saw here a Greek, who was diligently learning Sanscrit, and also a Russian merchant!

This busy Indian city, indeed, has always been, and still is, a converging-point for the commercial relations of the whole world. It must not be forgotten, that the woven fabrics of the place have always served as a pattern for the most splendid products of Western looms. Babylon, Tyre, Alexandria, the Helleno-Arabic East sought for and purchased the gold-embroidered *kincobs* (or rather *kimkhwabs*) of Benares. The precious garments of Ulysses, so vividly described in the nineteenth book of the *Odyssey*, must have been similar to the royal brocades of the days of Manu, of the times of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata.

This morning the merchants of Benares brought to the apartments of the Cesarewitch a variety of delicate silks, interwoven with little stars of gold and silver, and richly embroidered. Small idols, moreover, were brought, of different shapes and sizes, made of rudely painted alabaster or of metal. Side by side with the goddess of love, dancing on one foot, sat the patron of knowledge and good fortune, the wise Ganesha, with an elephant's head, placed on him by his father Siva, who had previously mutilated this child of Parvati. Tiny, gaudily painted, five-faced images lay on the floor next to neat terra-cotta statuettes of a fakir and of a Sepoy in a uniform of the latest pattern. Handsome little moustached idols of stone were mingled with red-faced figures of the fabulous Hanuman, who led the armies of monkeys in Rama's famous expedition against Ceylon. Here, too, were tigers' claws, which are highly valued by the natives as talismans.

CHAPTER XXII

On the eve of our departure from the capital of Hinduism an evening party was given by the European society of the place at Nandeswar Koti, the Maharajah's suburban villa, which had been prepared for their Highnesses.

Owing to the want of room in the house, which, in size and fittings, is almost identical with that in which, on January 1799, the British Resident defended himself against a hostile attack, the heat and closeness in the drawing-room and on the covered terrace next it were very oppressive, especially after our fatiguing day. Between nine and ten o'clock an Indian drama was acted—with few *dramatis personae* and a very simple plot, but with an abundant allowance of shouting, leaping, and useless action. The principal actors were a sovereign prince, a princess, and a terrible divinity. But there was far too much noise, singing, and dialogue. On the whole, native dramas are remarkable more for their length than for the intricacy of their plots. The modern drama, moreover, seems to be decidedly inferior to that of an earlier period, which is deservedly famed. Men are the only actors. The music is extremely melancholy. While the sound of the tambourines was swelling and sinking behind the scenes, I noticed one of the band calmly lay aside his instrument and begin chewing betel.

Next morning their Highnesses crossed the river (by an enormous bridge, not long ago built over the Ganges, and opened during the viceroyalty of Lord Dufferin, before whose time the river was crossed by means of a string of wooden boats) to shoot in the Shikarganj, the preserves of the Maharajah Prabhu Narayan Singh, perhaps one of the best shots in the whole country (*e.g.* he hits a silver coin tossed in the air without missing a single time), whence they proceeded direct to the station of Mogul-Serai, to start for Calcutta at 10 P.M.

MONDAY, *January* 14/26, 1891.

The Cesarewitch is nearing the administrative capital of India: the train rushes over the plains of Bengal, through tufted palm-groves and through marshy rice-fields, with their bluish sheen. This is once more, in spite of its geographical position, a world of tropical vegetation, a land quickened by the true Aryan spirit, though oppressed by Malay-Chinese elements, a land of recent geological formation, though of most ancient civilisation. With all the intensity of the

culture devoted to it, the land seems still to bear traces of the struggle between earth and sea, still resembles somewhat a verdant island, just risen from the depths of the tropical sea. Occasionally, in some leafy grove, we catch a glimpse (amidst the water lying around) of the dwelling of an amphibious native. As yet we have scarcely seen anything of the inhabited part of the country, but only an endless billowy expanse, intersected by the gleaming lines of the tributaries of the 'heaven-born, inexhaustible, and merciful river, the giver of plenty.' It is time, however, to say a few words about Bengal.

This province now forms, in many respects, the basis of British financial prosperity and power in India, as the number of her Majesty's subjects in this country is very little less than the population of European Russia, while the income from the fields, fertilised by the rich mud of the Ganges, amounts to tens of millions of pounds sterling per annum. Yet, in point of fact, it is not so very long ago that the British element here occupied the humble and unenviable position of a handful of stray merchants, who gained a footing in the country only through the good-will of its Mussulman sovereigns. At a time when Bombay and Madras had already reached a certain degree of development, and held their own in the competition with their European rivals, Calcutta, as a centre, had not yet attained to the position and political importance which were her due. This only can explain how the Marathas boldly made raid after raid on the neighbourhood of the city, which then contained only some ten or twelve thousand inhabitants; and how, in 1756, the stern ruler of the district, Nawab Suraj-ud-Daula, easily held it for seven months, plundered the stores of merchandise, and subjected one hundred and forty-five Europeans to the horrors of the famous 'Black Hole,' in which one hundred and twenty-three of them died by the following morning in terrible agony. The outrage was committed near the mouth of the river, where a powerful Western nation, better armed than the natives, and the masters of a fine fleet, apparently could have protected its name and its interests much more efficiently. Yet, almost at the same time, the British were quite able to repel the attack of the Dutch colony of Bengal, which had at its disposal the crews of seven ships, as well as six hundred Malay warriors from Java! It seems as if, at first, they could not muster force enough to resist their neighbour, the Nawab. There is something strange, something not quite comprehensible in this, just as one is struck by the fact that, only a little later, at Patna, the natives shot one hundred and forty-eight captive Englishmen—a thing they never did with other Europeans in India. The key to the problem lies in the acknowledgment, as an undoubted fact, of the extreme unpopularity of the English in the delta of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra, with the surrounding country. This feeling, of course, took more definite shape when, in 1770, foreseeing the famine which was to follow on the drought, the English bought up all the rice beforehand and sold the grain at tenfold prices when the calamity occurred.

One-third of the population perished from want. In Bengal about a million people died every month, and the total number of deaths was about ten millions. The streets, the temples, the roads, the fields, and the jungles were filled with helpless people in the agonies of death, crying out for food. The scorching air was pestilent from the multitude of rotting corpses. Beautiful women came forth from the zenanas into the market-place to gain a crust of bread for their unfortunate children. The Hindus suffered with the meekness of sick animals, not rising against their tormentors, but dying quietly and submissively. Every minute the current

of the river bore numbers of corpses past the luxurious dwellings of the English merchants, who, at that time, were accustomed to amass vast fortunes in the space of two or three years. The British parliament found the local authorities guilty of culpable neglect. But no sympathy, no popular indignation, no sentence passed by history could restore the perished millions to life. Shameful disorders caused by the egotism of the plutocracy are conceivable in every country and in every nation. They are family affairs, so to speak; sins to be atoned for by the coming generations. When, however, the heartless pioneer of civilisation, though born in a Christian country, stands before a rude and naked mass of ignorant barbarians, and we find him but a brute, while they are men, then involuntary fears begin to arise for the futility of our centuries of progress!

The name of the province through which we are passing is derived from the Sanscrit Banga, the name borne by the legendary founder of an Aryan kingdom in this region. Marco Polo and the Arabian geographers speak of the land of Bangala. By this name the district became known, under the Moguls, as a very important administrative unit, which included even the Mussulman conquests in the East, beyond the Brahmaputra. In the person of Islam the distant West had long striven to force its way into the confines of the Celestial Empire, and that, too, by land, so as to strengthen and deepen the tie. But Farther India was determined to resist the foreign appetite for conquest, as it does now: the difference lies only in the fact that then the struggle was carried on on equal terms, while now the material superiority of the invading elements is too self-evident, and, with growing force, compels the aboriginal population to a silent acknowledgment of the foreign yoke.

As early as the fourteenth century, Sultan Toghlak made an unsuccessful inroad into the dominions of the Chinese Emperor.

Aurangzeb's generals regarded Assam as the key to the most important centres of the yellow race. But the latter was, at that time, so full of energy, that it was impossible for the West to break into this original and isolated world. As long as Nepal, Bhutan, Sikkim, and Tibet enjoyed complete independence, the road from the south-west into the heart of Asia was politically inaccessible, and even at the present day is full of unforeseen difficulties and dangers. The Himalayas, worshipped by the Lamaites as personified divinities, have always stood, and still stand, as guardians of the interest of the boundless expanses in the interior of the continent. Should Europeans enter there as lords and masters, the ancient life of the country is doomed. This is the reason why the natives make such a firm stand among their mountain fastnesses, while the life of their land remains, to some extent, a secret even from our most thorough investigators.

4.30 P.M.—The station of Howrah, a suburb of the capital of India. The train rolls slowly up to the railway platform, which literally shines with cleanness, and is carpeted with red cloth. The station buildings are decorated in various colours. White, yellow, and blue alternate on the pillars of the platform with the foliage which frames the station clock and lanterns. The platform is covered with seats, as the arrival of the illustrious guests has roused great expectations and drawn together a large number of people to meet them. Crowds, not of Europeans only, but also of Eurasians and of pure-blooded natives, are present.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, Viceroy of India, and Sir Charles Elliot, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, with their suites, head the reception.

The thunder of a salute greets the arrival of the Cesarewitch. The strains of the Russian Anthem rise from the bands of the guard of honour, drawn up on the platform, and consisting of one hundred and twenty of the East Indian Railway Volunteers, under the command of a major and thirteen other officers.

The front of the station outside is covered with palm-leaves. At the entrance stands a large guard of honour, furnished by the East Surrey Regiment, with band and colours.

The Viceroy's carriage, in which the Cesarewitch takes his seat, along with the Viceroy, his military secretary, Colonel Lord William Beresford (regarded as one of the most experienced and most talented members of the Indian administrative body), and Prince Obolensky, drives slowly through the crowded streets towards the pontoon bridge over the Hooghly, the principal branch of the Ganges.

The procession is led by a detachment of the Viceroy's bodyguard. The second carriage contains Prince George of Greece, with Sir Charles Elliot, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, and Colonel Ardagh, private secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne. These carriages are followed by another detachment of the bodyguard, and the guns of the 31st Battery of the Royal Artillery. Next follow Prince Bariatinsky and M. K. Onou, with Colonel Gerard, and others. Vast crowds of spectators (more numerous even than in Cairo) flood the way to Government House. The interest of the population, consisting principally of Bengalese—that is, chiefly of gifted, though half-educated, natives, keen students of politics—is plainly excited in the highest degree.

At first the road is lined by the men of the 17th Bengal Infantry. On the bridge they are replaced by the police; on the Strand Road comes the 3rd Foot; next come the gallant troopers of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry, then the East Surrey Regiment again, and the Buffs.

The picture presented by the river is very interesting, owing to the number of fine, pale yellow buildings beyond it (Calcutta has long borne the name of the 'city of palaces') and the forest of masts on the Hooghly. Though four railways converge in the capital, yet water communication plays the principal part in the transport of goods. The annual import and export of the latter amounts to a hundred million pounds sterling, at least. The objects of import and export are endless in their variety: cattle, coal, cotton, vegetables and fruit, corn and rice, guttapercha and resin, hides, mats, oils, metals, opium, sulphur, silk, spices, tea, both Chinese and Indian, sugar, tobacco, wool, timber, cloth, dyes, salt, and machinery of all kinds. Close commercial relations are kept up, not only with England and with Europe in general, but also with Farther India, Japan, America, the Cape, and Australia. In the course of a year Calcutta is visited by many ocean steamers (with tonnages reckoned by the thousand) and hundreds of four-masted sailing-vessels, marine giants of the latest construction. The export to England alone amounts to £15,500,000, while the import from it is £18,500,000! Clumsy native dinghies, with covered sterns, glide to and fro on the river. Every peasant in Eastern Bengal tries to have a boat of his own, as in other countries each husbandman endeavours to possess a cart.

We drive over a pontoon bridge, which is perhaps the greatest of its kind in the world. It was erected in 1873-1874, cost over £200,000, is nearly six hundred yards in length, and about twenty yards broad. Along the middle is a roomy carriage-way, and on each side runs a broad railed-off footpath. A constant communication is kept up between the city and the

suburbs, which contain important warehouses and docks, the flow being arrested only at certain hours during the week, when the bridge is opened for the passage of large vessels.

All travellers in India who are acquainted with St. Petersburg are willing to acknowledge the outward resemblance between it and Calcutta. The very course of their history is to some extent parallel. Founded at about the same time, in the heat of the struggle between great nations for predominance, they sprang up on the marshy soil at the mouths of two historically important rivers, developed in corresponding periods, becoming centres of keen thought and national progress, and along, perhaps, with Pekin, divide Asia into camps of a marked individuality, where the East, coming into contact with the powerful influence of the West, is obliged to guard the heritage of its past more vigilantly. Containing thousands of Brahminical and Mohammedan natives, educated under English influence, Calcutta (from 'Kali-ghat,' a river-side sanctuary dedicated to the dread spouse of Siva) is, in certain respects, as typical a personification of the yet inert peninsula as the 'city of Peter the Great,' that focus of European culture in Russia, is of that composite (Slavonic and Asiatic) Eastern world, which forms such a marked though chaotic contrast to the states of the West, with their differing organisation and culture. While they are distinguished for a clearly defined past, Russia, on the other hand, and the East, which is organically connected with it, still belong chiefly to the future. The coming struggle between Asia and Europe, for the present, will undoubtedly, in many instances, take place in the inner life of the two most important administrative centres of the world, which determine the destiny of four hundred million souls (the capital of China, which has lost count of her population, as yet has but little say in the decision of the great political questions of the world),—I mean St. Petersburg and Calcutta. On the banks of the Neva we enjoy as many of the boons of civilisation as she does, but like this 'Imperial' representative of Hinduism, and even to some extent of Indian Islam, we sometimes feel our spiritual and political isolation from the Romano-Germanic countries overburdened by a too exacting civilisation. For us, for the Russian East, for Asia, the basis of life is faith: faith in the incomprehensible acknowledgment of a single divinely appointed authority, the yearning for moral trial and regeneration. When, amidst the tumult of the age, the materialistic son of the West comes into contact with this simple creed of several hundred millions, discord between him and us is inevitable in the very nature of things.

How charming is this prosaic city, when one studies the crowds that throng the streets! Here we do not see those brilliant colours and bold barbaric outlines which distinguished Hindustan and the Dekkan: here there is neither the noisy curiosity, nor the disorderly movement which greeted us in some of the cities we visited, but, on the other hand, the Bengalese, draped like Romans in their togas, exhibit a classical regularity of outline; the quiet murmur of the crowd, the clapping of hands, which serves for greeting, may remind one of spectators absorbed in the living truth represented on the stage of some ancient theatre; the white garments, with their coloured edges—seen under the radiant blue sky—harmonise perfectly with the golden, or, more commonly, olive complexions of the majority of the natives. The former complexion is regarded as the most beautiful; the goddesses of love and of family life are always represented as golden.

Bare-footed dandies (few natives wear shoes here), who have tasted of the fruits of Western civilisation, sometimes sport starched shirts over the national costume, and carry umbrellas. On

the whole, however, the exterior of the inhabitants has retained its typical peculiarities, and excites genuine interest. A stamp of softness and womanliness lies on the natives of the land, whom Macaulay has judged so severely for their effeminacy; the slaves of exceptional climatic conditions, the Bengalese deserve a more unprejudiced estimate for the high level of their mental capacities and for their firmness in a conscious resistance to the influence of an inimical foreign culture. Natives who have received a European education here bear the name of *baboo*, a name which has a contemptuous ring in the speech of a British official. This is an expression of the radical antagonism between two gifted races, the Anglo-Saxon and the Indo-Aryan.

Perhaps the most interesting and burning question of the day—a question which, undoubtedly, must and does agitate the whole of educated India—lies in the struggle for the idea of national congresses and for the right, granted by the Government, of holding them. For several years now, the natives have enjoyed, so to speak, a wholesale permission to think aloud (and that, too, not in the vernacular press only), audibly expressing their autonomic tendencies in particular. The latter are gradually becoming stronger, and approaching realisation. But along with this the voices of the conservatively intolerant newspapers and of the higher British administration rise louder in condemnation; to the majority of them, the very thought seems monstrous, that the garrulous *baboos* should allow themselves to play at liberalism and dream of independence, in their desire to imitate the constitutionalism of the West.

Some twenty or thirty years ago, that well-known Anglo-Indian administrator, Sir John Lawrence, expressed his opinion of the capability of the Indian peasant for self-government on a grand scale. The native village communities, microscopic republics in their way, have peacefully flourished for ages, and may continue to flourish in virtue of their inherent qualities. History teaches that all went well in India then only, when no one interfered in the life of the peasants, and when the natural course of events was left to itself. According to the opinion of the above-mentioned statesman, the authorities should take advantage of these very favourable peculiarities in the character of the population, interfering in nothing, and hindering nothing in the harmless home-life of the country.

In the ninth decade of this century a persistent intellectual movement arose in India against the alleged oppression of the civil rights of that section of the native population which had received a European education. It is scarcely necessary to say that several liberal-minded Englishmen were found at the head of this movement. Spiritually, England always has been, and always will be, such a personification of individualism and legal protest, that the contact of her literature, and her culture, and civilisation in general, with the minds of the Hindus, inevitably reacted on the growing and ripening generation, which forms, or rather wishes to form, what is called 'Young India.' This growing factor is generally the object at once of numerous attacks and of great expectations.

For the last six years congresses have taken place annually, the last of them at Calcutta some fortnight before our arrival. The Viceroy and the more influential officials declined the invitation to visit a gathering so unpleasant to them; but the European element was represented by a journalist from beyond the Channel, and even, it is said, by an eccentric Member of Parliament. The pompous speeches of the more eloquent natives, as well as the warm assurances of sympathy on the part of their European friends, have, as yet, received only passing mention in the papers I have come across, but even this supplies very interesting material for conjecture as to how the peace of the country may be threatened by such a

movement. Did not the last congress, which sat for three days, resolve to petition for the appointment of a special Royal Commission to inquire into the present state of the government of India, both on the spot and in England? Was there not disapproval expressed of the policy which led to the annexation of Burmah? Did it not condemn in principle the intentions of the Government as to new increases of armament at the expense of the country? Such an expression of opinion, however, is but the beginning. No wonder that the *Times* launches invectives at the daring prattle of the Calcutta congressites!

From time to time, in the dense crowds that surround us at a respectful distance, one catches a glimpse of the shining headgear of the Parsees, the golden-coloured turban of some Mussulman, the green or crimson fillet of a Hindu from the West. Here one sees a man arrayed in a variegated *kincob*, there in pale, delicately tinted *mushroo*, or, it may be, a Cashmere shawl, proudly cast over his shoulders.

As the carriage of the Viceroy, with its four horses, its outrider and its coachman, gorgeous in scarlet and gold, makes its way through the throng, the European inhabitants of the city wave hats and handkerchiefs from window, roof, and terrace. The warmest greetings seem to come from the ladies and the children. To-day's reception produces a pleasant and complete impression.

The more important houses of business have decorated their premises with flags and banners of all possible sizes. The Royal standard of Britain is displayed in several places; more frequent still is the Union Jack.

The procession moves from the quay through Fairlie Place and Clive Street to Dalhousie Square, the centre of commercial life and of the European quarter. Here stand the immense buildings of the Post Office, the Central Telegraph Office, the Secretariate of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and the Currency Office. This square was originally the site of Fort William, which afforded shelter to the English merchants of the country, who, until then, had been defenceless. Aurangzeb, who was at first but ill-disposed towards them, owing to reports proceeding from the Sultan of Turkey, at last became more gracious, received an embassy from London, and sent back to a monarch of foreign creed and foreign blood, beyond the seas, a friendly letter and the present of a sword.

The immense crowds of spectators in the streets seem to grow still larger. The Bengalese appear to be an extremely well-disciplined people. There is something quite European in their rational behaviour in a crowd. To see them so near, and in such masses, is the more interesting that, but a little while ago, these throngs were, in some measure, swayed by the joys and the disappointments of the congress.

The atmosphere in which they acted, or rather in which they spoke, remains unchanged.

To organise a national congress in India is no light labour. Even the material side of it presents many difficulties. For instance, at the last congress, room had to be found for six thousand members. To accommodate them, a temporary hall of bamboo and mats was run up, two hundred and fifty feet long, by one hundred and twenty-five feet broad: a number of schools lent their benches, and four thousand chairs were ordered from Vienna. But the steamer which bore this supply was wrecked, and the unfortunate organisers of the congress were put to no small trouble about it. Yet the number of delegates was trifling, when we consider whom they represented. The countless millions which form the vast population of the country can express themselves only through these delegates, who, after all, are not legally

empowered to represent them. Yet it is asserted that now, in 1891, no less than six million people in India are actively on the watch for enlightened defenders of their rights.

If we take into consideration the number of young men who annually pass the examinations of the different schools and universities (the British devote much attention to the spread and development of education in their colonies), it becomes clear that no measures can possibly check the gradually strengthening current, and that, sooner or later, the Government will have to grapple with a problem of so remarkable a nature as the artificial awakening to conscious life of whole communities and tribes, which, only a generation ago, were dumb and powerless.

Clearly history is preparing new and complex problems in the East for the colonising states of Western Europe, which are not really at home in Asia (as we Russians always have been, and still are, without being aware of it), but appear, in some measure, as fortuitous and abnormal excrescences on her gigantic body.

The farther the Cesarewitch penetrates into the East, and the more complex our protracted journey becomes, the greater is the author's difficulty: first, in restraining the expression of his patriotic feelings; secondly, in grouping the passing impressions of a rapidly travelling tourist into an orderly and literary description; and finally, in giving due prominence to the historical moments which he sometimes experiences, and which will not be again repeated.

The journey of the Cesarewitch through the civilised countries of the East is full of deep significance for Russia. The bonds that unite our part of Europe with Iran and Turan, and through them with India and the Celestial Empire, are so ancient and lasting that, as yet, we ourselves, as a nation and a state, do not fully comprehend their full meaning and the duties they entail on us, both in our home and foreign policy.

Having spent the last few years in the study of the problem, involuntarily I gather along the course of our daily path a rich and varied supply of material for a clear conception of what is to be understood by the words 'Asiatic Russia,' and, on account of the extreme paucity of information on the subject of our position and power in the East (in spite of the growing necessity for its clearer comprehension), I take advantage of the opportunity to introduce, now and then, *what are exclusively my own personal remarks, conclusions, and opinions* regarding it. Certainly, they may contain no small amount of error, but surely it is time for Russians to express some definite thoughts, tinged though they may be with error, on their great inheritance from Jenghis Khans and Tamerlanes, who have certainly been of no small use to us.

Slavonic in language and religion, but mixed in blood, and mingled with many foreign elements, Russia, under the pressure of Western enlightenment, is naturally waking up, and will soon wake still more to consciousness as a renovated Eastern world, with which not only the races of nearer Asia, but both the Hindu and the Chinese, have now, and will have in the future, infinitely more interests and sympathies in common than with colonisers of another type, developed by European civilisation during the last four centuries of its history in the West.

However strange it may seem, a series of events has shown that, as the West comes into closer contact with Asia, the gulf between them yawns wider and wider with each century. The first chance comers were so near the natives of India in development and in their daily needs as to feel to some extent at home here. Different mediæval missionaries, merchants, diplomats with but little real civilisation, and so forth, did not realise at the time how foreign Europe is to the real East. It was only in the last and in the present century that all men's eyes were some-

what opened to the fact. Russia alone does not, and in her very nature cannot, feel this growing discord between nations of a supposed youthful civilisation, and those who are imagined to be effete: the vaguely outlined Scythia of antiquity, the birthplace of invincible conquerors and rulers, the arena of the wandering and the interaction of the most varied races, she has constantly retained her political equilibrium between the two externally inimical and strongly contrasted worlds of the East and the West.

The history of our relations to Asia and to the alien races that once inhabited a good two-thirds of European Russia, has not yet been written, and, in its true light, is far less known to us, than the past of foreign countries. When the coming years have dissipated our ignorance on the subject, we shall find ourselves obliged to come to the unyielding conviction that he who wears the united crown of the once independent principalities of Yugra, Perm, and Bulgaria on the Volga, of the sovereigns of Kazan, Astrakhan, and Siberia, whose forefathers in the ancient capital of Muscovy were never styled otherwise than 'the lords of all northern lands and the sovereigns and owners of many other great countries,' is the sole accomplisher of the destinies of the East. The wings of the Russian Eagle are spread too widely over it to leave the slightest doubt of it. In our organic connection with all these lands lies the pledge of our future, in which Asiatic Russia will mean simply all Asia.

However strange it may seem at first, a most remarkable parallel may be drawn between the almost simultaneous advance eastward of the bold Portuguese and of our own Cossacks. Earlier than any other European country, the little kingdom of Portugal entered into unusually intimate relations with distant and unknown lands. Bred up (as we were in the days of Tartar supremacy) under the rule of the Moors, and in the struggle for their own national and Christian ideals, it not only overcame and expelled Islam, but pursued it to the shores of Africa. That gifted prince, Henry the Navigator, to whom his mother had transmitted the royal blood of England, gave a fresh impulse to the study and development of navigation. Gradually the daring sons of Portugal came into contact with certain parts of the Atlantic coast of Africa, unexpectedly and successfully rounded the terrible Cape of Storms, thereafter renamed the Cape of Good Hope, and reached the shores of India, regarded in those days as being little different, if at all, from the south borders of China. This, strictly speaking, was what the contemporaries of Columbus and Vasco da Gama were in search of.

It is true that, a little earlier, a certain Portuguese, despatched by his king through the Red Sea and thence overland, reached the Malabar coast, but, generally speaking, the possibility of reaching it directly by sea was either disputed, or presented in a false light. Europeans made their way thither into the lands of the rising sun, the lands of countless and fabulous wealth, almost at random and without a set purpose, like the free bands of Novgorod in our Middle Ages, and the Cossacks who later fled from the wrath of the Tsar; only we did battle with the cold, the virgin forests and the boundless wastes of Siberia, while the enterprising inhabitants of the Pyrenean peninsula, hardened by centuries of warfare with the Moslem, like true Southerners, sailed forth over the boundless ocean, in search of adventure, to the warmest and most populous countries on the face of the earth. It was accidentally, in the course of these expeditions to India, that Central America and Brazil were discovered.

In their search for such another promised land, flowing with milk and honey, the advanced guard of the Cossacks at last reached the inhospitable shores of the Pacific, halted there, grew familiar with the coast, and, fearless adventurers as they were, passed over to California.

These semi-legendary expeditions from the far West were almost contemporaneous; the difference of a few decades at such a distance and in consideration of the grandeur of the events then taking place, is of no real importance. The relations of the Portuguese to the natives with whom they first came into contact are, in certain respects, very like those which subsisted between us and the natives who paid tribute to the Muscovite sovereigns. Thus, for instance, certain petty native rulers from Senegal and from the balmy shores of India came to the court at Lisbon to tender their allegiance, and sometimes to be baptized, in the hope of receiving some token of favour, exactly like the Ostiak chiefs who at first came to the court of the White Tsar, within the walls of Moscow.

While Vasco da Gama received from his king the title of 'Lord High Admiral of the lands of the East,' the far-sighted Stroganoffs, those pioneers of Russian civilisation on the Ural, received in their turn privileges of an exceptional nature for the services they had rendered to their country and the state.

The severity which has been the reproach of our Cossack adventurers in their advance eastwards really seems exaggerated, if we compare their behaviour, often extremely humane and simple, and generally adapted to local conditions, with those exhibitions of extreme cruelty which remain as a stain on the first European colonisers of India. For instance, at the very beginning of the wonderful course of adventure sung by the immortal Camoens, the Portuguese suffered a slight reverse at the hands of the infidels, and Vasco da Gama, blinded by the thirst for revenge, was not ashamed to burn a perfectly unoffending ship which he overtook at sea, returning with a number of pilgrims from Mecca to India, while the terrified women held out their children to the pitiless admiral, vainly begging for mercy. The burning ship presented a perfect hell of flame, full of victims condemned to a certain and agonising death, while the part of the torturing demons was played by the naval crusaders from the West.

Hating the Mussulman element in India as being dangerous to them both politically and commercially, the Portuguese did not hesitate to exterminate the followers of Mohammed by fair means or foul. The same great Vasco da Gama, on preparing to shell some seaport town, would, as a preliminary, hang his Mussulman captives at the yard-arm, then, having taken the corpses down, he would cut off their hands and feet, which he sent to their relations, and, finally, to terrify the enemy, would cast the mutilated bodies into the sea, to be washed ashore. I doubt whether even our freebooters of the sixteenth century in the heart of Siberia attained to such a degree of refined brutality, to such blind hatred of the natives of the country.

Gradually the Portuguese began to mingle with the Hindus, to intermarry with them, to instruct them in the Catholic faith, and, in their turn, to become imbued with some of the paganism of the land. The result was a people void of all creative impulse either in politics or in culture: a little corner of the Pyrenean peninsula in an Oriental setting; a little bit of clerical Rome on the soil of India, amidst her most conservative surroundings; the staff of a once sacred banner, lost in a shifting mass of commercial flags and new military banners, inscribed with new and secular war-cries!

When the British lion had couched on the Madras coast, triumphing chiefly over his Gallic rivals and over the native princes, the English did not at first wall themselves off from the natives, who were often of inestimable service to the European colonists on the field of battle. The sepoys of those days found in their European officers comrades after their own hearts in tastes and profession, good fellows without a shadow of haughtiness, and with an adaptability to the

simple life of regimental society, in which native officers were on the same footing with the sons of the dominant race, and enjoyed a certain amount of respect. Exiled for long periods from their island home, adopting the customs of the land to which fate had brought them, possessing harems, through which they gained a thorough knowledge of the life of the country, the first soldiers who founded the Indian Empire, as well as the representatives of the East India Company, stood far nearer to the life of the East than do the British of to-day: the former it attracted and absorbed, drawing them nearer to the people of the country; the latter it rather repels, owing to a number of radically changed conditions. The possibility of short and frequent visits home, the installation of Englishwomen in society and in the family, the attraction exercised by England and its social and intellectual life (greatly increased by the rapidity with which the latest news is transmitted from the shores of Great Britain)—a whole series of such weighty circumstances has called forth an estrangement between the British and the natives. At the present moment an immeasurable gulf separates the latter from the lordly masters of the land, who, very naturally, have no especial sympathy for 'the barbarous notions, the pitiful superstitions and the repulsive social order of the natives, who, moreover, cannot be depended upon in anything.' Yet it was otherwise but a few decades ago! Soldiers of native blood were regarded as of proven faith, and, conquering district after district for England, fought with greater courage than the white troops sent from beyond the seas, unselfishly assisting these comrades of theirs on the march, when they were worn out with the unaccustomed climate, sharing their provisions with them in the hour of need, unmurmuringly waiting for their arrears of pay, and so forth. Their foreign commanding officer seemed a demi-god to the sepoys; he was obeyed with unquestioning devotion; after his death, his subordinates kept little lamps burning on his grave; military honours were even payed to his portrait; no nurse for the children, no guard for the ladies was more trusty than the native soldier.

Next to London, Calcutta is the most populous city in the British Empire, containing nearly a million inhabitants. On our way from the station to the Viceroy's residence, there are probably no less than three or four hundred thousand spectators (though many, of course, may be from the neighbourhood of the city)! The carriages alone block the passage from all the side-streets and lanes along the road.

The procession passes along Old Court House Street. The merchants of Calcutta have not been chary in decorating their establishments for the reception: flags of different nations hang across the streets. At one place one may see the skins of tigers, leopards, and panthers; further on, some verandahs are decorated with blue, red, and white cloth. On the terrace of the Great Eastern Hotel an Austrian string band greets us with the strains of the Russian Anthem. The Cesarewitch is barely able to return the bows and the greetings. At last we see the stately proportions of Government House behind its railing.

The band of the guards of honour in the courtyard (furnished by the Buffs and the Calcutta Volunteers) thunders forth the Russian Anthem. What an interesting sight is presented by the brilliant group surrounding the Imperial guests from the North and the ninth viceroy of India, the Marquis of Lansdowne!

The Government House of Calcutta was built at enormous expense, some ninety years ago, in the style of the Empire. Lord Scarsdale's residence in Derbyshire was taken as a model. Above two enormous gateways, on each side of the grand entrance, stand stone figures of lions.

Four long wings extend from the central building, containing the dwelling-rooms, the Viceroy's office, and the guest-chambers. The Government flag floats above the metallic dome which crowns the building. Formerly there was a statue of Britannia with spear and helmet, but it had to be taken down on account of hurricanes. Some old cannon, melancholy trophies of Afghan campaigns, decorate the lawn before the splendid colossal staircase, at the top of which the authorities, the consuls, and, in fact, all official Calcutta, are gathered for the reception. The staircase is lined by picturesque rows of native guards, splendid soldiers, in snow-white turbans and gold-laced uniforms. Among the generals, officials, clergy of different Christian denominations (including the priest of the Greek community) stand several Bengalese rajahs (of Bhettiah and Darbunghah, also of Kutch-Behar in Assam) and other natives of distinction.

In the evening the Viceroy gives a dinner-party, no ladies being present. Among the guests are the Anglican Bishop and Metropolitan in India and Ceylon, and the Catholic Archbishop of Western Bengal; Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-chief in India; Major-General Gordon of H.M. Legation in Teherân; Major-General Nairne, Inspector-General of Artillery; and Major-General Viscount Frankfort, Commanding Presidency District; several influential Mussulman members of the Legislative Council (the Brahminical members are absent, owing to caste restrictions): Ameer Ali, Ali-Khan, Nawab Ashanullah Khan, Shahzada Mahomed Furrokshah; the Consuls-General: Baron Heyking for Germany, Stockinger for Austro-Hungary, Altemer for France, Simson for Denmark, Colonel Merril for the United States of America, Gallian for Italy, and Voigt for Sweden and Norway. The only non-official guest was Lord Frederick Hamilton, passing through Calcutta, who has been at St. Petersburg and knows Russian.

Father N. Pannas, Vicar of the Greek Church, and Mr. Petrocochino, Consul for Greece, are also present. Modern Greece seems to have outstripped us (so far as enterprise goes) in the commercially important regions of south-eastern Asia. The Greek Church of the Transfiguration has stood here since 1780, when Warren Hastings, whose wife had been born in Archangel, was the first to subscribe £200 towards its erection.

Grace is said by the Lord Bishop and Metropolitan of India. The Viceroy and the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal sit next the Cesarewitch. The customary toasts are drunk after dinner.

It is not easy to imagine a more interesting and more significant gathering than that at which we are present to-day. In this setting of Oriental splendour, amidst the numberless native servants gliding noiselessly about, the real rulers of India receive their Imperial guest, who on his way daily gathers fresh and varied information as to the art of Europeans in managing Asia, as to her great past and undefined future, and as to the great problems of civilisation in the East.

Here is the Marquis of Lansdowne, with his nameless charm of manner. At the present day there are few rulers on the face of the earth who bear on their shoulders a heavier burden, both intellectual and moral, than a Viceroy of India at the end of the nineteenth century. The inheritance of Akbar and Aurangzeb is becoming no enviable heritage for the British. The land may be a source of wealth and power for its present masters, but such worldly prosperity is bought at the price of sleepless care and vigilance, with the knowledge of the difficulty of holding with equal administrative power what their insatiable predecessors had won, and finally, with ever-watchful attention to the phenomena on the political horizon, which have their foundation in the uncertain and unreliable interior life of the country.

The Viceroy of the Queen-Empress holds sway over an enormous population. The most complex administrative and political problems, arising from the simple necessity of caring for the many wants of the conquered country, the strict responsibility before public opinion in England, and especially before the outspoken Liberal press, cause those who accept the post of Viceroy of India to regard it as anything but a sinecure. Not all the honour attaching to it, not all the gratitude of posterity, can repay them for their sleepless nights of toil and anxiety at their lofty post. Can mortification be avoided, for instance, in constantly subsidising Afghanistan with Indian funds—Afghanistan, treacherous as the sea, where the soil is red with the blood of British soldiers, where every expedition has been distinguished, and may again most unexpectedly be distinguished, by incredible defeats, inglorious victories, aimless seizures, and inevitable concessions? Hard by, in the mountain states, presenting to some extent a *terra incognita* from the ethno-geographical point of view, every step leads to risky diplomatic combinations, two-edged decisions, and the consciousness of want of moral power to gain anything fairly and to hold it firmly. Kafiristan, Hunza, and Nagar on the one hand drop of themselves into the hands of the Anglo-Indian Empire (to the joy of such intense Russophobes as Leitner, who is so well acquainted with this part of the country), but on the other hand seem to form a fresh Gordian knot on the northern frontier.

Nor can the fate which befell the Maharajah of Cashmere last year, and the expressions of disapproval called forth by this event among enlightened natives, be reckoned among the circumstances which tend to improve the state of matters. The increasing financial disorder, caused by many heavy subsidiary expenses (especially for military purposes) which do not benefit the country, in its turn has a most depressing influence. To the last Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, fell the ungrateful task of conquering Burmah, and of working against Russia, that is, against that aggregate of the choicest elements in Asia, of which she is the involuntary head. Whoever replaces the more cautious and sensitive Marquis of Lansdowne will have the opportunity of acting in a new, more reasonable, and peaceful spirit, the advisability of which the far-seeing English are now, perhaps, themselves ready to acknowledge. It is to be regretted, in the interests of this boundless land and of its masters, that its Viceroys are appointed to such an important post for such short terms, and, having barely had time to make a tour of the peninsula with the adjacent territories, are recalled before they are ripe for the creation of a thoughtful, complete, and original policy.

The position of the Lieutenant-Governors is much more favourable, and productive of better results. They generally remain in the country for many years, have a vast yet definite sphere of action, study the minutest details of the enormous districts over which they rule, and judge of the natives not superficially, according to ideas gathered in England, but acutely and with sympathy, entering into the very root of the matter. Sir Charles Elliot, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, appears to be exactly such a man. However unsafe it may be to judge by passing impressions, this opinion of Sir Charles can scarcely be a mistaken one. In a few vivid words he showed me the sympathetic side of the native character, speaking as a man of feeling and not only as an official, dwelling among other things, on a touching detail, which illustrates the intimate connection possible between an Anglo-Indian family and members of the indigenous races.

According to this unprejudiced English observer, the *ayahs*, or native nurses, relieve the darkness even of the most unhappy European homes in India. From the moment that the *ayah* enters the house it becomes her home, and more precious than anything else in the world. Attaching

herself unselfishly to the children of the European strangers, taking to heart all the joys, and even more, the griefs of her master and mistress, such a native nurse becomes at last the good genius, the guardian angel of the members of that haughty stranger race, whom the countrymen of the *ayah* either fear or hate. But she is wholly devoted to these Europeans: their children learn the local dialects from her; from her they hear the charming songs and fables of India, become excellent interpreters for the grown-up members of the family, and develop humane views and feelings. The nurse often forgets her own most pressing wants, spends her last penny on toys for her nurslings, for their sake is ready to leave her native land, and replaces the mother if she is lost at an early age. The people of India, where the lower classes furnish a constant supply of such women, are fortunate: in this land the human race still enjoys true spiritual health, which is the root and the foundation of a higher life.

Bishop Johnson, who is present at the Viceroy's dinner-party, represents the official Church of England in its action on the world of India and Ceylon. In reality its influence at present is not as deep as that of other churches, which do not enjoy the same support and countenance from Government spheres. Pure and noble characters (such as Heber, Middleton, and Wilson) have stood at the head of the Anglican Church in India, but yet stronger, more steadfast, and clear-sighted natures appeared as representatives of other religious persuasions. It is not surprising that success in the missionary field, in the awakening to the truth, if not of the masses, at least of many units, fell to the share of those who preached and warred with paganism in the spirit of love to their neighbour, bearing themselves equally towards men of all races and of all stages of social development, however antiquated.

Many centuries have passed since Christianity first took root in India. In the first century of our era the famous navigator Hippalos studied the alternation of the trade-winds and sailed straight from Arabia across the open sea to the bays and islands of the Malabar coast. After the fall of Jerusalem, many fugitive Jews turned their faces eastward, and brought the glad tidings of the Gospel to the borders of the Dekkan. In their turn the Hindus (like the Iranians and the Scythians, the men of Bactria and Ethiopia) began about the same time to visit Alexandria, that universal centre of knowledge, commerce, and culture. The moral and spiritual atmosphere which influenced Origen and Clement stirred up the repentant Stoic Pantaenus to preach the Gospel to the heathen in India. Passing through Egypt, up the Nile, thence from the city of Coptos to the Red Sea, and, further, through Aden, about the end of the second century this eloquent preacher reached India, and having founded a Christian community there returned in safety.

Gradually, however, heretical principles began to gain the upper hand in the East. Nestorianism created a centre for itself in Mesopotamia, whence it acted on the world of Farther Asia, then thirsting for fresh spiritual enlightenment. When Europeans, both Catholic and Protestant, afterwards began to gain ground in it, their hopes of finding support among their supposed fellow-Christians did not meet with fulfilment,—rather the contrary: the latter, who willingly entered into communication with the Armenian Church and with the Coptic patriarch, at times became open enemies of the Western Christians. This reception was owing to a great extent to the behaviour of the strangers themselves, especially of the fanatical Portuguese ecclesiastics, who extended their intolerance of the Hindus to the so-called 'Malabar Christians,' supposed to have been converted by St. Thomas the Apostle, but to have swerved from the true path afterwards.

There was a time when even bishops from Syria met with their death here at the hands of Catholics. Now, however, in spite of the stubborn conservatism of the native Christians, there seems to be a tendency among them to enter into nearer relations with kindred creeds, to stretch forth the hand of friendship to the West, and to seek for help and counsel from it. In this case the Church of England meets the Nestorians half-way, though since the seventeenth century a portion of them have acknowledged the authority of the Pope of Rome.

As regards the Government Bishops of Calcutta, who have always been remarkable for their learning and humanity, it must be acknowledged that they do, and always have done, all in their power to keep the moral standard of the British residents at a higher level, and to induce the natives to accept baptism voluntarily.

It has been calculated that not long ago each new Protestant convert in India cost about £1000. At the present day, thanks to the great spread of missionary activity, the state of matters is rapidly improving. However strange it may seem, the impulse has come less from pious and wealthy England, than from the United States, whose organised action on heathendom in India exhibits new phases of development every year. The continent accidentally discovered by Columbus instead of India, when that great navigator sailed westward with a banner bearing a cross of green, which was to symbolise the lofty missionary aims of the expedition (besides other and more worldly ones),—this same continent now despatches numerous Christian teachers to the ancient lands of the East, gives liberally towards the enlightenment of their ignorant masses, and devotes more disinterested care than other Powers to the real wants of the most populous peninsula in Asia. For instance, of the sixty-four missionary societies labouring in India, Burmah, and Ceylon, eighteen (and these perhaps the most energetic) belong to America, which, however, is not surprising, considering that subscriptions to the amount of about a million pounds sterling are annually received there and actually expended on missionary work abroad.

At present the number of Christians in the dominions of the Queen-Empress is less than one per cent. of the population. Even this insignificant proportion has been reached only of late years! The fact is owing partly to the unseen but redoubled and indefatigable exertions of the Catholic missionaries, who get on with the natives better than any one else, and unmurmuringly endure the greatest hardships. Hence, of course, the power of the Vatican is daily on the increase. The majority of Hindu converts are Catholics.

Among the converts to Christianity many come from fetich-worshipping, devil-worshipping, serpent-worshipping, and other low castes of a similar character, or, to be more accurate, sometimes not even castes, but rather little tribes, insufficiently dominated by the powerful influence of Brahminism,—tribes which persistently and with growing energy retreat further into the depths of the country, where there are numbers of savages who still offer human sacrifices to the gods, who worship stones of curious shape, who to the present day are strangers to Vedic culture and the Sivaite and Vishnuite pantheon.

To the credit of the Protestant world it must be said, that, equally with the Catholic priesthood, it has supplied many a zealous and energetic preacher of the Gospel to the Hindus, many an earnest and tactful pastor, many an apostle of humility and charity towards the ignorant native world. Such, for instance, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, was the Swede Kirnarder (a scion of a noble family, which gave Charles XII. two brave officers, slain at Poltava); such, considerably later, was the Baptist William Carey, and about the middle of the present century the Scotsman Duff. Kirnarder lived in India till the age of eighty-eight, devoting himself wholly to

his missionary labours, and never once thinking of returning to Europe. Not only Hindus, but even Chinese dwellers in India, were among his converts. William Carey, striving to enter into nearer relations with the natives, undertook, unaided, the clearing of a dense fever and tiger-haunted jungle at the mouth of the Ganges. He was soon able to baptize a Hindu in the waters of the sacred river, before a large concourse of spectators. Carey spent more than forty years in India, and died there a saint, whose blessing was asked for, not long before his death, by the Anglican Bishop of Calcutta. Duff laboured chiefly at the spread of education among the native youth, in the spirit of Christianity, and with the practical application of the results of European science to the requirements of Indian life.

Besides these three, other less-known but earnest and pious missionaries of a similar stamp have laboured and still labour in the same field. The fruits of their labour are undoubtedly important, but there is another and most characteristic side to the question. The Hindus, as is generally the case in Oriental heathendom, are tolerant in the extreme. Parents do not hesitate to commit their children to the training of Western missionaries, and at the same time pray to their idols that the children may not adopt the views and customs of the Christians. It is not unusual to find native notables contributing generously to the support of the Bible Society and the repair of churches, while at the same time they send gifts to the temple of Kali. A special standard and much latitude are required to form a correct estimate of sympathisers with Christianity.

Only the Mohammedans remain almost absolutely inaccessible to such enlightening influence. They are ready, though not without some hesitation, to accept education and development, to seek for social equality with the British, but as regards religion, they dislike, and often are intolerant of any teaching which does not agree with the Koran. Now that Islam has gained a footing (though certainly a very slight one) in England itself, whither it was brought from Morocco within the last ten years by one Quilliam of Liverpool, who built a regular mosque, and gained several dozen followers among his countrymen, mission work among the Mohammedans of India has lost many chances of success.

It is enough to look at the proud, reserved faces of the Mussulman guests at the Viceroy's table to comprehend what a political power they represent in India. The question of congresses interests them but little, and the eloquence of the *baboo* is completely neglected by them. The leading *nawabs* are of a despotic nature, and are very unwilling to share their position and weight in the land with the strangers from the West; while the Government has to settle whether it is more expedient to befriend and favour the Mohammedan millions, or to grant some support to Hinduism in its undying hatred towards the 'cow-slaying' Moslem. To weigh the comparative advantages of one or the other policy is not so easy: in the disastrous mutiny of 1857 (and on other occasions before that) the adherents of these two warring creeds, implacable foes as they were at other times, banded themselves into an intensely warlike mass, thirsting for blood and destruction.

The dinner is followed by an evening party at Government House, at which two thousand guests are present. Towards ten o'clock their Highnesses mount from the dining-room to the upper flat by a somewhat narrow staircase.

An endless series of distinguished natives is presented to the Cesarewitch. Among them the Rajah of Tagore is especially remarkable as a patron and connoisseur of native music, and, in

general, of native wisdom and art. More than one member of this family has earned respect for his humanitarian tendencies and culture.

For many ages music has enjoyed especial honour in India. Every song, every melody, is here supposed to have a special, almost magic, influence on the world of phenomena, their occult connection with the fundamental nature of things being fully admitted. Their musical scale, known to the Hindus several centuries before our era, is said to have been transmitted by the Brahmins to Persia, and thence through the Arabs to Europe, where it was only in the tenth century that Guido Aretino finally determined the scale of tones.

One of the Tagores, a learned connoisseur, has long devoted himself to the music of his native land, collects the musical instruments for which the land has been famous since epic times, publishes its music, and does all he can to interest Europeans in it.

Certainly the native *vinas* (so like our Russian *balalaikas*), the harps, similar to those of Assyria, the ornamentation of an ancient Egyptian type on the instruments, the prototypes of our Western violins, guitars, and tambourines, the mystic signification of shells, both as war-trumpets and as appurtenances of religious worship,—all this is very remarkable, and deserving of a most thorough investigation.

The hall is flooded with light, reflected in the mirrors on the walls. There is much gilding on the furniture and on the walls. Amid the throng moves the proud and striking figure of Wali-Ahmed, an envoy from Kabul. Attention, too, is attracted by the officers of different native regiments of Bengal cavalry and infantry.

Among the guests we also see the German traveller, Otto Ehlers, who has spent some years in Africa, and has taken part in Wissmann's expeditions. He is proceeding to visit Assam and Indo-China to study local colonial affairs from the point of view of a pioneer of German civilisation in the Dark Continent, and in connection with the question of training the African elephant for military purposes, that is, especially in the transport service, as is done with the Indian elephant, and as the African was trained by the Carthaginians, and in the days of the Ptolemies. It would, of course, be desirable to utilise its strength and endurance, and there is something very practical in this idea of the Germans to take advantage of such an important means of overcoming the obstacles to their advance in Africa. It presents so wide a field for the enterprise of such of Herr Ehlers' countrymen as find their native land too confined for their energies, that the sooner their *Drang nach Süden* strikes out new paths, the better it will be for Western Continental Europe.

Among the native nobility in the hall there is one who rarely dons native attire, generally preferring European dress: this is the youthful and enormously wealthy Maharajah of Cutch-Behar, educated as an Englishman, and expelled from all the castes of Brahminism. To-day he is gorgeous in silks and jewels. His near ancestors were little better than savages, and strove to induce the Brahmins to acknowledge their human and princely rights; while he has broken with ancestral tradition, has married the daughter of a reformer, who rejected the mediæval social order, partly actuated by the spirit of the Vedas, but, to some extent, on a rationalistic basis.

The Maharani, his wife, has crossed the ocean with her husband, was most hospitably received by the Queen and the British aristocracy, moved in their circle simply as Mrs. Cutch, and at the present moment is also among the guests. She is not the only one of her country-women here. There are several other native ladies present. India is gradually waking up to the emancipation of women, many zenanas are opening their doors, and there is a growing demand

within them for education. Young Hindus now seek for educated wives. Female missionaries are willingly received as teachers and advisers, especially as to the health of the children, for their moral support in family dissensions, and so forth. Lady Dufferin, with her usual energy, cleverly utilised her position to raise an enormous fund, composed of generous contributions, for the organisation of medical assistance for the weaker sex, which, owing to the indifference and superstition of those around them, suffered, and still suffers, many hardships. The humane wife of the late Viceroy engaged lady-doctors and midwives to come out here (the first was Miss Helen Bourchier), opened numerous hospitals and infirmaries, and passed on to her no less humane successor, Lady Lansdowne, both her work and a large fund, composed of the contributions of the sovereigns of Jaipur, Alwar, and others.

It is only fair to say that the first to take compassion on the women of India was Miss Carpenter, the sister of the great physiologist: in her old age she came here from England, studied the condition of the suffering mothers of the land, and, in 1870, founded for their relief the National Indian Association, now under the patronage of the Princess of Wales.

In the secluded family life of the natives everything as yet contravenes the laws of hygiene. Many purely religious ceremonies entail injury to the health. Difficult indeed is the task of the European woman who wishes to relieve or mitigate the lot of the native members of the weaker sex, who are far more willing to seek for aid from Siva or Doorga, than to hearken to the voice of Western science. But light is breaking in the darkness. Each successive year has some good result to show, easing the sufferings of hundreds of thousands, condemned from birth to linger out their lives in seclusion. The sowers in this field of Christian mercy and charity have their own sufferings and losses: it is but a little while ago that Dr. Mary Seelye, who had devoted herself to the relief of native women and children in Calcutta, died, worn out before her time by ceaseless care and anxiety.

In 1883, Anandabai-Joshi, a frail little Brahmin woman, travelled to New York and Pennsylvania to study medicine and to take her doctor's degree. She gained her diploma, and was received with acclamations in her native land for her achievement and her devotion to her countrywomen.

About the same time a Hindu widow of eighteen, Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, set off to study in England, accompanied only by her child.

Both of these devotees of knowledge came from the land of the Marathas, where women are less hampered by social prejudices, where there is a greater demand for practical requirements, where there is a wider sympathy among all classes for educational enterprise and noble impulse. In fact, Ramabai and others like her express most strongly the ideas of Lady Dufferin.

The history of India, on the whole, is rich in remarkable types of womanhood, in ardent and devoted characters, wise and autocratic sovereigns. Instances enough may be found if we turn from the lifelike descriptions of the epics, with their wondrous colouring, to the epoch of the irruptions of Islam into the pagan world: the sovereign sultanas, the despotic wives and widows of the Moguls, with their contempt for danger, their foresight, and their divine beauty,—in some respects they all form a worthy and psychologically interesting parallel to our typical princesses of the Moscow period of our history. Here is matter and inspiration enough for Russian poets and painters. It is a pity that we are as yet insufficiently acquainted with the details of that past of which I speak.

TUESDAY, *January* 15/27.

In the morning their Highnesses, accompanied by Captain Swinton and Lieutenants Brasier-Creagh and Lister, visit the Zoological Gardens. These owe their present flourishing condition to the attention and support of a distinguished Anglo-Indian administrator, Sir Richard Temple, though much was done before his time by their founder, Karl Ludwig Schwendler. In memory of the latter, who died here, at his post, in 1882, an obelisk has been erected, and the pheasant house is named the Schwendler House after him.

We pass from enclosure to enclosure containing animals of all descriptions, past buildings bearing the names of the maharajahs or the wealthy contributors (chiefly Jews, as Gubbay, Ezra, and so on) who built them. Among the princes who have contributed to the extension and development of the Zoological Gardens are the Maharajahs of Cutch-Behar, Darbhangah, Sonbarsa, Angul, and Jind.

The number of specimens gathered here amounts to about one hundred mammals, six hundred birds, and one hundred and fifty reptiles.

Almost opposite the entrance, in the Dumraon department (founded by the people of a town of that name in Bengal), swarms of monkeys, of different Asiatic species, chatter and grimace, hanging by their tails from the columns and cross-beams. This is the true kingdom of Hanuman, who placed his armies at the service of the divine Rama in his campaign against Ceylon. Little brown monkeys gambol side by side with silver-grey, long-tailed, black-faced langurs, with their absurdly grave faces framed in thick white hair. One monkey sits with head turned aside, pretending to be perfectly indifferent to all around it, while another has filled its mouth with food and looks angrily at us as we approach. A third sits moaning softly, with paws hanging down, as it gazes sadly into the distance—conduct peculiar to the Assam species.

Between the buildings there is plenty of verdure and water. For a certain fee, visitors may row about here and fish. There is a fine pond, too, with goldfish. There are few water-fowl, however, to be seen in the open air, on account of the frequent raids of the jackals, against whose cunning and voracity the keepers are powerless. The rhinoceroses, on the other hand, stand in solitary grandeur amidst the ponds and tanks of the garden. It is said that their excrements are sold at a high price to the native apothecaries, popular medicine regarding them as a useful ingredient in many remedies. Tropical birds blaze in all the colours of the rainbow in their glazed cages. The gardens constantly exchange specimens with similar establishments in America, Australia, and Europe.

Hyenas and wolves, foxes, kangaroos, wild boars, crocodiles, black swans, antelopes of all sorts, Singapore and Java deer, Afghan sheep, and other creatures in turn attract the attention of the illustrious travellers. There the shaggy bears of the country announce their presence by ceaseless growling. The Bengalese bears are very harmless and good-natured; they constantly rise on their hind-paws, lean against the grating of their cage, moan pitifully, and seem to ask for the sympathy of their visitors. Among the other bears are a Himalayan, supposed to be the largest in captivity (he is supplied with a tree and a sort of tower to sleep in), and a Russian bear of imposing dimensions. The Calcutta guidebook remarks laconically about him, that he 'swings about from side to side of his cell, restless, like every Muscovite'! Yet at home,

in spite of such a flattering opinion, we complain of our Russian laziness! The British, by this object-lesson, instil a totally different opinion into the native mind.

We next come to the enclosure in which the reptiles lie sleeping, or crawl about almost imperceptibly. Even a calm European must at last find their proximity, their slowness, and their fascinating gaze unpleasant. What must the superstitious natives feel at the sight?

Serpent-worship is still widely spread in India. A deadly animal which spares living beings, and is unwilling to use the terrible poison bestowed on it by nature, is naturally revered by the natives as a wise and supernatural being—an embodiment of divine power, and worthy of worship. The heathen have even invented a special goddess, Manasa, as queen of reptiles and patroness of those who pray to her to save them from her subjects.

Should a woman in some peasant hut in India hear the rustling of a cobra hunting rats and mice on the roof or under the floor, she drops her work and reverently folds her hands as if in prayer: for is not the deadly snake the necklace of the terrible gods and the guardian of buried treasure? Can it not make a poor man rich? Has it not the miraculous power of changing its skin yearly, of renewing itself, of enjoying perpetual youth, of assuming any form at will? Most of all, it is the peasants' cattle that suffer from snake-bite, yet it is the cobra that the villagers regard as being almost the patron of their household animals. The British Government promises and pays large sums for the extirpation of these dangerous reptiles, but no Hindu with any self-respect will raise his hand against such a sacred creature as a poisonous snake, and will even try to save it from death should it be in danger from some impious European. Of late years low-caste dwellers of the jungles have even taken to breeding the reptiles, that they may afterwards present a larger number of slaughtered snakes to the British authorities. Under the circumstances, it is clear that the number of deaths from snake-bite cannot decrease, and the increase in the number of snakes is difficult to check; on the contrary, in all the provinces of India, with the exception of Bombay, even more people die of snake-bite than several years ago. There is only one means of battling with the evil—the clearing of the jungles around the villages and a merciless extermination of the reptiles; but the Government as yet has neither money nor leisure for the carrying out of such measures. To survey the jungles around the native villages with this object in view is also scarcely possible, and would not always be politic, the forest being very dear to the natives who have been so long accustomed to it. It was, perhaps, scarcely worth while paying some £20,000 during 1888-90 in rewards for the killing of snakes.

The reptiles in the Calcutta Zoological Garden are at present seeking shelter from the rays of the sun, hiding themselves under stones, or lying rolled up upon the cool turf. In the evening, at feeding-time, they wake up and greedily snatch at the live frogs thrown to them.

The barefooted keeper of this den of snakes boldly clambers over the railing to them, lets in a couple of unfortunate white mice, and stirs up the satiated and angrily hissing creatures with his stick. They do not want to eat, creep further into their holes under a little mound, where they lie glistening in their scales of gold and silver, black and blue. The unfortunate rodents destined to die do not seem to be aware of their danger, but run from snake to snake, peeping into the jaws where death lies lurking. One does not know what to wonder at most: the indifference of the keeper who rouses and teases the snakes, or the carelessness of the mice condemned to die.

A few steps further on we come to the lions, the tigers, and the black leopard from

Malacca; next to some pretty new-born tiger-cubs. The most remarkable object here is a man-eating tiger, who is said to have killed over two hundred people before he was caught. As a rule, tigers are unwilling to attack a man, but sometimes, becoming more savage and having tasted human flesh, they seek for victim after victim, until the career of the monsters is arrested either by the rifle of some skilled hunter, or by the trap and net.

The savage man-eater before us inspires a feeling of respect, even behind the bars of his cage: he is not subdued by captivity, but flies at all who come near, tries to reach them with his claws, revolves furiously on his platform of stone, while his flashing eyes seem to say: 'You despicable men, I am yet more powerful than you! Give me a moment of freedom and I will tear all around to pieces; I will drink my fill of your blood, and gorge myself with your flesh!'

Not far from this tiger sits a philosophical old orang-outang; he is a comedian by nature, looks derisively at the visitors to the Garden, scratches his head with a grimace, and is ready to play any tricks. For instance, he is given a newspaper: the great ape, with a wise air, pretends to read it, but finally despairs of making sense of it and turns it into a cap for himself. Under the paper, hanging low over the forehead, lies an expressive, perfectly human face, with brows seemingly knitted in deep thought. Every one present, of course, laughs at the sight till their sides ache.

Their Highnesses return to Government House from the Gardens, which are in the suburb of Alipur, crossing Tolly's Nullah, a tributary of the Hooghly, by the Dzerrut bridge. On the bank of the stream stands the nucleus both of ancient and of modern Calcutta, the temple of Kali, which gave the city its name, and which has stood here from time immemorial, attracting throngs of pilgrims. The temple was built in memory of a miracle. The wife of Siva, full of love for him, and indignant at an insult offered him by her father, committed suicide. The inconsolable widower, the god of asceticism and destruction, took the corpse on his shoulders, and wandered about with it, bringing pestilence and calamity with him, until Vishnu managed to cut up the body of the goddess into a number of pieces with his dirk. Temples were erected by the people on the spots where the fragments happened to fall. Tolly's Nullah became the site of a great religious centre, owing to the fact that the second toe of Kali's left foot fell here.

One of the British pioneers on the soil of Bengal, about the end of the seventeenth century, was Job Charnock, who, owing to long years spent among the natives, became more than half a pagan himself. After the death of his favourite concubine, a widow whom he had rescued from the flames of her husband's funeral pyre, this Englishman actually offered up on her grave the annual sacrifices demanded by custom. It is he who may be regarded as the founder of modern Calcutta. He appreciated the favourable position occupied in the land by the altar of the powerful divinity, whom the populace worshipped blindly, sacrificing goats to her (and even children in times of great calamity!). It is not so very long ago that, during some epidemic or other, or during a famine, a human head adorned with flowers was found before the idol. The sable spouse of Siva loves the sight of blood, of death-throes, of tortured creatures. She is represented with a protruding tongue of gold. According to tradition, the goddess, when warring with the demons, was seized with fury, trampled down their defences, and having finally triumphed over the powers of evil, expressed her unbridled rejoicing in a wild war-dance; the universe was shaken to its foundations, the heavens, the earth, the sea, were seized with con-

sternation, but Kali continued her infernal dance,—when suddenly, O horror! she sees in the dust beneath her very feet the form of the great Siva himself. Confounded to the very depth of her heart, she stood petrified with still protruded tongue.

We drive over a large open plain, the Maidan, towards the Viceroy's palace. On one side lies a sort of park; on the other, a racecourse. At last, right before us, rises a series of monuments which are the pride of the rulers of India. The first to strike the eye is a column one hundred and eighty feet high, erected in honour of Sir David Ochterlony, who distinguished himself in Rajputana, in the third decade of the present century, who warred with the Marathas, the Sikhs, and the Ghoorkas. Next, one makes out the figures of various distinguished and talented administrators, such as Bentinck, Canning, Lawrence, and Northbrook. James Outram, too, that Oriental Bayard, as he has been called, is here on the field of bravery, energy, and nobleness. The mighty horseman seems to be reining in his steed; turning to his countrymen, he leads them on to victory over the mutinous sepoys, through whose ranks he is ready to break to relieve Lucknow and deal vengeance on the butchers of Cawnpore.

As one drives over the Maidan and looks on these bronze figures, one cannot but admire the nation which shows such honour to its heroes, patriots, and statesmen. These monuments form a pantheon beneath the skies of Calcutta, and only one question perplexes the foreigner as he gives its meed of admiration to the British people: Why has the Government seen fit to note on the pedestals the participation of the natives in the erection of such tangible memorials of foreign triumph over the native races? Is there, can there possibly be, anything in common between the ideas of the indigenous population and the aims of those who are here immortalised as the conquerors and the subjugators of the alien masses? And if not, then whom is the former to mourn with any show of sincerity, whom is it to commemorate, whom is it to surround with an aureole of grandeur and glory? Evidently there is some anomaly lurking here. Political tact seems to call for another treatment of the subject.

It is to be regretted that the British, with their broad political views and convictions, have not yet erected a monument on the Maidan to that gifted Frenchman, Dupleix, who, first of Europeans in the middle of the eighteenth century, embraced all India in his plans of colonisation and administration, sought for closer commercial relations with China and Tibet, foresaw the capacities of Asiatics in the field under the guidance of Europeans, and initiated the daring project of founding a new empire on the ruins of those of the Moguls and the Maharajahs. These ideas of the Viceroy of the France-Indian colonies, disowned and deposed by royal Paris, were carried out by the statesmen and generals of England. But the far-seeing Dupleix, who, so to speak, laid down the principles and showed the possibility of stable European supremacy on the Indian peninsula, might well occupy (if only as an exception) an honourable place among those statues which are the pride of every true Briton.

Besides the Zoological Gardens and the Museum, Calcutta can boast of a magnificent Botanical Garden, lying on the same bank of the river as Howra, in the suburb of Sibpur, some five miles from the centre of the town. The botanists of the whole world try to visit this model establishment, which has been growing for the last century.

It was founded in 1786 by Colonel Robert Kyd, a great amateur of gardening. As his successor the East India Company appointed a learned naturalist, William Roxburgh of Madras, who, from 1793 to 1815, worked at the compilation of his inexhaustible *Flora Indica*. Those who succeeded him in his post were no less zealous. The Botanical Garden soon became famous,

and, while serving the interests of science, was, and is, of the greatest practical use, supplying valuable information as to the cultivation and acclimatisation of many exogens which are of importance for the spread and development of plantations on the fruitful soil of north-east India. Experiments have shown how fitted, for instance, are Assam and Darjiling for tea-growing, for the cultivation of the cinchona-tree, cotton, and the sugar-cane. At the same time it became possible to find out exactly, and at small expense, what would not bear transplanting.

After lunch their Highnesses, accompanied by the Viceroy and his family and a large suite, proceed to Sibpur down the Hooghly on a small steamer. The striking Garden Reach, the enormous number of vessels, the feverish animation reigning about them,—all is new and original to the eyes of a European.

One thing, however, is difficult to realise when one sees what the capital of India is: is it possible that but some thirty or forty years ago bands of Thugs roamed at large here, capturing merchants and pilgrims and sacrificing them to Kali?

The branch of the Ganges we are descending is far from safe for navigation, shoals being plentiful, and the current extremely capricious; wrecks are no rarity here. The most skilful pilots are not always able to cope with the difficulties of their task in these waters; nevertheless, this waterway offers so many advantages that it has been in use from ancient times, and in the flourishing days of Buddhism in Bengal there stood somewhat nearer the mouth of the river a wealthy commercial city called Tamlook, which was visited in the seventh century by the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim, Hiouen-Thsang.

On the left bank of the river rises a group of buildings surrounded by a garden: here the deposed king of Oudh, Vajid Ali, lived for some thirty years after he had been deprived of his crown by his former allies, the new masters of India, whom he and his predecessors had always assisted in every way—with money, means of transport, and with grain when the English strangers were hard pressed for provisions. Nevertheless, the British annexed his kingdom, adding it to the possessions of the East India Company, large enough already. An excuse for these proceedings of the Calcutta authorities (under Lord Dalhousie) was found in certain abuses obtaining in Oudh. But as the king himself had committed different acts of violence only that he might always be generous towards the English, to the defence of whose bayonets he often had recourse in his childlike simplicity, the stern sentence suddenly passed on him struck terror into the hearts of the other princes of the land (occupying, in many cases, a semi-independent position), and could not but wound most severely the deposed king himself, though a portion of his treasure was still left to him. Here is one of the causes of the irritation which reigned among the masses before the rising of the sepoys, who (whatever may have been said and written against them) rebelled, not as robbers and marauders, but in a half-conscious way as champions of that ancient India, whose disintegration many could not then witness unmoved. It was the people who, in many districts, murmured and wished for a rising, and with them the soldiers. Sir Henry Lawrence, the hero of the siege of Lucknow, a faultless model of courage and honour, is reported to have said, a little before his death within the walls of the besieged Residency, that the annexation of Oudh was a great error and injustice.

At first Vajid Ali was much distressed by his deposal, but it is not probable that he took any part in the conspiracy of the native against his oppressors. He contented himself with sending his mother to England to plead, though unsuccessfully, for the restitution of his rights, while he himself led a secluded and disorderly life near Calcutta, amidst his constantly increasing

harem, a most enormous staff of dancing-girls, musicians, and jesters, and with his remarkable menagerie, which, if I am rightly informed, stood exactly opposite the Botanical Garden. From the moment that the dethroned king laid his turban on the knees of the British Resident who had deprived him of authority, he lost heart and renounced politics. His only consolation was to vex the higher local administration by disregard of the remarks concerning his disorderly behaviour, which the latter often allowed itself to make. It was once pointed out to him that he had too many wives, whereupon Vajid Ali immediately doubled the numbers of his harem. When the Prince of Wales visited Calcutta and passed the King of Oudh's palace on his way

BANYAN-TREE, CALCUTTA.

down the river, its inhabitants turned out on to the bank to stare at the novel sight, but made no signs of greeting or respect.

At the time when the King of Lucknow was deposed, his favourite amusement was playing leapfrog. On the banks of the Hooghly he would spend whole hours on an artificial hillock in his park, watching the snakes creep in and out of their holes—a fitting occupation for one who had been led by misfortune to see the vanity of earthly things! At last, some time before his death, Vajid Ali, being weary of India, obtained leave to go to Bagdad, that his ashes might lie in a Mussulman land near Kerbela, where Hassan and Hussein, the grandsons of Mohammed and the sons of Ali, lie buried.

At the landing-place of the Botanical Garden their Highnesses and the Marquis of Lansdowne are received by the superintendent, Dr. King, who has occupied his post for the last twenty

years. At once we cross the threshold of an enchanted world, blooming with all the primitive beauties of the vegetable kingdom, yet guarded and cultivated by the hand of man. The shifting golden shade and the balmy coolness of the air slightly stimulates the action of the brain: we pass from one wondrous avenue to another: one charming impression gradually succeeds another. Only in the stillness of a forest could any such delightful and soothing influence be experienced. Palms, palms, and palms. . . . I shall not trouble the reader of this diary with a dry list of botanical names.

In the depths of an avenue of stately spreading trees (from Cuba) stands a white marble

UNDER THE BANYAN-TREE.

vase, the monument raised to the founder of this remarkable Garden. Mirror-like ponds reflect the sky among the dense masses of foliage. Little bridges connect a series of fine broad paths. Man seems so very small and insignificant among these groves of tropical giants from all quarters of the globe. The further one penetrates into the depths of the Garden, the more harmoniously they rise, now like the dome of a temple, now like some gigantic nomad tent. An abundance of natural beauties have been woven here into a remarkable and characteristic whole by the diligent hand of man. One of the former superintendents, Dr. Wallich (a Dane by birth), travelled in search of specimens through the lands inhabited by the Malayan race, visited Nepaul, and (about 1829) entered into correspondence with the Cape of Good Hope, Brazil, Africa, and

Australia concerning collections and individual specimens of plants required for the Garden. Rich contributions poured in from all sides. Calcutta in turn sent valuable gifts to two thousand different botanical gardens.

At times it really seems as if one were in the garden of Eden.

A graceful cluster of sago palms reminds one, by their stateliness of form, of some outlines of Gothic architecture. In this dominion of the vegetable kingdom what pity is inspired by some little northern oak, transplanted into the soil of Bengal, surrounded by an atmosphere breathing an excess of vitality, where, amidst the natives of the equatorial Pacific archipelago this neat and leafy stranger has no time for shedding his weary leaves, no opportunity for sinking into the peaceful dreamland of his winter slumber.

The Garden is said to possess a splendid library, and the finest herbarium in Asia, containing from thirty to forty thousand dried specimens.

Before us rises the wonder of the south, the Aswatha of Sanscrit poetry, the ancient banyan-tree (*Ficus indica*), with its countless branches. Its two hundred and fifty aerial roots and branches now bow down to the very earth, now rise up again from it, sending forth fresh shoots, forming a leafy colonnade capable of sheltering some ten thousand people, as it has a circumference of eight hundred and fifty-seven feet. No wonder that the Hindus reverence such a grove springing from one mighty trunk, try to adorn their religious centres with similar specimens, never cut down the banyan, and in general avoid laying hands on it for gain.

These trees begin their life as epiphytes on others, gradually strangling and destroying their former supporter. There is a still larger specimen than this one near Poona, in the land of the Marathas.

The capital of India is frequently visited by frightful cyclones. Numbers of vessels are swept from their anchorage, fragments torn from roofs whirl through the air, and crowds of people deprived of their homes roam for long about the city in terror. The hurricane also generally damages the Garden, ruining the nurseries, depriving the palms of their lofty crests, destroying the finest avenues, and in a moment stripping the baobab of Senegal with its girth of fifty feet; but before the banyan the wrath of the hurricane is powerless, no blast being able to destroy this strong, pliable, semi-animated being.

To such a cyclone the British of Calcutta partly owed their safety in 1857, just before the rebellion. The Maharajah of Gwalior had invited them to a picnic in the Botanical Garden, and the sepoys were to attack the guests unawares; it was only the weather that hindered the execution of the plot.

To avoid monotony, little verdant hillocks have been raised in places round the water. We pass beautiful flower-beds, peculiar conservatories, intended, on the one hand, to protect very delicate plants from the warm winter of Bengal, and, on the other, to shelter those which come from the north and cannot support the excessive heat of the pitiless sun: the latter are shielded from it by wire netting with layers of wet grass on it.

CHAPTER XXIII

To-MORROW we start for Bombay. In a fortnight more we must bid farewell to India. The instructive thoughts and the inexhaustible store of images arising from a visit to this land now become more distinct, now dissolve into undefinable and fantastic combinations of objects, names, and faces. Had I not with me a store of special treatises and books of reference; had not the Cesarewitch been accompanied through India by so accomplished a connoisseur of the East as Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, the extreme rapidity of our journey would have told even more perceptibly on the form and the contents of my notes. It should be mentioned here that the obliging character of the authorities in satisfying a foreigner's thirst for knowledge about her Majesty's Indian empire is unbounded and beyond all praise. Every possible question, moreover, has been illustrated and studied from different points of view and at the most valuable sources of information.

Such a gigantic official work as Sir W. Wilson Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer of India* forms a library in itself. If we Russians were to study, not to say Asiatic Russia, but even the central districts of European Russia, with the same intelligent zeal, there would be much to rejoice at in the results. The value of such a work on our Eastern borders would be incalculable. Siberia, the Caucasus, and Turkestan would then shine as the most dazzling jewels in the Imperial crown.

For the English, however, that most important side of the question, the spiritual life of the races they govern, remains as yet, and must always remain, a sealed book. While feeling a deep and sincere respect for England's skill in ruling foreign lands, no unprejudiced Russian can, and no patriotic Russian dare, close his eyes to the radical contrast between her systematic and our own extremely unsystematic modes of procedure within the confines of the same vast and populous Asiatic continent. For the former it is the precarious occupation of lands so favoured by the sun that labour is to be obtained there incredibly cheap. For the latter it is the extension everywhere of the patriarchal principle, insufficiently as yet incarnated in the native life of the people. It is for this reason that in British India all is as fixed and formal as a schedule, and as sharply defined as a mutinous sepoy bound to the mouth of a cannon; while beyond the Himalayas, from Erzeroum to the shores of the Pacific, there is a complete

absence of antipathy between the so-called victors and the vanquished—a growth and energy of popular life which has no need to fear for the future since it personifies the future itself. Russia, in reality, conquers nothing in the East, since all the alien races visibly absorbed by her are related to us in blood, in traditions, in thought; and we are only knitting closer the bonds between us and that which in reality was always ours.

The following incident, taken from an English source, shows more clearly than anything else what are the real relations between the Anglo-Saxon race and the subdued, defenceless, indigenous population of India. While in our country, in the bazaars of Merv and Tashkent, a young soldier, mingling with the throng of Asiatics, behaves towards them in a friendly manner, and never dreams of hating or despising them as savages, in India, the typical representatives of the British power and of British prestige, the rank and file of the army, regard the natives as something nearer animals than men, seeming to consider that no special blame can or should attach even to acts of violence directed against them.

Near Calcutta there is a place called Dum-Dum, which contains the barracks of the Leinster Regiment. One evening, not very long ago, four soldiers left the barracks with their rifles, for the purpose of obtaining drink. Having broken into several houses, where they demanded liquor and beat the inhabitants, they at last obtained some palm-wine and proceeded to carouse until midnight. After this the men came to the house of one Selim-Sheikh, woke him up, dragged him out of bed, and ordered him to take them to the nearest grog-shop. The man pleaded ignorance, whereupon he was thrown into a neighbouring pond. While Selim was struggling in the water, one of the soldiers took it into his head to shoot him. The alarm was given. The neighbourhood gathered to the assistance of the dying man, while the murderer and his comrades quietly returned to the barracks; he was only discovered when the authorities offered a reward of three or four hundred rupees for information which would lead to his apprehension. Two of his companions, being tempted by the reward, gave him up to justice; he was, moreover, recognised by a native, who had been a witness of this incredible outrage. To the honour of the British judge who tried this case, it must be said that he sentenced the soldier to death, but the sentence gave rise to such indignation among the English of Bengal, and to such excitement in the Leinster Regiment, that at last the murderer was completely acquitted and set at liberty. A characteristic feature of this incident is that when the soldier was firing, he jestingly explained to his comrades that there was no harm in it, 'there are plenty more such niggers'; while the Leinster Regiment announced that should the sentence be executed, they would have to mutiny openly and to shoot every nigger with whom they came in contact. What curious manners, and what a curious social order, where such phenomena are possible!

This incident is mentioned, not as a reproach to the English, but to illustrate the vast gulf which separates the ruling classes and the passive elements in India. The point of view from which the British residents in Calcutta regarded this outrage would be inconceivable even in the wildest and most neglected districts of Russia, where it would border on the realm of romance.

It is on such occasions and on such questions that indignation meetings are appropriate; but in England they seem to be got up only as anti-Russian demonstrations. The interest of the question does not lie in the not unnatural fact that a coarse drunken soldier from the shores of Great Britain murdered one Selim without cause. The interest lies in the society,

which, if it does not directly abet acts of violence, certainly brings up its uneducated countrymen in the conviction that a white skin and a black are as far apart as heaven and earth. On the other hand, the natives mock the redcoats after a fashion of their own. According to what the English themselves say, jugglers are not unwilling to make their monkeys, riding on trained goats, stand for the rank and file of the British army. Some forty or fifty years ago the youthful sovereign of Nepaul, a state on friendly terms with the British, amused himself by getting up sham fights between the Ghoorkas and a number of wretched pariahs, arrayed in uniforms like those of the English, and with whitened faces. It is evident which side suffered defeat and blows; the prince's amusement, however, was most certainly an expression of national feeling.

It is the more desirable, then, for the benefit of the Indian Empire, that the attention of its rulers should be chiefly directed towards the cure, or at the very least towards the alleviation, of those moral disorders from which the country suffers. Episodes like that at Dum-Dum are immeasurably more dangerous and regrettable than any frontier incidents on the north and the north-west borders of Afghanistan; but to the European press in its simplicity it seems far more significant and important when the telegraph brings news that somewhere in Central Asia, Russia has been obliged to resist some encroachment; that she is gradually coming to regard her Eastern possessions more intelligently, and that with all her good-nature she must find it time at last to pronounce her stern 'Quos ego' more frequently.

According to a competent French source the annual expense of the Indian army amounts to more than £20,000,000. In other words, each inhabitant of the country, in addition to the ordinary taxes, pays a heavy tribute for the strengthening of a foreign race and for a Western civilisation in many respects ruinous to him. During the last thirty years about fifty million pounds sterling have been spent on fortifications alone. Is not this rather too much, when we consider that no one has any intention of attacking England in Asia, but that it is rather she who is constantly the challenger, and who is inclined to conduct an aggressive policy?

There is more interest in the measures adopted by a wise administration for increasing the productiveness of the country.

As has already been said, Australia is evincing more and more interest in India and her economical position. Irrigation and agriculture of course play the most important part in the question. The Australian authority on irrigation, Alfred Deakin—who at home formerly occupied the important post of Minister of Water, and who for special scientific purposes has already visited the United States, Egypt, and Italy—is said to be visiting India just now. It would not be amiss for Russian engineers also to gain a practical acquaintance with lands where, as for instance here, the art of irrigation is gradually being brought to perfection. India is constantly being visited by enlightened foreigners who understand the vast importance of such costly but remunerative constructions. We, on the other hand, seem rather to be inviting the British to come and advise us on the subject. At the present moment, for instance, Sir Colin Moncrieff, Superintendent of the irrigation works in Egypt, is said to be at the Imperial Murgab estate, near Merv, in the Transcaspian. Central Asia in general waits for us to show her how to replace her oppressive, and at times terrific, barrenness by an increased fertility of the soil. Turkestan, which once knew far better days, days of comparative peace

and civilisation, again longs to awaken to new life under the auspices of engineering science. If there are any by whose rich experience in energetic co-operation with nature we may profit, they are the Anglo-Indian administrators and irrigation engineers.

Owing to local conditions and historic necessity, the art of irrigation has nowhere flourished to such an extent as in Egypt and in the more distant lands of Asia. The Babylonians studied it on the banks of the Nile. While the dwellers in the plain of the Euphrates were acquainted with it the land flourished,—and then suddenly became a waste, where vast ruins of cities and the remnants of once famous canals force amazement from the traveller. In China and in India irrigation is closely connected with the first traces of settled life, and has certainly existed for three or four thousand years. In the fourth century B.C., Megasthenes, the ambassador of the royal successors of Alexander of Macedon, found an excellent system of irrigation in use in Bengal, which allowed of two harvests a year. In Ceylon, reservoirs are still to be met with, built long before our era: this is the less wonderful that even in Mexico and Peru the first Spaniards found a whole network of splendid irrigatory constructions, such as had been known to the natives from time immemorial. The Europeans who colonised the Old World and the New had only to take advantage of the existing systems.

The greatest results have been obtained by the British in India, where the frequent and terrible famines naturally called for a stubborn struggle with the droughts. Some ten or fifteen years ago, however, in spite of the grant of £10,000,000 for the assistance of the suffering natives, 5,250,000 people died of starvation in British India alone. It is clearly impossible for the Government to hesitate before any expense, however enormous, or any labour, however great, when, for want of irrigation, the spectre of death by the million constantly threatens the unfortunate peasantry. Of course, now that a network of railways covers the country, supplies can be brought to the famine-stricken districts with far greater ease than before. But while assisting the sufferers the authorities cannot always grasp the full extent of the calamity: much that seems perfectly just from a European point of view bears a totally different aspect in practice. For instance, in the dominions of more than one rajah all who applied for relief obtained it as far as was possible, even though the man, or more frequently the woman, still retained their ornaments. But the British would supply such applicants with food only in exchange for their talismans, bracelets, and rings, to part with some of which would be regarded by a native as a sin. Though both sides are right according to their views, it is difficult for the semi-barbarian native to comprehend the apparent heartlessness of the European stranger.

When in India I often heard of the impaired state of the finances of the country.

Does it not seem strange to speak of the poverty of India, or, what is worse still, of her increasing poverty? From the days of our childhood we Europeans have looked on her as a fabulous source of exhaustless riches, of unfailing fertility, as a sort of Golconda producing diamonds the size of a pigeon's egg! But in reality there is nothing left of it now. The vast treasures of the maharajahs and the Great Moguls, the indescribable splendours of the native courts, are all a matter of tradition. The dark shadow of the impoverishment of India appears more and more frequently both in the daily press and in the literature of the subject, and to the question 'Why?' there are many, perhaps too many, answers—all of them making such a candid exposure of the unprepossessing features of foreign rule, all of them presenting so vividly the abnormal state of affairs, that at first it is not easy to credit them.

The annual income of India amounts to about three hundred million pounds sterling. But

I remember distinctly, and never shall forget, the day of the Grand Duke's reception at Parel, in Bombay. One of us happened to express his opinion of the bounteous gifts which fate had showered on India. Mackenzie Wallace, an authority, remarked with a smile: 'Oh no: in reality it is a poor land!' What incredible irony there was in these words, spoken amidst the luxury and magnificence of an official reception! Yes, the English, to do them justice, do not hide the bitter truth from themselves, that India is an unfortunate country.

The administration and the defensive measures against those who are supposed to be the foes of England (though not of the native population) are so expensive that all the profit of the foreign trade disappears across the sea, while at the same time the resources of the country diminish. It does not grow any the richer for its near relations with its powerful guardian and protector, but gradually loses whatever vital energy it possessed before. It has been estimated that from thirty to forty million pounds sterling annually leave India. A whole army of civilians, not counting the troops, are generally paid in native money for their noble intellectual labour, and that not only during their term of active service, but afterwards too, when they have retired, receiving enormous pensions, and living, strictly speaking, at the expense of the half-starving natives. The sums gathered for the benefit of the 'white men,' and earned by such hardship and privation, do not remain in India, are not expended on the improvement of the country, but conduce (to a great extent exclusively) to the enrichment of the dominant race. The more intelligent natives wonder, not without cause: 'What do the English really want? Is it only to ruin and destroy our native land?' And, of course, with the flattery which is ingrained in the Asiatic character, add: 'No, they wish us well; they impoverish us only through a misunderstanding.'

The longer one remains in India, the clearer become certain very peculiar causes of the unstable equilibrium of Western principles in the ancient and conservative East.

In spite of all the splendour with which the higher representatives of British authority in India surround themselves, they are still far from being what the court of the Moguls, the court of the true kings of the peninsula, used to be in the eyes of the native population, which at times sets much store by pomp and brilliancy. At that time millions of pounds sterling were expended annually only on the support of the harems and the servants. When such a sovereign, for instance, as the Emperor Akbar went on a hunting expedition, a whole city of tents went with him, 100 elephants, 500 camels, and 4000 carts were required for the transport alone of such a gigantic camp. Even when it was not a state occasion the Mogul was invariably followed by an escort of 500 men and by 2000 servants, not reckoning the artificers necessary on the way. When another emperor of the same dynasty, Aurangzeb, made a journey to Cashmere in 1665, he took with him 35,000 horsemen, 10,000 infantry, and 70 heavy cannon, each of which required forty oxen to draw it. Moreover, he took a certain number of light pieces, each mounted on richly decorated carriages and drawn by a pair of horses. These small cannon were always sent on ahead, so as to fire a salute on the arrival of the Mogul at his camping-place. The latter presented an enormous expanse covered with tents of different colours: the sovereign's apartments, his reception tents, the enclosures surrounding the harems, the baths, and other erections formed regular streets and lanes among the yet more numerous camps of the different ministers and great courtiers. The stables, the store-houses, the military stores, the kitchens,—all these at night lay spread out far and wide, and at dawn were noisily taken down again and carried along the way to the next camping-place.

If we take into consideration that the poor and subdued inhabitants in many places do not know to the present day who their real rulers are, wavering between their gods, epic heroes, and living chieftains, it will become clear what importance must attach to the splendour of viceregal progresses through the land. The Viceroy is always a wealthy lord; his annual salary is equal to a large fortune, and yet even these ample means are insufficient for the support of that royal prestige, which cannot be created artificially for a people which is accustomed to regard their ruler as divinely appointed and not as constantly alternating with other ministers, and rendering an account of his plans, his actions, and his measures now to Parliament and now (what is worst of all) to the Radicals of an unfairly severe and sometimes shamelessly partial press. A natural sovereign in the East has no need of outward pomp or of ephemeral signs of honour; in the prestige of his personality, and in the degree of mythological creation surrounding his heritage, lies the true power of every ruler.

Now whence are the *fin du siècle* Europeans to gain these attributes of antiquity and power?

The Armenians in India, who have long enjoyed a certain amount of influence, have never severed the bonds which link them with Etchmiadzin. Whenever an Armenian patriarch, the so-called Catholicos, is elected in Russia, his fellow-believers on the banks of the Ganges have a voice in the matter. The Caucasus, and our native land in general, therefore, are dear to the intelligent Armenian people, which in the interests of commerce has long ago penetrated into the heart of Asia, and taken up a prominent commercial position in many of her lands. It is true that for centuries wanderers of the most various professions have come to India from the Caspian borders. Near Bombay, for instance, in the fourteenth century, the Mohammedans executed one Demetrius, a Georgian Christian from Tiflis. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, a new Mussulman dynasty was founded in southern India by one Barid, either a Georgian or a Turk from Asia Minor. Akbar's favourite wife was a Georgian Christian.

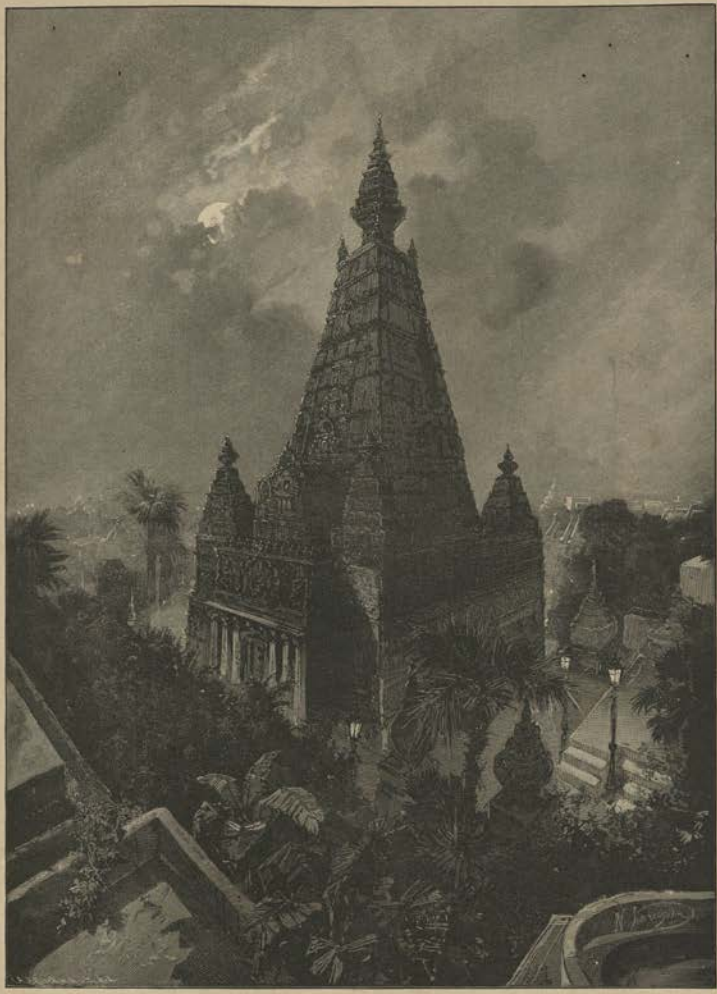
But the Armenians were always the predominating representatives of the Caucasian race in Asia. When one of the great Moguls sought for a wife for an English doctor in his service, who declined to marry any one but a Christian, he was offered an Armenian girl, the daughter of one of the Mogul's generals. When Sir Thomas Roe, the first English ambassador in India, was leaving Surat for the interior of the country, suddenly (to the no small danger of the expedition) his cook created a great disturbance, having got drunk at a shop kept by an Armenian. It is as liquor-dealers and as planters (especially in the indigo trade) that this race has spread over the whole peninsula, crossed over to Burmah, and, wherever possible, has founded flourishing colonies. Such a colony was founded in Calcutta, a colony so prosperous and settled, that in 1724 Ago Nazar built an Armenian church here. The congregation must have been a considerable one, if in 1757 their share of the fine paid by the Nawab of Bengal for attacking the city came to some £70,000. Their numbers in Calcutta now exceed eight hundred.

The Armenians of Calcutta (whose ancestors, by the way, were carried off about two centuries ago by the Persians from Julpha, near Etchmiadzin, to Ispahan), recognising the importance of the link that binds them to Russia, wished to offer some memento to the Cesarewitch, for which purpose Joseph Melik Beglar, an amateur archæologist (of weight among his co-religionists), ordered a model of the famous temple of Buddha Gaya. It was made by Armenian silversmiths under the superintendence of Messrs. Stephen, jewellers in Calcutta. This offering presents two points of interest: firstly, because it was absolutely spontaneous, and

bore eloquent witness to the sympathy felt towards us; and secondly, in view of the object chosen for reproduction. The above-mentioned temple expresses the reverence paid by Asia through an unbroken series of centuries to the Buddhist prince in his native land, in spite of all the opposition of Islam and the Brahmin world.

This monumental fane, which has sprung up on the spot consecrated by the contemplative life and spiritual illumination of the 'master,' has always attracted the eyes of his followers for the last twenty-five centuries. The pagoda rebuilt by Asoka, in the Middle Ages and in our own time has risen from its ruins more than once, thanks to the zeal of the Burmese missions sent hither. Of late the English have been devoting more attention to the preservation and even to the restoration of ancient heathen sanctuaries. Some investigations lately made at Buddha Gaya have led to the idea that the walls of the principal building may still contain, within a casing of stone, the adamantine throne of the princely sage and the fragments of his original image, constructed according to tradition out of eight kinds of precious material—crystal, pearls, ivory, coral, rubies, sapphires, amethysts, and emeralds.

Buddha Gaya is now becoming a religious centre in the eyes of the local Theosophical Society and of Buddhists of different nationalities, who dream of building a monastery near the old temple, of opening colleges with theological and philosophical faculties, with an enlightened circle of cosmopolite zealots, the Maha-bodhi Society, with its own periodical, libraries, and so forth; in fact, to found a whole city, a nursery of faith and knowledge in the spirit of the 'master,' aimed at influencing the Brahminised world of India, at taking advantage of the schisms arising in it, and again leading countless multitudes into the path of the hermit prince. I believe it is desired that the Grand Lama should stand at the head of this intellectual and religious movement. The question, however, is whether Lhassa, self-centred and secluded, can possibly enter into any close relations with the birthplace of Buddhism. The solution of this problem is not without its political aspects, which it is the more fitting briefly to notice here, as their Highnesses will not visit Darjiling, near the Thibetan frontier, where I might more appropriately speak in detail of the kingdom of priests in the Himalayas and beyond them, of its vast spiritual power, of the modes of its life in the heart of Asia. No one as yet has succeeded in making it completely accessible. It is only China that has influence there in its series of dynasties, and that bears itself to some extent as master in the land. As yet the rude Ghoorkas alone have ventured to raise the hand of sacrilege against it. In the eighteenth century, for instance, they sacked Dashi-Lhumbo, the principal city of southern Thibet. The Chinese court retaliated by sending an army against Nepaul. It rapidly performed a series of most trying winter marches through the mountains, overtook the assailants, defeated them, and having recaptured the spoil, dictated humiliating conditions of peace to the vanquished. The Chinese sacrificed many men in this terrible campaign; whenever the troops lost heart, if only for a moment, the artillery of the rear-guard opened fire on the waverers. And so the prestige of the Emperor of China has reigned for centuries over the deserts and the monasteries of Thibet. England knocks in vain at the gates of the country, which adores never-ceasing reincarnations of their spiritual head, and professes a mysterious mixture of the worship of Buddha and the worship of Siva. Macaulay's military and diplomatic mission to the north, beyond the frontier of British Sikkim, was politely declined a little while ago by the Chinese Foreign Office. Shortly after, some bloodshed took place, of a nature to rouse alarm in Lhassa. But it is difficult there to resist any advance or rather inroad of the British into southern Thibet, where



TEMPLE OF BUDDHA GAYA IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

the fact seems to be recognised by the authorities themselves; at any rate, in the published diaries of Lady Dufferin it may be seen that her husband, in 1885, when he was Viceroy, received a letter of greeting from Dashi-Lhunbo, from the great Lama Panchen Rinpocheh, along with presents of considerable ethnographic value, and also expressions of gratitude for a robe of state sent from Calcutta, and costing £200. Evidently the English are not sleeping, and relations are gradually being formed. Of pretexts for studying the country about the frontier there are enough and to spare.

Some members of the Alpine Club in London, having taken Swiss guides with them, mounted several of the Sikkim peaks, and saw, beyond the inaccessible Kinchinjinga, peaks and ranges even more gigantic. Who will be the first to penetrate into this land from the West, celebrating the triumph of science and progress over purely physical obstacles: we who have at our disposal for expeditions (undoubtedly of a peaceable and disinterested character) thousands of devoted and capable Lamaite pilgrims, or the political emissaries of Great Britain, preceded by mountain batteries?

It may be said positively, that as yet no one thinks of this on the banks of the Neva. At the same time the progress of trade shows by what paths the East has influenced, and still influences, the countries near the Himalayas. Among some of the most valuable presents sent long ago by the Prince of Ladak, when he acknowledged the supremacy of the British, were several pieces of leather stamped with gold, bearing the Russian eagle.

WEDNESDAY, *January* 16/28.

This morning the illustrious travellers visit the Mint, the greatest institution of its kind in the Asiatic East. Lord Beresford accompanies the Cesarewitch through the enormous building and explains the processes.

The building stands near the Hooghly, at the corner of Strand Row and Nimtala Street. The architecture is Doric; the principal portico is a half-sized copy of the Athenian temple of Minerva. The Mint was built in 1827-1830 by Major Forbes, since which time it has remained almost without alteration. In 1865, however, a large block had to be added for the coinage of copper.

We descend into the vestibule of the kingdom of Baal (a portion of the workshops and the storehouses lying below the level of the quay). In the so-called pre-melting room lie heavy rolls of dollars, received from various mercantile firms for conversion into rupees, at a charge of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Here the silver is weighed, melted, assayed, and valued. Some merchants then buy it simply in the shape of ingots, which are much used in the Far East, where they are cut up into pieces, forming variable monetary units, according to the locality.

We are next led into lofty and spacious vaults, where gigantic furnaces are ablaze: the brilliant flames hiss from their prolonged contact with the metals; whole torrents of a white molten mass (with an admixture of gold and of copper) pour into a corresponding number of moulds. The amalgam is formed into thick round bars (each worth from three to four hundred rupees.) They are plunged into water and cooled, and are then passed on to the machines which dress the surface of these ingots. The skill of the melters is such that only $\frac{1}{500}$ part of the metal is lost in the working. The dressed ingots are rolled out into strips, passed through the punching-machine, and in the shape of blanks are placed on the automatic weighing-machine, where they roll with mathematical accuracy into the heavy, light, or standard box. The heavy

blanks are carefully filed down to the right weight, while the light are sent back to the melting-pot. The sensitiveness of the weighing-machine is almost incredible, showing a difference of $\frac{1}{300}$ part of a grain.

The blanks are milled, heated red-hot again, to soften and purify them plunged into an acid bath, and finally pass into the coining department, where the two faces receive their impressions.

Each machine with deafening rapidity strikes a hundred rupees a minute. The coins are stitched up in bags of 2000 and carried to the ringing department, which carefully throws out all defective pieces; the least dulness in the ring on the stone, the slightest roughness on the surface, leads to inevitable rejection.

Gold as yet circulates but little on the peninsula. Silver plays the most important part, in spite of the extreme inconvenience of balancing accounts with Europe in variable standards. It is said, however, that it is seeing its last days here.

Their Highnesses spent a long time at the Mint, gaining a clear idea of the work of this unique coining establishment, which supplies not only two-thirds of India, but also Ceylon, Singapore with the Straits Settlements, and even some of the nearer Anglo-African colonies. At present it turns out 250,000 rupees and 600,000 copper coins in a working day of seven hours. More than 150,000,000 coins are issued from it annually, of which only 35,000,000 are silver. There is another enormous Mint in Bombay, which turns out 90,000,000 rupees per annum, but where copper is no longer coined. The demand for the latter is constantly on the increase. The metal is supplied by Australia, from the mines of the Wallaroo Company.

As we watched the work in the melting department the roar of the heated copper when plunged into the water was like that of a tiger. It was curious to watch how afterwards in the workshops it changed its dark, dull colouring for a pure and cheerful sheen, how the formless mass was cut and polished, how it finally disappeared in small polished blanks through the counting-tables, each with its 400 holes. Eight coins fall into each. When the cavities are full the bottom of the table is swung down, and its contents slide off into strong sacks.

The inspection of the Mint winds up with a visit to the engraving rooms (the Mint supplies medals for the army, and to order for private individuals), where there is a large collection of medals of more or less artistic execution.

The remainder of the time before the farewell garden-party, which is to take place at the Viceroy's palace, their Highnesses pass in visiting the varied and most remarkable Museum which stands beyond the Maidan on the Chauringhi Road.

The collections were begun in 1814 by the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and gradually grew so extensive that Government assistance became necessary for their further care and accommodation. A special building of enormous dimensions had to be erected for them.

At the present moment it seems to be undergoing repairs, and is not open to the public, which here seems to show considerable interest in such useful institutions. The annual number of visitors to the National Museum of India in Calcutta is said to amount to half a million. It is true, however, that there is much here for a native to admire.

The gallery of natural history, of course, is well worth attention. Corals, sponges,

molluscs, crabs, butterflies, and spiders in one place form a fitting framework for a gigantic Japanese crab with claws of an incredible length, and for a curious land-crab which feeds on cocoa-nuts. In the fossil gallery, which contains a bust of the Bohemian naturalist, Ferdinand Stoliczka, a former distinguished member of the Geological Survey of India, the eye is struck by the fossil remains (found mainly in the Siwalik heights in northern India) of fantastic antediluvian creatures such as the hyænarctos or hyæna-bear, the amphicyon, a dog of monstrous dimensions, a prehistoric elephant—the dinotherium, a crocodile, a tortoise, and other marvels.

The stones and minerals of the whole country, along with models of famous diamonds, occupy a special hall. A large space is set apart for the mammals, both stuffed and in the shape of skeletons. Among the former is a fierce-looking Indian bison or *gaour* and a wild yak from Thibet, while around them is a whole collection of animals, presenting all possible forms of the fauna of India. There is even a specimen of the grey maneless native lion (a rare animal nowadays) which once used to be a great attraction for sportsmen. Near at hand his larger and statelier African relative is represented in mortal combat with a Bengal tiger. Which of them was the conqueror (they were set to fight in the Calcutta Zoological Garden by the keepers for a wager) I was not able to find out. At the Zoo it was said that the native of Bengal was the victor, while at the Museum I was told it was his royal antagonist. However it may have been, they are now both joined in a furious group in a separate glass case in the wall, adding very little interest to the rich collections around them, where the gigantic skeleton of the largest elephant ever seen in India, and that of an enormous whale, hanging from the ceiling, alternately attract the attention of the visitor.

Descending to a lower story their Highnesses pass through the archæological section. At every step we see some sculptured page of the history of the ancient world. On all sides the meek face of Buddha looks on us from every niche, from every architectural ornament above the most important scenes of ancient life; while the galleries, converted into a museum of heathen art, are full of bas-reliefs, statues, fragments even of stone walls, or rather railings and gateways, covered with inscriptions of a more or less legendary character! Pali inscriptions of the days of Asoka, figures of the type of the first Buddhists, that is, mainly of non-Aryan races, their worship of sacred trees, the communion of the pious with heavenly spirits, and Nagas, overshadowed by five-headed snakes, the significant absence of the form of Buddha himself among all these images (a sign of great antiquity!), the worship of his footprints, and of other personal manifestations, form the chief objects of interest in the first archæological gallery. The beauty, and to some extent the realism, of many lifelike details are indescribable. Undoubtedly there are traces of the influence of Grecian art here. It came in contact with India in the age of Alexander and his successors, and passed in a wave over the country, not only to the plains of Bengal, but as far as the distant land of Orissa on the coast of the Bay of Bengal, where to the present day temples hewn, like those of Ellora, in the rock are to be found in no small number. The combination of the nobler forms of art with strange and primitive ones is most curious.

The Calcutta Museum contains some creations of architecture and sculpture which, in the shape of casts (as in the Museum für Völkerkunde of Berlin) or in the drawings of rare special works, rouse the admiration and the envy of the world of art and science. To enumerate all the treasures is impossible: only the principal objects of delight for the

archæologist and interest for the Philistine can be mentioned. One section is devoted to the age of Asoka, another to Indo-Scythian antiquity; then come Jain sculptures, numerous inscriptions (including Chinese), the proceeds of mound excavations, finds in Afghanistan, and so on. There is a bulky catalogue to guide the visitor among this mass of data concerning the past of the land.

In the first place we see the *stupa* of Bharhut, one of those ancient Buddhist monuments which were intended to commemorate some exceptional event, some miracle or some sermon of the 'wise master.' The monument, brought hither to preserve it from destruction, bears some resemblance to a tent of felt: it seems as if the ardent Buddhists of two thousand years ago, in building *stupa* after *stupa*, took this nomad dwelling as a prototype, and attempted to recall the mysterious burial-mound of the steppes by its form. The very people carved on the Bharhut *stupa* are most like the Mongol tribes, and in any case are of Turanian blood. Near this monument are similar relics from Sanchi in Central India.

The railing and its coping bear representations of different phases in the life of Buddha in all his imperfect incarnations, up to that of his life of free and illuminated action for the good of all living beings, when he might have rested peacefully in Nirvana, but continued to work for the spiritual awakening and healing of mankind. Along with these we find corresponding scenes, to some extent not even yet quite antiquated, from the life of the historical dawn of India, where it cannot yet be said at what point myth and fable end and tradition begins. One thing only is clear: every one of these blocks of stone is sacred in the eyes of a really pious Asiatic. Even the distant Coreans have in days of yore made pilgrimages to the land of the Ganges, and offered up their sacrifices there.

The traditional emblems, the symbolic ornaments, the favourite unnatural postures—all on the surface of this monument is identical with the objects of worship of modern cultured heathen creeds. For instance, on the gates from Sanchi the gods are represented holding little magic wands or *vajras*, such as at the present day are used by lamas in their incantations. The goddess of love and happiness sits on a lotus, while two elephants pour water on her—just what may be found in a picture still to be bought in the shops of any Indian town. Here again the wondrous Garuda bird, the relentless destroyer of snakes, walks peacefully side by side with them, with enormous earrings attached to its parrot head, as if it had accepted the teachings of the preacher of the peace and love accessible to all the creatures of Buddha. This same bird it is that serves as a steed for some divinity hastening to the worship of some sacred relic of Buddhism. Winged lions with the heads of fierce griffins or shaggy dogs of Thibetan breed, bulls with human faces, long processions, with simple people looking on at them from deep terraces, the descent of the 'wise master' from heaven in the likeness of an elephant to the sweetly dreaming Maya, of whom he was to be born—each carven story, every engraved detail, is full of originality and secret meaning. The life of the land, both in near and in far-off times, is reflected in these stones, touched with the thrill of life, and among other things has left its stamp on the representations of the dwellings of the gods, who to-day are majestic gods, and to-morrow (according to popular belief) may through their sins again sink to the level of weak and suffering human beings. Astonished investigators have confirmed the fact that the northerners represented at Sanchi wear bandages on their feet like those used by poor peasants in Russia, known also to Afghanistan and Kafiristan, and that the musical instruments represented here are identical with those brought to Calcutta from Nepaul.

The archæological department is rich in specimens of the ancient art of the land. Here, buried in contemplation, sits a Hindu saint with the long arms which here and in Iran have always been regarded as a mark of noble family; there, one gazes with admiration on a head of Buddha of a Grecian type, beautiful as Apollo, with curled hair arranged as was the custom in imperial Rome; a little further, one stands before a gigantic mutilated statue of the divine teacher of heathendom, with shoulder bared like one of his modern ascetic followers; again, one looks with natural interest on the representations of his thrones supported on lions, of his mendicant's bowl standing on a pedestal beneath a royal umbrella, and so forth. Here, too, is a small marble statue of the 'Jina' Parswanata, found near the Hooghly; above it a seven-headed cobra spreads itself out into a canopy. Such also are the relics of Buddhist glory from Matura (near Agra) which we have already visited. But there are few of these witnesses to the decline of Brahminism in the districts which have since been lost to the religion of the princely sage. Vishnuism and Sivaism are exceedingly powerful in the land. Krishna inaudibly charms the millions with the same dulcet strains which won the hearts of the simple shepherdesses of Bindraban.

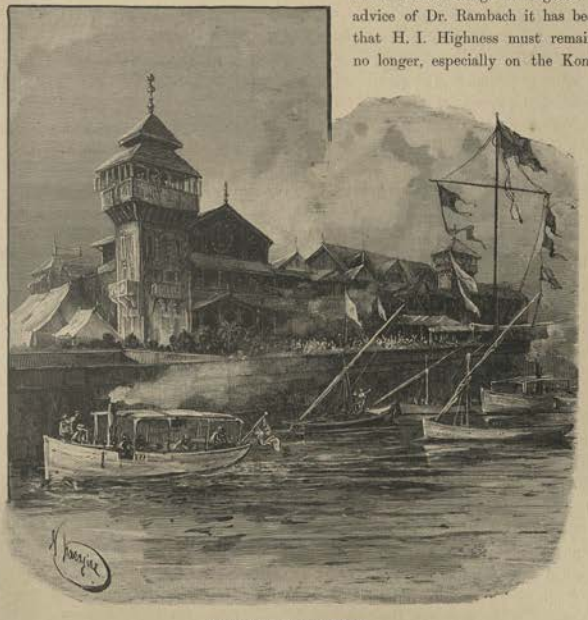
KRISHNA.

Their Highnesses next pass to the more modern department, known as the Economic Museum, which contains large collections of an ethnographic character. Here the illustrious travellers are received by the curator of this department, Trailokya Nath Mukharji, the author of two well-known books of reference, printed in Calcutta — *Indian Produce contributed to the Amsterdam Exhibition of* 1883, and *Art Manufactures in India*. In knowledge of local manufactures, trades, and art, Mr. Mukharji has no equal, if we except Sir George Birdwood, the even more eminent author of the *Industrial Arts of India*.

Samples of local raw produce, specimens of home industry, vessels and woven material of all kinds and qualities, carving, mosaic work, lifelike models of the most various classes and races of India, are grouped in several special halls. It matters little that some of these tiny dolls have real hair on their head, if their clothes are made of the very same stuff which is used by their originals,—such realism only adds to the charm of the beautiful Krishnagar work of Bengal, so that Mr. Mukharji ventures to offer the Cesarewitch a most original specimen, a group representing the 'shoeing of a draught-bullock.'

TUESDAY, *January* 22 (*February* 3).

Late in the evening of the 18th, after a continuous railway journey from Calcutta to Bombay, *viâ* Jubulpur, a distance of 1500 miles, the illustrious travellers at last returned to the *Pamiat Azova*. Though among friends again, and preparing for a fresh excursion to southern India, we share in the depression common to all on the frigate in view of the approaching departure of the Grand Duke George for Algiers. By the pressing advice of Dr. Rambach it has been finally settled that H. I. Highness must remain in the Tropics no longer, especially on the Konkan coast, where the climate increases the ague. It must be very sad for the brothers to part for so long, when but half-way on their journey to that enchanting foreign land of which we have heard so much from our elder shipmates, who are perfectly charmed with Japan. The four days preceding their parting are a great trial to them, and none of us feels very cheerful at the thought that to-morrow at this hour the *Admiral Korniloff* will be passing out of sight on its way northwards.



ROYAL YACHT CLUB IN BOMBAY.

One may quite forget oneself in admiration of the bay: the midday tints are wonderfully soft and delicate. But it is the evening hours that are most charming in the harbour of Bombay. Light vaporous clouds rise in golden ribbons in the west. On the one hand is an endless line of verdure, alternating with the snow-white walls of the buildings on the shore. On the other rise the ghauts, with their fanciful castellated peaks. The sky grows crimson. Above the sea it soon becomes purple; above the land it spreads in a pale azure vault. The water is a yellowish

red. The masts and spars, the sails and rigging of the vessels are aglow. Suddenly all is dark, and in the moonlight the scene is even more enchanting.

All has gone well with the squadron during its stay in the harbour. Several of the officers have been on leave in the interior of the country. The men were sometimes allowed to go on shore; and once three of them, being somewhat elevated with drink, got into trouble with the police at the Apollo Bunder, having entered a Parsee club, whence, for a frolic, they attempted to carry the billiard-table into the street: the descendants of the bold Iranians, however, who have frequently offered their services to the British as excellent material for the army in case of war with Russia, fled in alarm at the entrance of her good-natured and but slightly intoxicated tars.

WEDNESDAY, *January* 23 (*February* 4).

To-day's farewell will not soon be forgotten. The cutter leaves the *Pamiat Azova* for the homeward-bound frigate: it is manned by the officers themselves, who wish to see the last of the Grand Duke George, who has mixed with them, has come to love the ward-room, and is perceptibly moved by the prospect of the parting. The faces of those who remain are very gloomy. Now the *Admiral Kornilоff* passes under the stern of the *Pamiat Azova*; next the pale and troubled Grand Duke stands the energetic, sunburnt form of Captain Alexeyeff, with his thick black beard and steadfast eyes. The sailors man the yards, and a farewell 'hurrah' thunders over the bay; but the usual electric thrill is wanting in the rolling cheers, there is restlessness and anxiety in the voices that ring forth as the frigate ploughs her way more and more swiftly into the open sea. Our commander, Captain Lomen, the former naval tutor of the Grand Duke George, and hitherto his constant companion on foreign service, seems to be grieved more deeply than any one else; he long stands waving his cap from the bridge and calling for a repetition of the cheers.

Having again left the frigate for their journey to Madras, on their way to the railway station the Cesarewitch and Prince George of Greece dine with their suite on the terrace of the Bombay Yacht Club. The invigorating breath of the ocean and the soft plash of the waves are very soothing. It is exactly three months to-day since we left Gatchino, we have barely done with a third part of our journey, and when one comes to think of it, the real journey is only just begun: we are only now beginning to gain a clearer comprehension of the East, while the immense mass of new impressions is still increasing.

What we have seen of India and her various cities of the Central Asiatic type so familiar to us, and of her monuments of a remote antiquity, gradually retreats into the background, along with the scenery of the Nile and the rocks of Aden. There is scarcely a trace left of that charm which in imagination enveloped the land before we had visited Delhi, Lahore, and other cities. The spell of their undeniable beauty dies away when one comes into direct contact with their prosaic surroundings. The traditional land of the chivalrous rajahs and bards, held sacred by their countrymen, is spiritually closed to the modern traveller. Like almost all tourists for the last thirty years, we have seen very little more than the India of the British *régime*; but the stratification of a foreign civilisation over a whole abyss of unexpressed feelings and secret dreams is not the reflection of the true state of matters, which may sooner be apprehended by intuition than in any definite form.

During the week we have yet to pass in India we must look more closely into the features of this strange and steadfast people, whose spirit has created the unique, regular, and complicated world of Brahminism. In southern India the Aryan blood of the strangers from the North can be measured by drops. Its principal languages (Tamil and Telugu) have not been much influenced by Sanscrit. But the Aryan religion has sunk into the hearts of the people, has raised unto itself altars in gigantic temples, far larger than the comparatively modest creations of the architecture of the more northern districts, and has brought under the yoke of the priesthood the dusky population, vigorous in body and spirit and primitive in its modes of thought. The irruption of Islam into this world has had no lasting effects. The dense tropical forest may open up for a time before the axe of the woodman, but the new path is soon overgrown again, the jungle closes its ranks, and in a short time no trace can be found of the wounds inflicted on it by the hand of man. It is the same with the world of intense and ancient heathen religion. However many blows may be struck at it, the living enthusiastic fancy of the people, bowing down before its spiritualised idols, persistently creates ever new and strange forms of worship, and yearns for even more daring and incomprehensible systems of belief.

CHAPTER XXIV

HAVING left the Victoria Terminus in Bombay on January 23rd (February 4th) at 10.30 P.M., on the following day their Highnesses proceeded through the Dekkan, *vid* Kalian, Poona, and Kalbarga, past the ancient native stronghold of Raichur, from which the road runs south-eastward through Adoni to Madras, more than 900 miles from the Konkan shore. On the whole the journey is not particularly interesting. The road runs almost all the way through dreary plains glittering in the sun, with dwellings built of clay scattered over them at rare intervals. Fenced villages appear, surrounded with thorny hedges, whence little herds of shaggy black buffaloes wend their way to drink at the stony bed of some half-dried stream, and gloomy hills, naked and fantastic, vanish into the distance.

For some reason or other it is determined not to visit Haiderabad, the capital of the powerful Nizam, though this city lies near the road. The bearing of its youthful sovereign towards the dominant race, with all its apparent loyalty, is not without some strange features: for instance, he declined coming to meet the Prince of Wales, when the latter made his state entry into India.

At first, many years ago, Frenchmen alone were received as military instructors in the country, the English being disliked rather than not. Such antipathies are generally deeply rooted and are not easily forgotten. Proud of the glorious traditions of their native land, the Mussulman nobility of the Deccan certainly do not take kindly to the idea of submission.

The country we are passing through is now attracting the attention of Western capitalists, investigations pointing to the possibility of gold and coal-mining being developed here on a considerable scale. There is more and more talk also of working the once famous diamond mines. At least Mr. Lovinsky, the agent of the Deccan Mining Company, holds out great hopes of it.

Evening draws on as we listen to one of our English companions, who tells us of an impregnable castle which once stood in the neighbourhood, and how its owner, one Morari Rao, a famous Maratha bandit, being passionately fond of chess, used to force his chance captives to play with him; the antagonist who failed to interest him and make a hard fight for victory was pitilessly thrown from the rock.

FRIDAY, *January* 25 (*February* 6).

Nine o'clock in the morning. Marshy moisture in the air. The country has assumed a more tropical character. The railway perceptibly runs downward to the sea from the Eastern Ghauts. Now even the last low heights are behind, and we speed by the flat sandy shore of Madras.

The governor, Lord Wenlock, the authorities, a guard of honour, and a crowd of gaily attired natives await the arrival of the Cesarewitch. Among others he is welcomed by Prince and Princess Shtcherbatoff, who are travelling in India.

The carriages drive from the station to Government House, over a river-girt little island, on which stands a statue (by Chantrey) of Sir Hector Munro, regarded as one of the noblest and ablest soldiers and statesmen in India a century ago. He bestrides a bare-backed horse, and his figure is full of wonderful energy, which is fully in accordance with his character. In 1764, when holding the rank of major in the Bengal army, more pitiless than any of his countrymen, he blew some brave and most faithful sepoys from the mouths of cannon only for murmuring in the ranks, when after a victory the reward of the European soldiers was sevenfold that of the natives who had fought as devotedly. Even the British soldiers, paraded along with the sepoys, were moved to tears at the sight of the brutal punishment. But with their commander might was right, and in the name of prestige he used measures which are terrible even to describe. The victim (who generally looked on his executioners with proud contempt) was fastened to the mouth of the gun; when the smoke of the explosion had drifted away, the legs only of the unfortunate man lay on the ground, while the head, with convulsively distorted features, would fall only after several moments from the height to which it had been blown. To produce a greater impression on the conquered people and on the silently indignant sepoys, Munro carried the condemned men from one disturbed place to another, and executed them one by one, directing his guns towards the armed and untrustworthy natives. Though this method of punishment is supposed to have been inherited by the enlightened colonists (the French under Count Lally did the same) from the epoch of the Moguls, it can find no justification in the eyes of the Christian world; yet not so very long ago (in recent years) the authorities of the Punjab had recourse to this outrageous measure for ridding themselves of fifty Kukas belonging to a new sect of Sikhs inimical to the English Government.

Madras is rather colourless. In spite of its having been under British rule for the last two hundred years, it has assimilated but few Western features, while at the same time it has lost much of its *couleur locale*. Low yellow buildings, a burning sun, a monotonous vegetation, a dark blue strip of foam-bordered ocean beyond the groves of trees—these are the dominant features. Nature here reminds one of a rudely coloured picture-book for children, without, however, the artless external charm of the nursery tale. The mosaic of racial types and costumes which charms one in northern India is absent here.

The capital of the southern presidency lives and flourishes to a great extent on trade, which flows to it through canals, and is supported by the numerous shipping which can now visit its harbour with comparative safety. Owing partly to its shallowness there are no good harbours on the Coromandel coast, while the sea is very stormy. Till very lately even at Madras cyclones used to sweep vessels from their anchorage and wreck them. When the Prince of Wales visited India the foundations of a mighty double breakwater were laid, and though, owing to

the unsatisfactory character of its plan, the violence of the surf is far from being completely abated, yet the waves are no longer so dangerous to the shipping. During the last century, and in the beginning of the present one, hurricanes swept away many victims: in 1746, for instance, a French squadron was wrecked near Madras and twelve hundred lives lost (only three weeks after the admiral had reduced the town to submission, and hoisted the flag of his nation on British soil).

From Mount Road, the principal avenue of Madras, the illustrious travellers drive into the park which surrounds the Governor's residence. Though in southern India the cool season is scarcely yet past, the scorching heat of the morning is becoming unbearable.

Government House, on the lawn of which glimmer the tents pitched for the accommodation of the suite, shines whiter than marble, with its walls covered by *chunam*, or native lime. The interior of the palace is not particularly interesting. The paintings are principally portraits of melancholy nawabs and pale ladies, the wives of former governors, for whom life in this political centre must have afforded few pleasures.

The English society of Madras and a number of natives gather at a garden-party given by Lord Wenlock in honour of her Majesty's illustrious guests. A Mr. Spenser makes a balloon ascent, descending by means of a parachute, and joining the party again after having landed in safety somewhere far away.

A state dinner, with the customary toasts, is followed by a ball in the banqueting-hall next the palace. The pillared hall, decorated with banners, is ablaze with light. The pictures on the walls, representing former generals and statesmen of the presidency, in old-fashioned costumes, somehow do not harmonise with the festive brilliancy and animation which reign around us.

It is very hot in the ball-room, but the doors are open, and it is always possible to go into the fresh air and enjoy the relative cool of the evening. I must not omit to say that to-day I gathered much interesting information from Mr. J. D. Rees, private secretary to the Governor. He is one of those Englishmen who have travelled much in Asia, and gained a thorough and diversified knowledge of it. He has been in China, has published his notes on Persia, and now for several years has stayed with the Governor of southern India.

Lord Wenlock was preceded in this post by Lord Connemara, under whom Mr. Rees was busy as secretary, and occupied himself with translations from Hindustani and Persian, Tamil and Telugu, for the Government. While accompanying the former Governor of Madras through the country, he took special note of the interesting contact of his lordship during his tours with the numerous inhabitants of the presidency and their wants. By publishing extracts from his diary in periodicals, Mr. Rees attracted the attention of the British public to the beneficial labours of his chief. He is now preparing a book on the same subject, as well as a short sketch of the Duke of Clarence's visit to the country.

I quote two or three anecdotes related by Mr. Rees, which are not without a spice of originality in them.

Bishop Caldwell once pressed a simple native to tell him who was the real ruler of the land at present. The native, in a tone of firm conviction, named a semi-legendary member of a long extinct dynasty, and when asked, 'What, then, do the English do here?' replied, 'Oh, they don't reign, they only shoot!' Indeed, the natives may very easily misinterpret the visits paid by unknown gentlemen to retired districts. On one occasion Mr. Rees was in such a remote

place with only native members of the administration. When he happened to return from a shooting expedition without having seen a single tiger, the head-man remarked reproachfully to the younger, 'A fine state of matters, if there is not even a tiger for the gentleman!'

As is generally known, there is a heavy tax on salt in India. An aged widow was accused of keeping some upon which duty had not been paid. To satisfy themselves of the falsehood of her solemn asseverations that the confiscated substance was not salt at all, the experts tasted it. The poor woman raised her hands in sacred horror towards heaven, exclaiming, 'It is not enough for these men that they accuse me unjustly. No! they even eat the ashes of my husband!'

As a pendant to these amusing anecdotes, I may perhaps also quote (from Lady Dufferin's book) the opinion of a little English girl on the monuments of native architecture: 'I do so love these old tombs! one always finds tea ready there for visitors.'

SATURDAY, *January* 26 (*February* 7).

In the gloom of the night their Highnesses drove from Madras to Guindy, the Governor's country residence. The way lay through endless suburbs and dense leafy avenues, through the wooded native town, which seemed to have no end. The capital of the southern presidency is spread over an enormous expanse, both inland and along the shore. This, perhaps, may be the reason why there seems to be so much room for improvement in its outward appearance.

The first thing in the morning we inspect the splendid gardens beyond the palace, famed for their collection of local and exotic plants. The immense *Victoria Regia* with its gigantic leaves, fragrant white flowers from the Amazon, crimson lotuses, Madagascar palms,—what a delicately beautiful sight these wonders of tropical flora present to the eye! Notwithstanding the absence of the horizon, hidden by the dense foliage, the whole produces an impression of grandeur.

The day is devoted to resting, with the exception of an easy shooting expedition into a fine large park hard by, which contains numbers of hares and partridges, as well as some five hundred antelopes (*capra bezoarctica*), reverenced by the Brahminists, and spotted deer (*axis maculatus*).

About midday a group of conjurers and snake-charmers exhibit their skill near the verandah at the entrance to Guindy House. Among other things the performance includes the well-known basket trick, and the no less famous mango-tree mystery. During the whole of our stay in India we have never yet seen at one and the same time such a varied exhibition of skill along with something almost supernatural, which I do not undertake to explain.

We must not forget, however, that we are in a land where it is difficult, and as yet perhaps wellnigh impossible, to define the connection and the boundary between phenomena of a perfectly natural character, and such as to European eyes partake of the miraculous. For this reason, perhaps, it was in India that, at the instance of H. P. Blavatsky, a Russian lady who knew and had seen much, the idea sprang up of the possibility, and even the necessity, of founding a society of theosophists, of searchers for the Truth in the broadest sense of the word, for the purpose of enlisting adepts of all creeds and races, of penetrating deep into the most secret doctrines of Oriental religion, of drawing Asiatics into true spiritual communion with educated foreigners from the West, of keeping up secret relations with different high priests, ascetics, magicians, and so on.

Here in Madras, in the suburbs of Adyar, the new and original brotherhood first saw the

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN MADRAS.

world. Colonel Olcott, an American, was a most active assistant and friend to our talented countrywoman, who is known to Russian literature as Radda-Bai.

A great number of branches of the Madras Theosophic lodge have sprung up in Asia, America, and Europe. Several periodicals are specially devoted to the observation, and partly to the study, of the inexplicable psychic phenomena of yogism. H. P. Blavatsky called forth a whole storm of accusations of imposture, and on account of the suspiciousness of the English was obliged to bid farewell for good and all to the wondrous peninsula which had become so dear to her; but her power of calling forth the sincere sympathy and devotion of the natives, their vague longing to group themselves together under the banner of this strange *northern* woman, belonging to a people radically strange to Albion, her constant journeyings through the land to come into closer relations with the wise men, and to penetrate into the sacred mysteries of the Brahmins and the Jains,—all these things have created an exceptional position for her, and one which has not been occupied by any one for ages. For the India of the present and the future H. P. Blavatsky is not dead, and never will be.

The evening is very close. We dine with the Governor an hour before starting by the narrow-gauge railway southwards to cities embodying more or less the interesting past of the country. Bats flit about the chambers adjoining the dining-room. We experience a strange premature fatigue even before we have had time to plunge into the sea of new impressions. After all, this bright and lulling East should be studied at one's ease, with long intervals of rest between. Otherwise, the unbounded wealth of images and ideas absorbs all the powers of the soul, and makes too severe a call upon the brain, which has no time to digest what it has apprehended. Partly owing to climatic conditions, our survey of the country probably will be finished in a somewhat languid state of mind.

Our host and hostess are wonderfully hospitable and sympathetic.

Guindy remains a bright and pleasant spot in one's recollections. I should say it is not without reason that Lord Wenlock is known in England as one of the most enlightened aristocrats among the Liberal Unionists.

SUNDAY, *January* 27 (*February* 8).

It is early morning, not yet seven o'clock. We are at Tanjore. The station is profusely decorated with garlands as a sign of welcome and goodwill, according to native custom. A group of citizens is there, with pleasant, sensible faces. Each holds his visiting-card, which has served him as a passport to the railway platform. Bowing to their Highnesses, the residents of Tanjore hand the collector the cards with their long unpronounceable names, as if to bear witness to the warmth of the local welcome.

We are now at the last mediæval capital of the ancient royal family of Kola or Cholah, which long played a very important part in southern India. This is now one of the most prominent administrative and industrial cities in the presidency of Madras, numbering 60,000 inhabitants out of a district of two millions.

Orange vies with white in the attire of the natives. Men of powerful build and very plain black women throng the road to the old fortress. The road is bordered by palms, and is monotonous and somewhat dusty. Beginning with the Coromandel coast, both the country and

the people begin to inspire a feeling of disenchantment. The north-west of India, more akin to us, seemed to be more brilliant in colouring.

We are driven up to the massive gates, behind which rises a stately temple (Peria Kovil, that is, 'the great temple'), regarded by connoisseurs as the finest and most typical production of Dravidic architecture. In many mysterious features, and without any definite historical connection, the Dravidic is near to the Assyrian style, and in its day has given India no small number of remarkable monuments: we have but to recall Kailasa, the monolithic palace of Siva, hewn out of the rock in the Ellora range.

FROM A TEMPLE-FAÇADE IN TANJORE.

At the epoch when native arts were at the height of their development, and intellectual knowledge was widely spread, when the people and their sovereign formed a united whole, one-half of the population occupied itself, with agriculture, for which there were hands enough and to spare, while the other, inspired by its rulers, and obeying its own religious impulse, devoted all its energies and remarkable artistic talents to religious architecture, for which in those days technical difficulties did not seem to exist. For instance, clear to our view rises the immense dome of the central pagoda, hewn out of a single block of granite. What inventive people they must have been who managed to raise it to a height of one hundred and sixty-eight feet above the earth!

At the entrance to the enclosure, surrounded by lofty walls, within which stands a small group of reddish temples, five dusky priestesses receive the illustrious travellers and crown them with flowers. Flowers also, as a mark of honour, canopy the passages through the court round the Hindu temples. It seems that the customary rites are no longer celebrated here, and even that there are no idols left, since, in the eighteenth century the rash and insanely daring French general Comte de Lally, who extended the influence of his nation in India only by force of arms, not being ashamed at times to blow Brahmins from the mouths of cannon, did not scruple to take possession of Peria Kovil for the purpose of turning it into a fortress.

From the moment that its innermost recesses were defiled by the presence of European soldiers, the temple lost a considerable share of its sacredness in the eyes of the superstitious populace. Tourists admire it, and the impoverished priests levy tribute on them for this, but the great temple has ceased to be a centre of piety and worship.

Its full name is Sri Brahadeeswara Swami. It was built under the superintendence of his commander-in-chief, by Rajaraja (of the Cholah dynasty), who reigned from A.D. 1023 to 1064. His son Vira, or Rajendrarajah, who reigned until 1114, generously endowed the temple with land and money and jewels. The gift is described in the detailed ancient Tamil inscriptions on

the lower part of the front of the central fane. These inscriptions are not very old, comparatively speaking. There are far older ones here (of the fourth century, for instance), along with almost modern Maratha inscriptions which speak of later repairs and additions. But those of the days of Vira are the most important, as commemorating the glorious reign of a king who subdued Ceylon and the Deccan, Bengal and Oudh, thus raising southern India to a degree of union and external power which she never attained to either before or after his time.

The great temple of Tanjore permits historians to judge of the wealth of gold possessed by the land in those ages. It is said to have been positively immense, and may well have been derived in vast quantities from gold-mining operations on the spot. Even the British found the remains of colossal treasures here (in the presidency of Madras), in the hands of the sultans and rajahs who were then losing their power. Tippoo, that famous foe of the British, possessed millions of pounds sterling, which he spent lavishly on political intrigue and war preparations, on one occasion, for instance, despatching thirty-eight camels, heavily laden with gold, to distant Gwalior for purposes of bribery.

THE BULL NANDI.

Those days, on the other hand, were remarkable for the absence of silver ore and of silver in circulation. Analogous phenomena, however, have been remarked in former times in Central Asia.

The group of temples now before us was erected in honour of Siva, of his warlike spiritual son Kartikeya (the same as Skanda and Subramaniya, *i.e.* literally, 'patron of the priesthood'), and also of Vishnu. All dissension between the adherents of the different creeds seemed to die away and vanish from the view when the divine rulers of the universe were to be glorified on earth in those wondrous creations of native architecture, held in awe and reverence by the masses, whither none but the servants of the altar might enter. A colossal tower, but little smaller than the Kutab-Minar in the environs of Delhi, rises heavenward with its sixteen stories. As to the delicate moulding running under the eaves of the buildings, the four-armed images of beautifully polished syenite which guard the closed doors, the mythological paintings, evidently but recently renovated, and the two hundred conical lingams of black stone in the arched galleries which run round the court,—what originality breathes in every scarce perceptible detail of the

work of the great unknown sculptors, in every symbol, every stone carving of gods and demons, of bulls and of elephants with little figures on the ends of their trunks! About them project fanlike ornaments, somewhat similar to peacocks' tails. The fancy of the Dravidic artists was ready to heap up an endless number of emblems, supernatural bodies and heads, fantastic scenes of an enigmatical religious character; in short, a mixture of the possible and the impossible, something barbarous, and even savage, yet at the same time finished.

In a certain place on the wall of the temple one is shown the self-satisfied features of an Englishman in a round sailor-hat. As the building was erected in the eleventh century, the natives see in this foreign face carved in the stone an ancient prophecy of the conquest of the country by such men from beyond the sea, though there is not the slightest doubt that the sculptors of Tanjore executed and supplemented the carving on the temple walls only by degrees, so that the discordant exotic image appeared, of course, after the Hindus had come into contact with the European colonisers of Madras.

The temple of Kartikeya, the god of war, is supposed by archæologists to have been built considerably later than the other main buildings, probably not before the end of the sixteenth century. The dancing-girls of the temple, bound by the nature of their service to delight the solitary statues of the gods by their dances, are consecrated to Skanda from their childhood, are betrothed to the blade of steel, and are obliged to obey the Brahmins blindly and assist in filling their treasury. At the gate of Peria Kovil, in a little open pavilion, lies an enormous dark stone image of the bull Nandi, the personification of the storm-cloud, the steed of Siva, and at the same time the prototype of fertility. The figure of the animal shines with the oil supplied by the Hindus for anointing it.

We drive past the ditch of the fort and the gloomy gates (marked with the date of 1779) on to a hill, planted with trees, where stand the church and the house of the late famous missionary Schwartz. The church is gloomy and empty. On entering, one cannot but pause in contemplation of a white marble group opposite where the altar used to be. Behind it lie the ashes of the pious man who played no small part in the spiritual development of the land, and to whose work and character a few words ought to be devoted.

The Protestant world began preaching the Gospel among the heathen of India at a comparatively late period. In this, the initiative was taken by the Danish Government. The humane Frederick IV. (1699-1730) despatched several devoted and ardent missionaries to India, where his people had some small possessions.

Among these missionaries, who diligently began studying the local dialects and the life of the natives, the one to distinguish himself most in practice was the said Schwartz, who had been educated at Halle, and who devoted all his soul and all his powers to the realisation of the broad and luminous ideals of Christianity. While other rude strangers from the West offended the natives at every step by their greed and immorality, the missionary, full of humility and ardent faith, formed a marked contrast to them, appearing at the same time as personified goodness amongst the inimical racial elements in the land. The majestic figure of the 'teacher and shepherd,' with his views of life full of the spirit of the Gospel, shines brightly amid the surrounding darkness of dissension, bloodshed, brutality, and ignorance. His success was undoubted; without any self-deception Schwartz could point to seven thousand genuine native converts.

South Indian Sanctuaries.

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Gradually he gained a supernatural prestige in the eyes of the natives, standing at an immeasurable height above the mass of men of his own race and, in the broad sense of the word, of his own creed. Without having recourse to asceticism of an Indian character, he was exalted to the very heavens by the natives, with their reverence for holiness. How great his influence was is best shown by facts. In the course of a campaign a body of English troops, happening to run short of cash for purchasing provisions, was in no small danger. No one in the neighbourhood would aid them when they began to experience want. Schwartz's influence sufficed to procure assistance, on his pledging his honour for the due payment of the debt. On another occasion Hyder Ali declined to enter into direct communication with the British authorities: 'Let the German come for the purpose,' he said; 'he will not deceive me!' After a variety of disturbances a struggle for the throne took place in Tanjore: the boy Sharfoji (a Maratha), who had been adopted by the former maharajah, who had died without issue, was not acknowledged at first. The education of the boy was entrusted to Schwartz, and brilliantly did he execute his task in educating a prince exemplary in development and humane in disposition. There was no word of converting the impressionable child to Christianity. The wise missionary understood that the fate of the boy and of his inheritance depended completely on the development of his heart and mind. Sharfoji, indeed, became a man with a well-balanced nature, in spite of his European education. Well acquainted with the works of Linnæus and Buffon, having an intelligent comprehension of the creations of Shakespeare, deeply respecting his second father, the missionary, the Rajah of Tanjore nevertheless remained a Maratha to the backbone: an inimitable horseman, hunter, and shot, an admirer of Bonaparte, whose portrait hung in his library, with bitterness of heart he certainly became in later years more and more convinced of the irksomeness of his dependence on Madras. Had he lived but fifty years earlier he would have made himself a name as a warrior with political power; but almost quite despoiled of his dominions, he buried himself in the literary occupations in which he sought satisfaction.

With the death of the aged Schwartz in 1798 began, in all probability, the weakening of the ties which connected Sharfoji with the civilised Western world. The marble group before which we stand in the church seems to express the feelings of the prince, who sincerely lamented the death of his former preceptor. The latter is represented as dying or already dead, lying on his bed surrounded by several of his friends, while the rajah, his pupil, who involuntarily attracts attention by his royal bearing and marked profile, holds the hand of the righteous old man and seems as if he could scarce restrain his tears. The work is full of expression. Europeans have reason to be proud of such monuments in the East.

The missions despatched thither solely for the general good of the natives bear in themselves the pledge of a happy future, and must make their way against all opposition. The loving impulse to renovate the stagnant world of heathendom by the vivifying principles of the Gospel must grow and penetrate deeper into Asia with every year. But the healing of the souls of its millions is inseparable from the simple satisfaction of their worldly needs. Only in such relations can there be any well-grounded hopes of attaining satisfactory results. The West, as is well known, always had devoted Christians to work for the sake of suffering humanity, for the heathen of all races. It is not long since Europe and America heard of the devotion of Father Damien, who devoted his life to the lepers of Molokai, where he met with his death, a martyr to the dread disease from which his whole flock suffered. It was in

comparatively recent times that practical attention was paid to the lepers of India by Wesley Bailey, the founder of the Leper Mission to India. Their number is about 150,000, of whom at least two-fifths are in Bengal.

The asylums erected for the isolation of these miserable creatures enable each of them to be housed and fed for about ten shillings a month. A prey to this most terrible of diseases, and cast out by their families and their friends, these poor creatures sometimes (until the British authorities intervened) used to be buried alive by their own consent. This custom was known as *samadh*. Worn out by a life of torment, the victim was led to his grave amidst the deafening thunder of drums and gongs, and was placed in a pit, which was slowly filled up with earth.

Europeans knew how to help in such mournful circumstances. May not the time be near, if it has not already come, now, at the end of our perturbed century, for the Western colonist not only to heal the native, not only to look on the Eastern races with brotherly feelings of compassion and regret for the injuries which have been and still are inflicted on them, but to proceed still further on the path of friendly union with the natives, in whom the Divine light has never yet been quenched?

On leaving Schwartz's church their Highnesses are greeted by the Christian natives of the place with singing and music of a primitive character. It is said that, at first, attempts were made to show them the spiritual advantages of Western hymn-tunes, but without success; the natives prefer their own tunes with their strange rhythm, difficult to reproduce, and adhere almost exclusively to them even in their Western church services. Pastor Grundemann, now travelling in India, who has a thorough theoretical knowledge of missionary work in Asia, is said, by those who have spoken with him on the subject, to see in such a spontaneous expression of religious feeling the pledge of a possible wider spread of Western religious teaching amongst the civilised heathen races of the East.

Twenty-five years ago an aged Tamil poet and composer, one Vedanaikhen, died here at the age of ninety. Though he was a Christian he received gifts of money from the Maharajah, and many of his compositions are still sung and played among the people, not only by his fellow-Christians, but even by Brahminists. May it not have been some of his descendants who have just been singing by Schwartz's grave?

We enter the neglected palace of Tanjore, built in the middle of the sixteenth century. The illustrious travellers are welcomed, in a confused manner, by a somewhat richly attired and youthful-looking Hindu, considered as the adopted successor to the widows of the late maharajah, but not acknowledged by the British Government. With perfect justice, from its own point of view, it denies them the right to keep up the fiction of a dynasty which has in reality long ceased to exist, and the support of which has now lost all historical meaning.

The district enjoys no political importance, since the time of the struggle between the French and the English for its possession. Though really more in sympathy with the former than with the mercenaries of Madras, the populace rose against the French when they opened fire on local temples. To tell the truth, however, the principal blame for the fanatic outrage and the recklessness of the attack attached to the Irish soldiers in the French service. However it may have been, England, as usual, profited by her enemies' blundering.

The daughter of Sivaji (who died in 1853, the last of the Maratha family which in 1675-77 conquered this southern land) lived on in penury until the seventh decade of the century, a melancholy example of the vicissitudes of fortune: this, however, did not prevent her greeting the Prince of Wales with dignity as her Royal Brother.

The durbar hall (of the architectural style favoured by the ancient native rajahs) is a somewhat striking apartment, at one end of which stands a white marble statue by Flaxman, representing the last native prince of the slightest consequence—Sharfoji.

HALL IN THE CASTLE-PALACE OF TANJORE.

He stands in a strange three-cornered cap, with hands raised, and folded as if in prayer. The statue stands on a great block of black granite, carved with fanciful scenes representing the strife between the gods and the powers of evil.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this block of stone formed the throne of judgment of the *naiks*, the Telugu chiefs who took the place of the Cholah dynasty. Here, too, councils of war were held in the days when Tanjore was independent. Now the place is neglected and deserted. A mere semblance of life is imparted to the old palace by the portraits, of native work, representing former rajahs, with falcons on their fists and long swords by their sides,—melancholy relics of princes who are doomed to gradual oblivion.

Next to the durbar hall is the library of the *naiks* and of Schwartz's pupil, Maharajah Sharfoji, which contains about 18,000 Sanscrit manuscripts. Nearly one-half of them is written in Telugu characters on narrow palm-leaves, as is customary both here in the south and in the Buddhist east. This is perhaps the richest of all Indian libraries. The greater part of it was collected by Sharfoji himself in Benares between 1820 and 1830. About the same time, also, a number of European books were purchased, principally illustrated editions, the cultured maharajah having much taste and a great liking for literature. Many valuable books were stolen from here after the death of the last rajah.

Burnell the Orientalist, unsparing of health and eyesight, devoted all his time to a closer acquaintance with the Tanjore library. In this he succeeded to the extent of classifying the manuscripts, the majority of which were and still are a *terra incognita* to Europeans as regards their philosophical and theological, and especially their mystic contents. The *tantra* department (treating of magic, spells, and mystic ceremonies) is probably as large as the large department of books on architecture and kindred arts.

Burnell's most valuable assistant in his work was the obscure but extremely learned librarian of the place, Kuvachattu, whose salary (*mirabile dictu!*) was no more than some ten shillings a month!

On the spot where these literary treasures are now preserved, only two hundred years ago a Telugu chief, defeated by his neighbours, burned himself along with his wives.

Their Highnesses pass on to another tastelessly furnished durbar hall; at the end of it is a full-sized picture of Rajah Sivaji. It cannot possibly be the commonplace son of Sharfoji, but rather the great chief of that vigorous race which took the lead in India in spite of the fanatic Mohammedans and the colonists from beyond the sea. What power of command is in those manly features! The Moguls contemptuously called their terrible and implacable foe the 'mountain rat,' yet trembled before him. The pride and courage animating this man were almost preternatural. Treacherously invited to Delhi by the grim Aurangzeb, he went thither, into the tiger's den, as if he were going to his impregnable home; he declined to make obeisance to the emperor amidst his court, and amused himself with the wrath of his inhospitable host as if it were not he who would have to answer for his daring.

Sivaji was cast into prison, where he was kept as an important prisoner of state. He feigned sickness, and then, having cleverly laid his plans, escaped to the Ganges in the garb of a fakir, bathed in its healing waters, and leisurely, with a mocking smile on his lips, returned to his native Ghats, to fall on the Moslem with redoubled might.

Among the curiosities in the museum, which contains that characteristic picture, is an ivory model of a skeleton, ordered by Sharfoji to aid him in his study of medicine. According to religious custom it would have been inconvenient to keep a real skeleton in the palace. Though Sharfoji was reckoned a zealous adherent of the Brahmins, yet he could sometimes rise above the level of their prejudices, and on one occasion boldly broke the traditional rules concerning ceremonial defilement by touching a corpse. This took place at the death of Schwartz, whom he mourned bitterly, and having covered him with his own hands with the pall, followed him to his grave.

A completely erroneous opinion still generally obtains in the West that the Hindus have always been strangers to science, and are of an exclusively abstract and metaphysical cast of mind. But why, for instance, have physicians always enjoyed extraordinary respect in this

country for their skill? Alexander the Great found in India some natives well informed in medicine. Even in those days they had nothing to learn from the Greeks.

The surgeons of India have always performed many operations which their European brethren did not think of before the nineteenth century. In the treatment of wounds, and the grafting of noses, the dusky Asiatics have even been the instructors of Europe through the British. The caliphs of Bagdad, the Persians, attempted to translate and study the works of the Indians. An impulse to this, the most humane branch of science, was undoubtedly given by Buddhism. The wise Asoka in his fourteen edicts, engraved on pillars from Orissa to Afghanistan, everywhere prescribes the healing of man and beast. Such humanity conduced in no small degree to the success of Sakya-Muni's creed in foreign lands. To the present day the lamas of Siberia, without being aware of it, are healers of the ancient Indian type, bound not only to aid the sick in every way, but also to treat them as their own children.

Out of curiosity the illustrious travellers proceed further into a gloomy erection adjoining the buildings and the courts of the palace. Here lives the son-in-law of the last and comparatively insignificant Sivaji. In 1841, our countryman, Prince Alexis Saltykoff, saw the latter in quasi-royal state: the rajah sat under a canopy on an ivory throne (with bows, quivers, and arrows by him), wore gold-embroidered garments, possessed forty elephants and a harem of three hundred women. At the hours of reception his servants fanned him with peacock feathers, burned incense on the steps of his toy throne, and loudly glorified the majesty, power, beauty, and other qualities of their prince. As he sat thoughtfully hearing their fulsome flattery, his eyes would brighten, sometimes with some ambitious dream, sometimes with some idle thought; but brighter still flashed the enormous emerald, fastened to his turban Maratha fashion, low down on his forehead.

The grand-daughter of the brilliant Sharfoji is no more. Her far less noble husband has converted his dwelling into something between an old curiosity shop and a house full of unnecessary and unused lumber. The air is close in these rooms. A thick layer of dust covers the various objects of pleasure and luxury brought hither from the neglected palace; the shaky floors creak under our feet. What irony to call this place one of the sights of Tanjore!

In reality the independence of the city was doomed when its sovereign attacked the Rajah of Ramnad in southern India (whose tall, lame descendant and successor we saw at the garden-party in Madras). The British, who at first willingly hired out their sepoys and European mercenaries to the higher bidder, were tempted to interfere in the affairs of Tanjore, in which they had long taken an unmeasured interest, hoping to vex the Marathas in their dissensions with the Mohammedans of the Deccan. Next, the French looked greedily on the country, and then the strife began.

In southern India we shall be shown only the most important points of interest along the railway line, without diverging from it into the more retired parts of the country. There is to be no hunting. Even the stalwart *shikarries*, Sikhs of Colonel Gerard's regiment, who accompanied the Cesarewitch's party for special service on hunting expeditions, have been left behind in Bombay. Their Highnesses have no time to visit the characteristic forests of the south, with their herds of wild elephants, which often attract European sportsmen. As it is, we see too much, spending short intervals of time in visiting large districts, and in a six weeks' journey attempting to examine the whole of this gigantic land!

Beyond the city, or rather at some distance from the fortress, a tent of Oriental style has been pitched to serve as a dining-room. After lunch we have time to admire the peculiar articles of local manufacture, which are quite different from the work of the northern artisans. The former are justly compared by Sir George Birdwood with what is said in Homer of the magnificent manufactures of Sidon, or with what is known from Assyrian sculpture, and consist principally of metal vessels covered with elegant incrustation, of articles of gold and silver with ornamentation of a mythological character, of brilliant carpets, delicate embroidery, very small shrines, with rough paintings of the gods, who wear little chains drawn through their noses.

The travellers leave Tanjore, which has given them a most hearty welcome. The arches bear inscriptions of 'Welcome,' 'Peace, happiness, and prosperity,' and others; and at the railway station, 'Farewell.' It is midday. The heat is intolerable. The little carriages of the narrow-gauge railway seem to be simply red-hot. Up to this time each journey was made in much greater comfort, owing to the carriages being adapted to unfavourable climatic conditions.

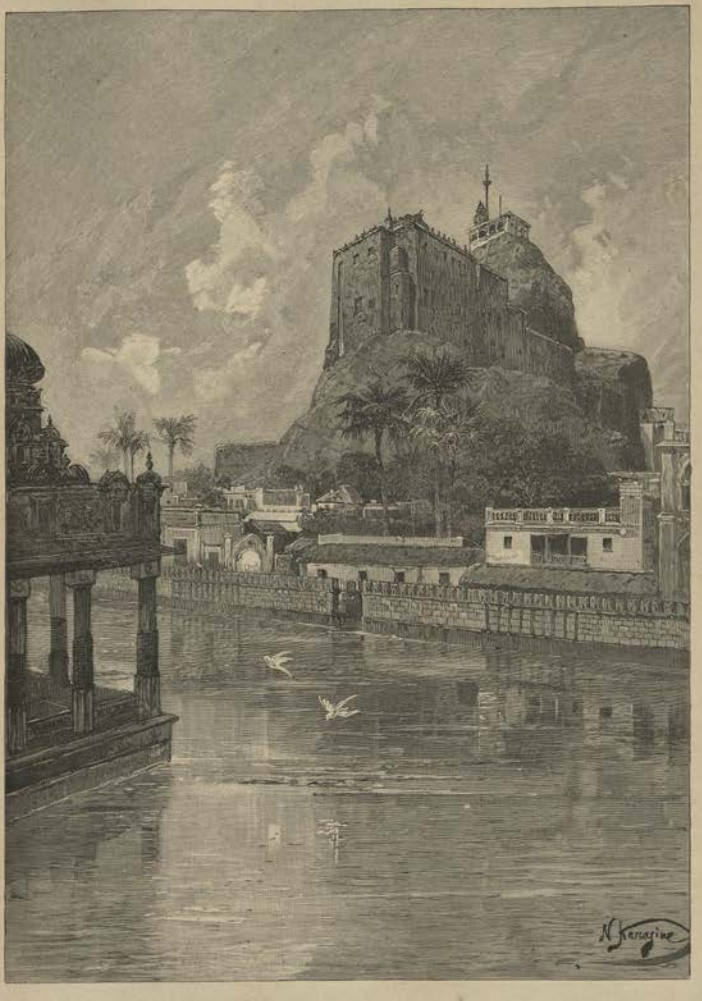
The roomy compartments found almost everywhere (except in southern India, where they are really necessary), furnished with separate little compartments as lavatories, and artfully sheltered from the sun, are not to be found here. From Tanjore to Trichinopoly it is about thirty-three miles, scarcely more than an hour's ride by rail. The journey on such a broiling day is rather unpleasant, and takes one through a level country, void of all picturesqueness and interest. From ancient times it has been noted for its great fertility, depending not on the natural qualities of the soil, but exclusively on its perfect system of irrigation. Naturally, therefore, it roused the appetite of the Mohammedans when they exacted tribute from the Tamil rajahs, and later (in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries) attracted the Marathas, whose daring raids received a check only during the temporary rule of the Nizam.

At the station their Highnesses are received by the members of the local administration, and proceed to the Collector's house, situated outside of the town in a large park.

The uncorrupted Tamil name of the city and its district is 'Tirussi-nappalli,' or in Sanscrit 'Trishirapura'—'the place of the three-headed one' (*i.e.* 'giant'). The Mohammedans call this city, the most important next to Madras, 'Natarnagar,' after the pious sheikh Natar, who is buried here.

For the last two thousand years this land has been known to history. Its trade with lands beyond the sea has always been very considerable. The riches (both natural and industrial) of the natives have appeared so great that Trichinopoly not infrequently formed an apple of discord for its less favoured neighbours and its foreign foes. The illustrious travellers, having rested a little after their journey, proceed in carriages to the foot of the ancient citadel dominating the somewhat crowded buildings of the city which surround it. A gradually narrowing stair leads us upward. In the twilight behind the grated doors at the side of the steep incline one may see the dim outlines of a temple dedicated to Siva. Every August crowds of pilgrims make their way up here. In the fourth decade of our century a sudden panic took place on one such occasion, in which five hundred of the terrified throng lost their lives in the crush.

The way up is lighted by lamps, and is full of peculiar little sculptured figures of men and lions along the corridor which leads through the stratified granite. Some of the supporting columns show distinct traces of Jain architecture. The steps we ascend are whitewashed and painted in red stripes. Towards the summit they no longer run under the vaulted gallery, but are hewn in the rock of the path that winds upward under the open sky.



TRICHINOPOLY.

A remarkable view opens out before us from the summit of the colossal rock of gneiss. Solitary reddish-brown rocks rise above the surrounding plain, over which they are scattered; low hills melt away into the gloom of the distance: on the other side a blue streak of ocean seems to glance afar off; nearer to us at last the fertile delta of the Cauvery lies in a broad emerald expanse under the rays of the sun. And right at our feet the city lies white and rosy, sunk in a mass of verdure, while dusky brown figures pass to and fro, innumerable magpies fly about, carts drawn by white buffaloes move along, tiny shops drive a brisk trade, women draw water from wells, drooping cattle are seen in the little courtyards of the native houses, and grain drying on the roofs in the sun. Over this peaceful scene of everyday life the quivering air sheds floods of light.

The little platform is adorned by a flagstaff and a rather elegant image of Ganesha, let into the wall of a little temple. The elephant trunk of this patron of science and industry is most comically curled. His stony face is full of good-humour. His peculiar head, if one looks at it well, is not so very monstrous after all, rather the contrary. As late as our century an alleged incarnation of this god dwelt at Poona, in the land of the Marathas. He was a boy (exactly as in Lamaite monasteries!), jealously guarded by the Brahmins as an elect being, supernatural from the very fact of his birth. The boy knew nothing but Sanscrit, granted audiences to illustrious guests (like the *khutukhtas* of Thibet, Mongolia, and Pekin!), and was revered by the natives as one of the links in a whole chain of born saints. Such are the stubborn and extravagant convictions of the heathen Orient!

MONDAY, *January* 28 (*February* 9).

Besides viewing the citadel, their Highnesses make an excursion to the island of Srirangam (or Seringam), situated some three or four miles from the town, and formed by the Cauvery and the Coleroon. It is covered with pagodas; everything there is connected with centres and objects of religious worship, and the island is more like a monastery of gigantic dimensions than a network of villages grouped round a prominent Brahmin sanctuary.

The way to it leads over a bridge of considerable size and through leafy avenues somewhat like those of Bengal. They soon bring one to a narrow bazaar street. The carriages drive through it under gaudy tower-like gates (*gopuras*) with fantastic ornamentation of a mythological character on the roof and under the eaves. At the entrance to the precincts of the temple, trained elephants with the emblems of different divinities painted on their foreheads perform the appointed salaam before the visitors, greeting them by waving their trunks and trumpeting.

There are tasteless paintings under the arches of the *gopuras* we have just passed, hundreds of granite columns, carvings of horsemen on rearing steeds, with their accompanying spearmen doing battle with tigers, and a deathly silence reigns amidst gigantic buildings of the same type as the gates already mentioned. It is not without some disappointment that one passes through these courts, connected by walls which may be ascended by stairs; beyond them there is no access to the altars of the gods, or to the principal temple with its gilded dome. When the island was the scene of strife between the English and the French (with the participation of the heathen of southern India, of the Marathas and of Mohammedans); when the battle-cry of 'Vive le roi!' and the roll of the drums beating the 'pas de charge' mingled with the strains of the march of the grenadiers from Madras and their headlong charge against

the foe, the Brahminists announced in plain language that they would not admit the foreigners within the outer wall. Rajpoots were found who swore to die on the threshold of the sanctuary inaccessible to mortals. When the Europeans still attempted to enter, one desperate priest cast himself down from a tower before the eyes of the people, and was killed by the fall.

The Vishnuites, who form the minority in the south, regard themselves as the masters of the temples before which we stand. The name of the group of temples and of the neighbourhood is derived by Orientalists from the words *Sri* (divine),—an epithet applied to Lakshmi, the goddess of love and the spouse of Vishnu,—and *rangam* (dance). Where and how else were the radiant and divine couple to enjoy themselves than on this delightful and sacred island all buried in verdure? From it, on the other hand, went forth new teachers, filled with wisdom, as, for instance, Ramanuja Acharya in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, who is still adored as an incarnation of the mythical serpent Sesha, on whose back the 'god of light' reposed amidst the newly created ocean.

The guardians of the vast temple treasures display them to us. On special tables under an awning lie sparkling fillets and bangles of badly polished diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. The bracelets, rings, and footgear of the 'unseen gods' are all glittering with gold and gems. Enormous vessels of the same precious metal, golden chains of remarkable fineness, and ancient coins complete the list of the treasures of Vishnu. The Prince of Wales, when he visited Srirangam, presented the priests with five hundred rupees.

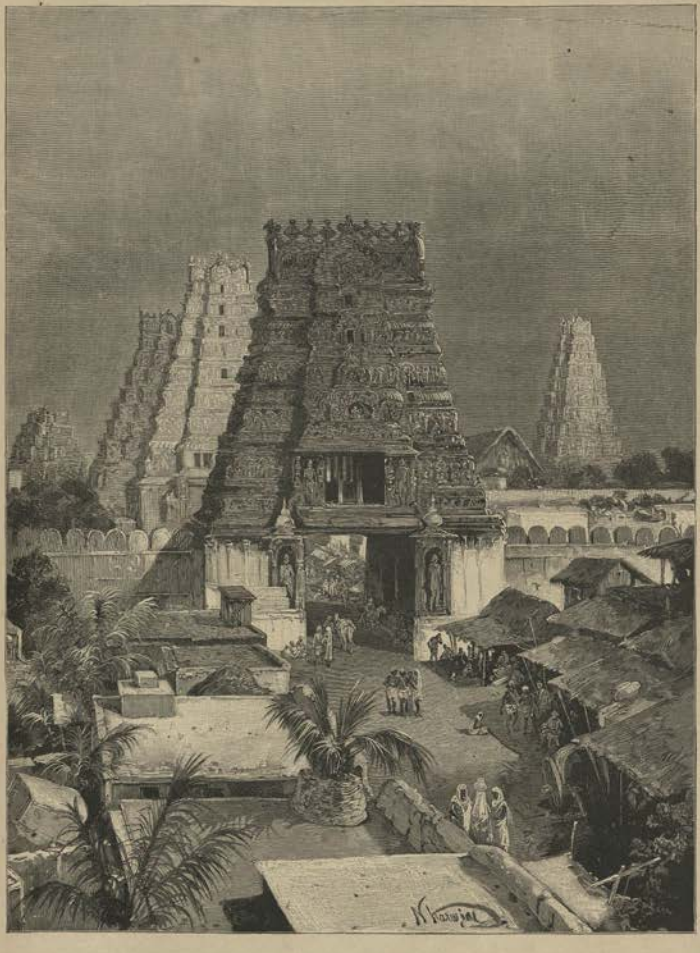
The most famous of our Crown diamonds, acquired by Catherine the Great, is said to have once lain hidden in these temples, which in dimensions and number occupy perhaps the first place in southern India. These massive piles belong almost completely to the last century, and having been heaped up, one may say, in a sort of chaotic disorder, produce a far from harmonious impression. The unbridled fancy of the Dravidian architects and sculptors, even at its normal tension, has exhibited as feverish a power of creation as the brain of some European, lying dangerously ill and tossing in delirium.

In the evening, just before leaving Tanjore, their Highnesses were entertained with an illumination of the citadel rock and the reservoir lying at its foot. A grand exhibition of fireworks was displayed. The citadel was lit up with glittering garlands of fire. Sheaves of changing light (green, blue, and orange) blazed up along its rocky sides and seemed to shower down into the water below. We stood on the flat roof of a house within a few yards of the tank, whose dark silvery surface shimmered in the fantastic light.

TUESDAY, *January* 29 (*February* 10).

A broiling morning. Madura. The precincts of another inaccessible sanctuary. Again we see the unsightly dancing-girls of the temple, strewing flowers along the path of the distinguished travellers.

The Brahmins lead us through gloomy galleries, over smoothly polished stone floors, past an endless series of different secondary gods with smiling granite faces, and of various legendary creatures. May it not be appropriate to say what, in all probability, lies beyond those mysterious side-doors and those black yawning corridors, which none may enter? I must premise that it will be somewhat indefinite and prosaic.



GOPURAS OF SRIRANGAM.

The idols worshipped in the depths of the temple, as distinguished from those which are the work of mortal sculptors, are regarded as self-created, and gifted with a life of their own: royal honours, therefore, are paid them; their surroundings are such as befit such wondrous incarnations, and the greatest care is devoted to them. These divine images are kept in a confined and retired place, something like what we saw at the temple of Edfoo, at one time also inaccessible, but now open to the gaze of the unbeliever.

Egypt and India have much in common as regards religious worship. There the throng worshipped some animal (*e.g.* the ox, the crocodile, and so on), which was almost always unseen, and personified some divinity or other; here the object of worship is even simpler. At night the idol is laid on a precious couch, at dawn it is washed and enveloped in precious garments, a meal is placed before it consisting of spices and foods, which are afterwards distributed among the wealthy faithful. Anointed with fragrant gums, now it sits in an attitude of repose, now it is again laid to rest upon its bed, now it is awakened by music, and so forth. Thus days, months, years follow one another. For the people all this is a matter of indifference; it yearns for the miraculous; it cares nothing for the real state of matters; and amidst the smoke of the incense burnt before the distant idol strives to distinguish and remember its vague features.

Walking through the temple of Madura one gradually begins to comprehend why the Catholic mission founded here some two centuries ago soon called forth harsh judgments from the severely orthodox ecclesiastical spheres of the West. The soil it had to cultivate, the foundation on which it had to build, was in reality so inappropriate, yet at the same time so promising, that the preachers of the Gospel were involuntarily carried away by the idea of converting the pious Hindus to Christianity in masses, involuntarily grew accustomed to this sympathetic world of simple-hearted adherents of the vast Hindu pantheon, and could not but make certain concessions to their beliefs, if only to allow of a closer union with the natives in a spirit of love. The first to begin work on these lines was Robert de Nobilibus, the relation of a Pope, the nephew of the powerful cardinal Bellarmine, and an ardent exponent of missionary views of a conciliatory character. He went to Madura with the secret intention of fighting the Brahmins with their own weapons, started a report that he was a great ascetic, gradually attained to considerable renown amongst the superstitious populace, and having studied the complicated details of native ritual and gained a thorough knowledge of Sanscrit and the local dialect, proclaimed himself a saint, something like an incarnation of Siva, a magician, and a teacher. The people of the district believed in the stranger with childlike faith: the number of his adepts became greater and greater, until it reached a million; a new sect, so to speak, came into being, which had only to be led into the desired path. The Jesuit assistants of the supposed Brahmin reformer undertook a masterly forgery of a quasi-supplementary Veda, and composed whole mysteries in Tamil verse, the better to influence the population of Madura. The local rajah, Tirumala (1623-1659), was shaken in his beliefs, seeing the religious ecstasy of the strange new sect, and even suddenly ceased to care for the adornment and enlargement of the temples. Then the priesthood rose in defence of the rights of Brahminism, inveigled the maharajah into the secret chambers of the temple, and starved him to death, afterwards instituting a persecution against the Catholics. At the same time their spiritual chief was condemned by the Vatican for heresy and apostasy.

But the calamity which befell the Indo-Christian community, with its highly coloured views,

only increased its importance. The missionary fathers had a minute knowledge of the native tongue, donned the yellow garb of asceticism, and observed a strict fast (water, rice, and bitter herbs), silence, and poverty.

Though the methods of conversion applied nowadays are not so roughly practical, yet to the present day the number of adherents of the Pope is very great in the conservative south of India, where the Vishnuites and Sivaites, however, form comparatively a far more compact and impenetrable mass than in the north, where the monotheism of Islam has pierced like a wedge into the world of heathendom.

Parrots, white and green, pink and red, supposed to bring good luck, and therefore kept in one of the temple galleries, monotonously shriek out the names of heathen gods, and glance with indifference on those who pass. The gallery along which we are led curves round the inner tank of the temple (Patramarai, that is, 'the pond of golden lilies'), with its muddy green 'holy' water. Next it stands a little chapel, built by the beautiful queen, Mangammal, who in 1706 was condemned by her own subjects to a death of torment for her criminal love for a young Brahmin. The victim was tortured with the most refined cruelty: deprived of food, she was yet obliged to see it and constantly to inhale the aroma of savoury dishes.

The walls beside us are decorated with paintings of the principal pagodas of the country. It must be remarked that the temple of Madura is one of the most ancient, the town which surrounds it having been for centuries before our era the capital of the mighty Pandyan dynasty, which in days of old occupied one of the highest places in the land of the Dravidians. Greek writers certify to the existence of this dynasty, and fix its dominions correctly. The legendary native chronicles are also interesting for their sounding names, and still more so for their strange by-names; as, for instance, 'he whose headgear is Siva's foot,' 'sun among kings,' 'tiger among rulers,' 'sheathed in valour,' 'six-faced king,' that is, one of the incarnations of the 'terrible god,' 'the lion, like unto the weapon of the thunderer' (!), and many others. The first to reign in Madura (from *madu*, sweet, honied), before any mortal sovereign, was Siva, who shed the 'honey dew' of his hair over the city buildings. Here he performed miracle after miracle. The deeds of the god are remembered among the natives by the carving on the *gopuras*. One such carving in the neighbourhood is said to tell the tale of twelve brothers who were turned into sucking-pigs for having mocked a great fakir. To feed them, Siva transformed himself into a sow, and afterwards restored to them their human shapes, save in respect of their heads, which permanently resembled those of swine.

The more one looks, the more one listens to this strange tale of a separate world, closed against our thoughts and feelings, the more heavily it weighs on one with its ponderous mass of towers, decorated with distorted faces, with the monotony of its gloomy colonnades, with the lifeless distinctness of its granite idols without either name or number. Symbolic animals (*yali*) with the similitude of trunks, which are meant to represent demi-lions, alternate with statues of the Pandu heroes, heroes of the wild and majestic epic of almost prehistoric India, with all its heterogeneous ethno-psychological stratifications: Arjuna bears his famous bow; the mighty Bhima holds his club. Here they stand, these brothers, who strove for their heritage near what is now Delhi; these legendary builders of the rock-temples of Ellora, the common husbands of the tender queen Draupadi (in those days polyandry was customary even among the Aryans of Hindustan); these personifications of native traditions, sympathies, and ideals, in the

light of a truthful though vague tradition. What a time that was in which they came into being! Like Durga these renowned demi-gods drank the blood of their foes after a victory!

In the grey granite of a niche in one of the dark corridors is a door of brass: it is fast locked, and one cannot help but imagine something mysterious behind it. Here and there lamps gleam dimly far away in the inaccessible passages of the temple labyrinth, where bats flit noiselessly to and fro. We move on slowly through the stillness and silence around us. Here the dark outlines of the god of war, of Ganesha or of Lakshmi, rise up out of the stone; there partly effaced colours are to be seen on the ceiling; in another place are frescoes representing

HALL IN TEMPLE OF MADURA.

scenes from the life of the rajahs; in yet another are sculptures bearing the traces of Vandal hands, while further on is the image of a human-headed serpent. The Brahmins explain that here in Madura great honour is paid to Siva's wife Minakshi, the daughter of Kuvera, the god of wealth, literally, the 'fish-eyed' goddess (from *mina*, fish, and *akshi*, eye). There is also a special chapel dedicated to the Rishis, or holy Indian sages.

While we are still among the somewhat monotonous statues in one of the principal halls of the temple—statues of unnatural shape, with features somewhat too sharp, and with thin curling moustaches—the priests begin exhibiting their treasures to the illustrious travellers: necklaces, heavy golden breastplates, headgear, earrings, birds and butterflies of sapphires,

rubies, emeralds, pearls, and much besides. It is said that the real treasure of the sanctuary was once upon a time hidden in the vaults during a Moslem invasion. The foe destroyed the greater part of the building and murdered those who knew the secret of the treasure, which was, however, not discovered, and still lies hidden in the darkness of some unknown vault, whither the gods descend to admire it. In the pillars of one of the galleries there are balls of stone carved out of the solid rock: they can be revolved, slightly raised and lowered, but they can no more be extracted than the buried treasure of the Sivaites of Madura.

We come nearer to the exit and the *gopuras*, to the shops of the money-changers, the groups of pilgrims from afar off making themselves at home here, the stalls with various objects of local manufacture, and the clumsy cars for the triumphal processions of the idols on feast-days. These carts, which we have already seen on the island of Srirangam, attract attention, not only by the original carved work above their enormous wheels and by the symbolic winged horses before them, but also by their religious meaning, as personifying, in a way, the living might of the universe, over which the gods reign in complete contentment. To enable the secret gods, dwelling in solitude, to pass at times through the city and rejoice the hearts of the faithful, thousands of people harness themselves to these strange chariots, the very ornamentation of which, in its fantastic combinations of animals and human beings, seems to bear witness to the interaction of the most opposed principles of the universe. No wonder if in the crush severe falls and fatal accidents take place. It is not, as is commonly believed in the West, that the Hindus cast themselves under the slowly moving sacred car out of fanaticism, but simply that some of those who draw it along in a state of religious ecstasy, on becoming tired, are not able quickly enough to get out of the way of the wheels, which are by no means intended for engines of destruction.

In comparatively recent times, when for some reason or other there were not men enough to draw the idols, the authorities did not hesitate to enlist the services even of Christian natives; but knowing the piety of the people, it is difficult to conceive of their help being often required.

The custom of exhibiting the 'glory of the altars' to the masses, according to Orientalists, is of purely Buddhist origin, and has been inherited by India from the followers of Sakya Muni. Indeed, in Lamaite countries it is customary, for instance, on certain days of the year (in the Trans-Baikal, in summer, in honour of Maidari, the coming Buddha) to carry their *boorkhans* or gods in procession in little cars, harnessed with wooden horses. In the first centuries of our era Buddhist pilgrims from China saw, in Khotan, processions in which the image of Buddha was borne along with those of Brahma and Indra.

Besides these cars, one notices with interest the golden litters of the idols, silver-plated images of the bull Nandi, the goose or swan of Brahma (Hanza), as well as several others.

Ten A.M. As it is, we have tarried too long in the temple of Madura. Having seen the illustrious travellers to their carriages at the Swami Sannadi gate, the high priest (a burly old man with a sly smile) makes a short speech on the possibility of friendship between Russia and Great Britain in Asia. In this burning heat, with eyes wandering absently over the crowd of natives gathered at the gates with their pretentious ornamentation, one scarcely inquires why these somewhat inappropriate words should be spoken here. Brick-dust coloured men with rosaries about their necks and rings on their bare legs; plain-faced women with orange paint upon their faces and with ears monstrously elongated by their earrings; lofty towers, overloaded

with carving and sculpture,—it is amidst all this that we are reminded of the course of European political life, set in the framework of our conventional ideas. How these unfortunate natives are sophisticated by the reading of English newspapers!

Their Highnesses proceed through Avani Mulai and Vengalakadai streets southward along a fine macadamised road to the so-called Teppakulam Bungalow, the villa of the collector where they are to be accommodated until evening, tents being pitched around for their suite. The house stands beyond the city boundary on a small embankment by a tank of very considerable dimensions, in the midst of which, on an island, the white walls of an elegant Hindu temple stand out in a framework of foliage. Both tank and temple were constructed by King Tirumala. Our artist, Mr. Gritsenko, sits down on the bank to sketch the pagoda for the Salon de Paris.

FROM TIRUMALA'S PALACE.

At 4.30 P.M. the travellers drive along the Ramnad and Sandapetti road to the former palace of the naiks (from the Sanscrit *nayaka*, a chief). Of late years it has been partly restored so as to accommodate the courts of the collector, district judge, and engineer.

Madura, with its neighbourhood, produces a pleasant impression by its external order. Before it came under the direct influence of the British it was distinguished by anti-sanitary

conditions, the more so that it was surrounded by a fever-breeding jungle. The appearance of Europeans on the scene produced a rapid change for the better. Broad streets, a good water-supply, avenues of trees in the suburbs have replaced the unsightly state of matters which used to exist here side by side with majestic royal palaces and richly decorated temples.

This palace once formed the pride of the sovereign of southern India, Maha Raja Manya Rajah Shri Tirumala Sevari Nayani Ayyalu Garu. Very beautiful are the corners of the colossal durbar hall (built in a quasi-Gothic style), with images of fantastic beings soaring above it.

Mounting to the gallery which runs round the building, and coming out on to the terraces on the roof, one again sees the dense mass of native spectators who crowd round it in spite of the rain.

To-day our journey through India comes to an end, and with it our survey of her sights. One leaves her with a feeling of regret, greater even than when leaving the beautiful land of Egypt. Have we not spent seven whole weeks here, full of deep interest as regards our involuntary growing friendliness with the mighty East?

The land of Buddha and Akbar produces, and always has produced, a most powerful impression on every European. The more powerfully, then, must this important peninsula act on the imagination and the whole world of thought and feeling of a modern Russian looking into the course of events on the borders of his native land, which are now passing through exactly the same phase of development as, in the seventeenth century, befell the Muscovite border towns in the south and beyond the Ural. These gradually grew in strength, and stood for the outcome of the glorious days of Ivan IV., when autocratic Russia, advancing in the fulness of her super-abundant power, spiritually subdued tribe after tribe and race after race. The Foreign Office of those days did not carry out its Oriental policy according to Western ideas, but understood and defended our national interests on the Turco-Mongol frontiers as they are understood and defended to the present day by any Cossack, common soldier, peasant, or emigrant.

How many among our educated classes know and appreciate the patriotism of those days, with its unsophisticated way of viewing matters?

The history of Muscovite relations with the far south-east has been as yet but little investigated. But long before the first Englishman, Thomas Coryat, a half-witted wanderer, made his way to India that he might ride on an elephant, a Tver merchant, Athanasius Nikitin, journeyed thither in 1466-1472. Doubtless many more penetrated as far as he did, but we have always regarded Asia, heathen though it be, as something near and familiar, scarce deserving mention and description. For a European of those days to visit this populous continent was to discover for himself and his countrymen a new world, while for a Russian it was only travelling about within the boundless regions of the Scythia he knew so well. Merchants from Bokhara and Samarkand came as naturally and freely to our markets as they do now by the Transcaspian railway; yet it must be remembered that these men travelled freely over all the lands of the East, from the Volga to the dominions of Tamerlane's descendants.

Much interesting matter, too, may be found in the instructions to ambassadors despatched to different Oriental sovereigns. In 1675, for instance, the Grand Duke of Muscovy despatched an Astrakhan Tartar, one Mahmud Yusuf Kassimoff, with gifts and letters of greeting to Aurangzeb. Our Tartar subjects could and, from the point of view of the Government, were bound to, serve as means for influencing the East. Kassimoff, however, owing to a caprice of Aurangzeb's, never reached his destination.

We learn from his instructions that the Muscovite monarch was actuated by other motives

besides commercial combinations. The ambassador was to desire that Aurangzeb should liberate, free of ransom, any Russian captives who might be in his dominions, and should not compel them forcibly to embrace his creed, the Grand Duke promising on his part to do the same by any of the Mogul's subjects who might be found in his kingdom.

In the time of Catherine II. the academician Pallas, who studied the ethnography of Russia, notes the presence in Astrakhan of many Hindus (Multanese), worshippers of Krishna. On the other hand, it is known that Russian captives were highly prized at the court of the Moguls. Firoz, for instance, one of the independent sultans of Kalbarga, used to fill his harem with Georgian, Circassian, and Russian women, learning to speak with each in her native tongue. How many a child in Delhi and in Agra may have fallen asleep in its nurse's arms, lulled by some sad refrain, full of yearning for distant Russia! The harem guards consisted of armed Kalmuck and Tartar women, sisters in misfortune and by their birthplace in the north to our nameless and forgotten countrywomen. The favourite wife of the fanatical Aurangzeb was a Georgian belonging to the Orthodox Greek Church!

WEDNESDAY, *January* 30 (*February* 11).

Last night the travellers stood on the roof of the Teppakulam Bungalow watching the beautiful illumination of the neighbouring lake. It is on other occasions illuminated in the most brilliant manner in honour of the idols which are brought here from the central fane to the little pagoda on the island. A hundred thousand lights blaze up on such occasions over the water and along the bank. The idols are ferried over on a special raft (*teppam*)—whence the name of the tank—nautch-girls glide before them in their lingering dance, while the people gaze with reverent enjoyment on the sight.

This morning we are already at Tuticorin, where the *Pamiat Azova* and the *Vladimir Monomakh* await their Highnesses. The little town which forms the terminus of the South India railway running from Madras was once famed for its profitable pearl-fisheries, and was, moreover, one of the centres of the missionary work of St. François Xavier, who gave up all worldly advantages to devote himself to preaching the Gospel among the Hindus, healing the sick, providing for orphans, and spending his life among beggars and pariahs. Barefooted, in his black cloth hat and threadbare garments, ringing a little silver bell, he passed through the villages of the natives, impressing them with his noble bearing and the meek light in his thoughtful blue eyes. He slept upon the ground, with a stone for his pillow; he lived on charity, contenting himself with rice; in short, he led what, in the eyes of the natives, was the life of a true fakir, like the higher ascetics, like the wonder-working mahatmas, those conquerors of the flesh, whom from ancient times every Hindu has regarded with reverence and faith.

At the Tuticorin station, which is decorated with verdure and fruit (in real tropic style!), the Cesarewitch is received by Admiral Basargin and the British authorities. After taking tea at the station, the illustrious travellers drive in an open carriage to the shore, where far out in the roadstead we may see the outlines of our two men-of-war and of H.M. corvette *Turquoise*; owing to the shallow water, they cannot lie nearer than seven or eight miles from the shore.

There is an uneven swell on the ocean. The launches of the *Pamiat Azova* and the *Vladimir Monomakh* have to work hard during several hours to get all the luggage on board. The roar of the salutes mingles with the crash of the waves. The sea is so rough that their Highnesses have to come on board on the port side, which is more sheltered from the wind.

The Grand Duke has invited Colonel Gerard and Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, M. Onou and Mr. Hardinge to accompany us to Ceylon. Azir-ud-deen, our *munshi*, was taken ill at Trichinopoly, and has remained behind. Captain Grover and Lieutenant Newnham have come on board to bid farewell. They are to take back with them rich presents to H.M. Own Dragoons (Captain Younghusband, the great traveller in Central Asia, belongs to this regiment) and the 16th Lancers, famed in the chronicles of the Anglo-Indian army, the Cesarewitch having dined at the messes of both the one and the other.

The low sandy shore looms vaguely in the distance. The surf breaks in foam over a considerable expanse dotted with shoals, among which are the celebrated oyster-beds, famous for having supplied pearls to Egypt and Imperial Rome, which possessed the finest specimens in the world. It was then the custom in the Eternal City to scatter pearls profusely, not only over the garments of men and women, but even over the altars and the statues of the gods, over war-chariots, weapons, and other articles.

It is already past noon. We shall soon weigh anchor. The *Pamiat Azova* hoists the signal, 'The Cesarewitch thanks the *Vladimir Monomakh* for the good service rendered by her boats.'

CHAPTER XXV

To this very day Western ideas of British India continue to be based on the undoubtedly one-sided and optimistic views of travellers, or, rather, light-hearted tourists, to whom the slightest introduction ensures a warm welcome from the hospitable British residents, and who gradually and almost involuntarily assimilate the ideas and feelings of their hosts. Continental Europe does not seem to realise the simple fact that the unnatural growth of a single naval Power, to the injury of more powerful continental nations and of the submissive East, is abnormal in the first place and ephemeral in the second, for land gravitates towards land, and history has shown how futile was the might of Carthage in its struggle with the Roman legionaries. It is only such a misunderstanding of the state of matters that can explain why, for instance, in the fifth decade of our century, Prince Valdemar of Prussia (brother to the Queen of Bavaria) started from Trieste to fight under the British flag against the freedom-loving Sikhs. Before his time Von Orlich, a Prussian captain, took part in the unjust Afghan campaign of 1842. When will the Christian nations of the West acknowledge the right of Asia to equality and really humane treatment?

Our frigates plough the calm surface of the ocean on their way to Colombo. The soothing murmur of the rippling waters rouses a whole series of indelible memories of the brilliant past. At first the scenery of India rises up more distinctly than its social life and its monuments, the latter of so deep a significance.

Evening on the plains of the Punjab. The Himalayas are silvered with a light mist. The sky is a molten mass of gold. The clouds blush ruby-red. From deep purple to the tenderest shades of pink the vault of heaven is quivering with light. Could these tints be transferred to canvas as they really appear, the artist would not be believed; he would be regarded as a wild impressionist. Yet in India one may often see, at the very moment of sunset, a bluish-green ray shoot out of the purple streak on the horizon below which the sun has just dipped! There all is full of contrast, all is an indivisible amalgam.

To treat properly the rich store of material gathered in India is a task, I hope, for the near future. For the present it will be enough to note the connection between this country and our native Scythia, to find some suitable explanation for it, and to accept it as a fresh and

138950

undoubtedly weighty proof of how we are linked with the comparatively distant parts of Asia. The supposed brotherhood between the Anglo-Saxon race and the Aryan elements of India, deduced from minute philological investigations, is no more than a sentimental fiction; but if one speaks of the bonds, historical and ethnographic, which unite the Russian people with Iran and Turan, from the Caspian to the Ganges and the Deccan, then the question finds its correct and lawful foundation in the past and present life of the lands just mentioned.

The community of character expresses itself even in details! Our words *shooba* and *shoogai* are identical with the names of corresponding articles of clothing in the north-west of India. Both there and in Russia it is the custom for many men, on superstitious grounds, to wear a ring in the ear, and so forth. Are there not also many points of contact in certain peculiarities of Hindu and Russian peasant life? Who among us has heard, for instance, that beyond the Himalayas it is the custom for the young men, once a year, in summer, to dance round bonfires and sing merry songs? Let those who are interested in the subject turn to Samuelson's *Bulgaria* and see how much there is in common in the rural life of the Hindu and of the Balkan Slav. Is it not strange that the constitution of the village commune should be the same both in India and in Russia? Examples without end might be adduced. The weight of proof lies not in their number, but in their quality: and which of us, with the exception of confirmed Russian cosmopolites, will hesitate for one moment to regard the East, unrealised as yet by us, as being in spirit as organic a portion of the heritage of Monomakh as Siberia and the lands beyond the Volga became in due time and in the very nature of things,—because, in the language of our old chronicles, our ambassadors and lieutenant-governors 'upheld the name of the Czar honourably and sternly, according to ancient custom?'

The deep blue sea lies all around us. The frigate skirts the shores of Ceylon. Again and again tantalising images of India rise up and glow before the mental vision.

In imagination is seen the stronghold of Gwalior. The walls behind which pretenders to the throne of Delhi languished in the days of the Moguls: in silver fetters, suffering the horrible effects of slow poison, they died at last of the bite of a cobra let into the dungeon. Here, too, behind these ornate turreted walls, besides princes of the blood, warlike borderers also, dangerous or displeasing to the imperial court, lingered in captivity.

It was behind the ramparts of Gwalior that Aurangzeb's captive, Kuchal (chief of the Katak mountaineers on the Afghan frontier, whose wild dance we beheld at Lahore), composed his powerful yet touching lays. They are sung to the present day beyond the Indus. Darmesteter, the Orientalist, has collected them and written them down.

They came into being upon the steep rocks of stately Gwalior, where shortly afterwards the great Maratha Mahadaji Scindia conceived the idea of uniting into one whole the south Indian horsemen of Sultan Tippoo, the chivalry of Rajputana, the splendid artillery of the Nizam, the popular French troops and his own irresistible countrymen, full of the fresh traditions of the epoch of Sivaji, in order that he might crush the growing power of the English and drive them out of the land. At that time it was still possible to cherish such illusions: Count de Lally, known to us from the history of the presidency of Madras, and the Savoyard Count de Boigne—both of whom, by the bye, had served in Russia before coming to India—were political rivals and talented leaders of such a calibre that the British could not afford to treat them otherwise than seriously. About the same time the French ambassador, the Chevalier de St. Lubin, landed near Bombay

and proceeded to Poona, the Maratha capital, with presents from Louis XVI., to encourage all there in their struggle with the East India Company. A little later General Raymond, the military instructor of the Nizam's troops, supplied his battalions with the republican tricolour, encouraging them to sing 'Ça ira' in Haiderabad, and to dance the carmagnole by night in Mussulman palaces. Now there is not a trace left of French predominance in India! Yet the sympathies of the natives were undoubtedly on their side: the native puppet-shows at the beginning of the present century amused the Hindus in the bazaars with scenes representing the defeat of the English by the French, and the spectators rejoiced at the sight.

These facts, of course, are very interesting in their way, but it is not over them that the imagination lingers, as one recalls the land we have left behind us. Its ancient and conservative mode of life, its stern customs and religious principles turn the mind far more powerfully to that which was living and at the same time fantastic. It is for instance the rite of *sati* that occupies the first place in the memory. Its sharply defined and tragic outlines rise up before one in vision. Even a distant acquaintance with the character of the land and the people enables one to conjure up the stern and touching picture of the lifeless corpse lying cold and still upon the funeral pyre, while the widow, inspired by her lofty creed, amidst approving murmurs, subdues her fear, and resolves to save her husband from long wanderings and torments by dying with him. Hundreds of hands are stretched forth to the devoted widow: 'Take with thee to a better world our gifts to the departed!' One gives a flower, another an ornament, a third some aromatic balm, and so forth. All around the *sati* is so permeated with the solemnity and significance of this act of self-devotion, that even the dumb animals seem to comprehend it. When the concubines of Runjeet Singh were being burnt along with his body, two doves flew down upon the funeral pyre, as if desirous to share their fate. This incident is commemorated by marble lotuses let into the tombstone of the ruler of Lahore. Is it possible to speak with indifference of the people who have evolved such a view of life and of its continuation—death? What is to be thought of the land which gave birth to such an architectural embodiment of power as the citadel of Jodhpur, and such an example of refined beauty as the principal winter palace at Alwar? Shall we ever forget the majesty of the former, built on the rock, with its halls, where the pictured gods and rajahs look down from the walls, the gilded ceiling spread above them, while below runs a border of illuminated Hindu poetry? What shall we say of the mosaic-work on the mirrors in the gallery behind the durbar hall of H.H. Mangal Singh at Alwar — coloured garlands on the glass, imitations of emeralds and rubies, and fabulous pictures above the doors? Here one has Rajpoot India, a world of inexhaustible originality in itself! And the troops of this English-trained maharajah, with their grey uniforms, their blue gold-embroidered turbans and dark gaiters. How well drilled are the soldiers of the prince, who trains them not for defence of his heritage, but only as one of the amusements permitted him by the British authorities! A similar phenomenon, however, is to be observed almost everywhere. What an impression is produced in the fortress of Jodhpur, for instance, by the native artillerymen in their white and crimson turbans; and how effective are the variegated pennons fluttering above the cannon on the cliffs! Yet all this is but show; for the guns are old and rusty, and may not be fired off. One must confine oneself to admiring the panorama.

Image after image appears upon the long scroll of reminiscences. The Taj: the tomb in which the very atmosphere is permeated with an exalted spirit not of the earth. Let

but a word be spoken beneath these dim and peaceful arches and the sound will rise and grow within the depths of the dome, while a sequence of words becomes a melody which, in a murmur of sweetness, floats away into unknown depths, where it sinks, to be echoed back again in tones as of gentle complaint, amidst the living stones and the inscriptions, which seem to say: 'For us this earthly life is a bridge, which we must cross, but on which nothing lasting can be built; since it lasts but an hour, let us give these moments to prayer, for beyond them lies the unseen!' Thus were people buried under the Moguls, when, amidst the worldly stir of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, the questions of the heart apparently were far from occupying a prominent place in that 'stiff-necked epoch of darkness and stagnation,' as it appears to a European eye. Yet are those right who deny it any spirituality and any signs of progress?

From the point of view of our life before Peter the Great it exhibits many sympathetic features. Akbar, who died in 1605, stands, perhaps, a head and shoulders higher than many Western monarchs of his time. At that epoch, where but in Mussulman and heathen India could one find such expressions of religious tolerance as in an inscription made by Akbar's friend Abu'l Fazl on the walls of a Cashmere temple: 'O God! who regardest all who pray, I contemplate Thee everywhere: Thy praises are heard in the tongue of every people. Into whichever of the houses erected to Thee I may enter, everywhere I seek and strive to find the Truth.' This may explain why, when the Catholic fathers sent from Goa delivered as a gift to the emperor of Delhi images of our Saviour and of the Holy Virgin, and also a Bible, Akbar raised them to his lips and the Scriptures to his forehead, as a token of deep reverence. The Catholics were allowed to build a separate chapel. The Mogul visited it, and bowed down to the ground before the image of our Lord.

Later, under Shah Jehan, his prime minister adorned his palace at Lahore with images of the saints. At the same time the native artists began to represent the Indian 'sultan over sultans' with a halo round his head, thus calling to mind the Italian school of painters.

The whole court of Delhi and Agra, in all the glory that distinguished it before in the plenitude of the Mogul power, and with the clearly defined figures of the sovereigns of nearly the whole Indian peninsula, rises up before the eyes of him who has crossed the threshold of the once great and almost unapproachable durbar halls of Tamerlane's descendants.

Their splendour and luxury will become to some extent comprehensible, if we remember that, without burdening the peasantry with taxes and duties, the emperor's income was equivalent to £150,000,000 per annum — yet now the finances of India are in disorder! This money was expended on the support of trade and industry. The gigantic resources at the disposal of the Mogul flowed back to the people: not a penny was devoted to requirements foreign to the direct interests of Hindustan. Loving their acquired country with the love of Baber, the founder of their dynasty, the Timuride sovereigns of Delhi were patriots according to their lights—as far, that is, as patriotism was possible with a primitive and patriarchal social constitution. Undoubtedly the country became the adopted native land of the founder of the dynasty himself, and it is interesting to note how he became acquainted with it. Clad in the garb of a simple traveller, Baber is said to have passed through all parts of his future kingdom, became filled with the spirit of the land, and, having sufficiently admired it, returned to Central Asia for troops. That he might rule over his vast dominions with justice, and principally that

he might know what was going on in remote districts and on the borders, the Mogul wisely instituted (after the fashion of the powerful kings of ancient Persia and the caliphs of Bagdad) a special class of official inspectors, who watched the minutest details of life in the provinces and (of course with unequal zeal) made their reports to the sovereign. On the vigilance of the emperor's devoted servants depended, in a great measure, the internal state of the realm.

THURSDAY, *January* 31 (*February* 12).

A clear, balmy morning,—one of those when the wearied soul regains its vigour in contemplating the harmony of the universe, and in the detachment of the liberated spirit from all things earthly.

Out of the azure waters of the ocean, out of the halls of Vishnu, uprises the enchanted island round which the creative spirit of Hindu myth, Buddhist legend, and Mussulman, or, rather, Arabic popular tradition, wove, and still weave, a wreath of poetry in a halo of holiness and beauty—Ceylon! Innumerable travellers, learned geographers of mediæval and of modern times, and in latter years the more versatile historians of the East—all have spoken in enthusiastic language of this beautiful island fringed with sea-foam, at the southern end of the peninsula we have left behind us. Greeks and Romans, Burmese and natives of Cashmere, Siamese and citizens of the Celestial empire, all the lands to the north of Ceylon, as far as the Himalayas, mariners from the shores of Persia and Arabia, bold warriors under the banner of the Portuguese king, slow and stubborn Dutch colonists—which of them has not come in contact with Ceylon, has not admired it and dreamt of it, has not carried glowing accounts and fabulous conceptions of it over the world? Yet, in spite of the extreme accessibility of the island, lying, so to speak, on the highway between the lands of the West and of the East; in spite of the fact that from days of old it has formed a link between them and has always enjoyed its share in the growth of international relations, for a long time no one had any really definite conception of its geographical position. The dimensions of Ceylon were highly exaggerated; it was sometimes even confounded with Sumatra, so very different from it. Indian cosmographers regarded Lanka (the radiant) as a separate continent, stretching far away into the sea to the south-east of their native peninsula. In early times the West adopted a similar view, and, giving rein to its fancy, pictured to itself Ceylon as a country joining Africa with China. The Greeks of the Macedonian epoch did little to dissipate these errors, which held their ground until the sixteenth century. Aristotle alone, in the third chapter of his treatise *De mundo*, attempted to reduce the dimensions of the unexplored island, and suggested that it might be less than Britain. Marco Polo himself did not overthrow the prevailing belief, and, along with the native Buddhist chronicles, ascribed considerably greater dimensions to the Ceylon of antiquity—dimensions which were said to have been much reduced by the fury of the elements, among other occasions in the fourth century of our era.

The historical life of the island is closely connected with all that passed in southern India and the Deccan, and to some extent even was conditioned by the rise of the great Buddhist creed in the north-east of the peninsula; whence, undermining the stratifications of Brahmin religion, it broke forth in a mighty wave, and, flooding all Asia, could not but take firm root in the wondrous island of Lanka, where on the majestic heights of Adam's Peak the natives reverence from ancient times the alleged footprints of their great teacher Buddha. In prehistoric times Ceylon was inhabited by a dusky and plain-featured race, standing on a very low stage or

development. When the flourishing kingdom of Magada, on the Ganges, sent forth its enterprising Aryan warriors to the distant south, they appeared there as pioneers of civilisation, introducing agriculture and industrial arts, and inculcating religious ideas. When the newcomers had finally conquered the half-savage islanders, fresh bands of emigrants soon started from Bengal in their track. Gathering their countrymen around them, the warrior-princes gradually gained strength and energy in their semi-peaceable relations with the aborigines. The coming of Buddhist monks, the foundation of monasteries, the spread of learning, the building of remarkable architectural monuments, to mention only the more important agents, completed the spiritual triumph of the northern principles over the native ones.

The sorrowful tale of the treatment dealt out by the first European colonisers to the innocent inhabitants of Ceylon is, on the one hand, very instructive to thoughtful Russians, as supporting the views I have already expressed on the abnormal relations of Europe to the peoples of the East; but, on the other hand, it also shows how capable these races really were of repelling the foe, until the paralysing influence of his irruption into their sphere, along with its dependence on political factors having nothing to do with Asia, caused the native to bow more and more submissively before the advance of the Germano-Romanic race.

Having gained a firm footing on the Indian coast, and having reached out further east to the flourishing land of Malacca and the seas that wash the shores of China, the Portuguese at first did not pay attention to Ceylon, and did not think it necessary to weaken their forces by useless wars nearer Goa. It was accidentally, when pursuing the hated Mussulman merchants and mariners with ruthless persistence, that the sons of Lusitania entered one of the harbours of Ceylon (where their foes were taking on board a cargo of valuable elephants!), and gradually entered into communication with the king, Prakrama Bahu IX., who ruled at that time, though without much power, in the neighbourhood of Colombo. The king wished to protect the Mohammedans, who were exceedingly energetic and were of great use to him, but at the same time he was not disinclined to enter into profitable commercial relations and a tempting alliance with the rich and well-armed strangers. But from the very beginning their relations assumed an unnatural and treacherous character. The fanatical Portuguese, easily intoxicated with success, soon began to look down haughtily on the laws and customs of Ceylon, where in turn inimical feelings towards the mail-clad strangers did not fail to appear.

The troops of the Viceroy of Goa, who had landed and entrenched themselves at Colombo (for want of building-stone the soldiers manufactured cement out of the calcined shells of the pearl-oyster), became objects of serious suspicion and danger to the natives. A sanguinary encounter with them led the Singhalese to a series of even more bitter conflicts with the enemy, which never ceased for a century and a half, the cold-blooded barbarity of the European warriors fully rivalling the isolated cases of savage torture and execution, by means of which the petty kings of the country, uncertain of their power, strove to excite more respect and fear in their vacillating subjects. Portugal was grievously entangled in Ceylon in almost ceaseless warfare with the natives. The island kept Goa constantly on the strain, without offering anything in return. It is a curious fact that on several occasions native troops from the Malabar coast came to the assistance of the latter. Though unacquainted with firearms at the landing of the Portuguese, the Buddhist natives soon excelled their masters both in their use and in their manufacture. The guns of Ceylon were known to the whole Orient for their fine quality and their artistic chasing: France itself at that time could not contend with the best gunsmiths of

Ceylon. Energetic patriots organised an army in the depths of the country, and coming down from the mountains commenced a series of attacks on Colombo. On one occasion the natives succeeded in girdling it with such a ring of iron that, worn out with the horrors of the siege, the Europeans salted the bodies of their dead for food, and, torn by the pangs of starvation, mothers ate the flesh of their own children. This may explain to some extent why the infuriated Portuguese soldiers, in the heat of this savage carnival of mutual destruction, gradually went beyond all measure in their dealings with the vanquished, and subjected the native population to the most brutal outrages, celebrating their victories by acts of savage barbarity and inhuman atrocity. The following example will show what the Christian warriors in Colombo were capable of only some three hundred years ago. A daring Singhalese was taken prisoner: a Portuguese soldier, desirous, as it were, of possessing his courage, came up to the captive, cut the heart out of his quivering breast, and greedily began to drink his blood.

The chiefs of the intractable national party in Ceylon waged war against 'the whites' with varying success. Profiting by the aid of the Mohammedans, they nevertheless would shamefully betray them in the hour of danger, and on one occasion even presented the Portuguese with the heads of their unfortunate allies, impaled on spears.

Powerless in the lowlands near Colombo, and strangers to the mountain tribes, the kings of the island sought for the friendship of the strangers, seeing in them possible protectors in case of court intrigues, and defenders against the more independent natives. When necessary these nominal sovereigns and their families even accepted baptism, taking the names of Don Juan, Don Philip, Donna Catarina, and so forth. The Franciscans were especially active in the work of conversion.

Seeking to have his youthful grandson acknowledged as his successor, the weak-willed Singhalese king, Boovaneka VII., sent his statue, cast in gold, along with a richly jewelled crown, to Lisbon, where it was crowned in 1541 with befitting solemnity. Meanwhile, however, access to the interior of the island remained impossible for the Portuguese. Military expeditions thither were either repulsed or exterminated. Only a few succeeded in holding their ground for a short time in Kandy, one of the mountain capitals of the island. The power of those who were the real rulers of Ceylon soon became so great that a new pretender to the throne, Raja Singh (the lion king), was able to march on Colombo from the mountains with an army of fifty thousand men, two thousand elephants, and a colossal baggage-train, harnessed with oxen. The Singhalese even fitted out ships of their own for serious naval conflict with the Portuguese. The latter, unwilling to remain in their debt, ruthlessly destroyed the villages along the coast, wherever they believed the people to harbour inimical feelings against them; in such raids they would coolly cut off the hands and feet of children, that they might the more readily despoil them of their gold and silver ornaments.

Thousands of images of Buddha in stone and bronze were overthrown by the Catholics; the European soldiers raised infants on their pikes before the eyes of their mothers: the white barbarians amused themselves by feeding the crocodiles with their numerous prisoners. In some places the river monsters were so accustomed to human flesh, that it was enough to whistle for dozens of hideous heads to rise above the water to receive their victims. Of course, baptism of natives by force or fraud, for gold or for fictitious honours, was practised by the Portuguese without any scruples of conscience. Small wonder if the inhabitants of the coast fled in crowds to the jungle and the mountains, preferring to live in exile and after the manner of the beasts of

the field rather than submit to the bigoted foreigners. The evil fame of the ferocity of the Europeans lasted so long in the land that, even after the Portuguese had been driven out by other colonists, in 1664 the king of Kandy sent a guilty courtier to Dutch Colombo, with the request that some refined torture might be inflicted on him, so esteemed were the methods of European cruelty. Gradually the antagonism increased, and the Portuguese Government was obliged to support a standing army of 20,000 men on the island, of whom, however, only one-twentieth part were sons of Lusitania. Under such conditions trade could not flourish, while the military expenses kept growing more and more. Though natives were enlisted in the army of the Viceroy, yet little dependence, evidently, was placed on them, and reinforcements generally came from abroad, either from the Malabar coast or from the land of the Caffres. The latter soon distinguished themselves here by their capacities for fighting. Colombo grew larger, accommodated thousands of noble Lusitanian families, and contained many Christian churches and monasteries.

The stubborn Dutch first appeared on the scene as rescuers, in a fashion, of Ceylon from the Portuguese yoke. As a nation they never dreamed at first of independent commerce with the distant East, contenting themselves with sending vessels to Lisbon to convey the goods and spices of India to more northern lands. But when the Spanish king, Philip II., having assumed the Portuguese crown in 1580, proceeded, out of hatred towards the heretical Dutch, to confiscate their merchant fleet at Lisbon, they were obliged to seek the direct route to Asia, where they came into collision with the Portuguese on terms of equality. The result was the growth of a Dutch colonial policy, involving vast interests in those distant lands, and the flourishing island of Ceylon naturally attracted the eyes of the mariners who had spread the influence of their native land as far as Java. As early as the opening years of the seventeenth century her representatives attempted to gain the favour of the sovereigns of Kandy, despatched several embassies thither, and willingly took part in the dissensions between the Singhalese and the Portuguese.

In 1602 there came to Ceylon the first Dutch ship, *La Brebis*, under Admiral Spielberg. The king of Kandy, who about that time had proclaimed himself emperor of the island—in distinction from the other chiefs, who attempted to assume only the royal dignity,—evinced some suspicion, very comprehensible under the circumstances, of this new Western element. The natives doubted whether the Dutch might not be masked enemies, or even disguised Portuguese. Finally, the king received the admiral-ambassador, bearing credentials from the Prince of Orange. Spielberg was received in the mountain capital by a guard of honour of one thousand men, with banners, and even arms, taken from the Portuguese. The grand procession which filed by at the hour of reception contained white captives with ears cut off as a mark of their helplessness! The admiral laid the Dutch flag and the Portuguese at the feet of the sovereign of Kandy, and tried to convince him that Holland sought but one thing, namely, to regard his foes as hers. Much moved, the king embraced the admiral, and granted him permission to build fortifications on the coast, adding that if necessary he, the king, would send his queen and children to assist the Dutch in such an important undertaking. In proof of his sincerity, the admiral seized the first Portuguese merchant-vessel he came across, and presented it with its cargo to the king of Kandy. At first the friendship between the two nations, hitherto strangers to each other, seemed to progress very favourably; but when Spielberg left Ceylon, his successor, Sibalt de Weert, too openly ceased to care for the interests of the Singhalese, and in this respect

showed no small amount of selfishness. On one occasion even, when intoxicated, the representative of Holland insulted the king, whereupon the courtiers incontinently slew the offender along with his suite. The emperor of Ceylon then sent the Dutch a despatch originally worded: 'God is just. Misfortune overtakes him who drinks. If ye seek peace, let it be peace; if war, then let war begin.' The Dutch Government, evidently out of caution, did not venture to neglect its commercial interests for the sake of national prestige, and in spite of the blood shed, the relations between the two countries remained the same. The new ambassador at Kandy, Boschouwer, conducted all his negotiations with great skill, and gained the confidence of the king to such an extent that he became his favourite counsellor, received the title of 'prince' of the more ancient capital of the island, Anurajapura, and 'knight of the sun,' as well as that of president of the council of war at Kandy and Lord High Admiral of the Singhalese fleet.

The Portuguese understood that matters were assuming a very unfavourable complexion for them, and made two daring but unsuccessful attempts to break through to the capital in the mountains. Meanwhile the new 'prince of Anurajapura' sailed for Holland to petition the States for immediate aid to Ceylon, which was not granted, however, in view of the pride and independence with which he bore himself, acting not as the representative of Dutch interests, but as one of the chiefs of the Buddhist populace. Thereupon he applied for aid to Christian IV. of Denmark, who saw how profitable it was for any European nation to gain a firm footing on the highway of the East, and that, too, in the neighbourhood of India. Boschouwer started on his return voyage with five Danish vessels, but died on the way, and the boldly planned expedition remained fruitless. Results of another kind, however, soon followed. The brave Portuguese governor of Colombo, Constantine de Saa, was gradually worn out in the conflict with the natives. When at last he was decoyed into an ambush and realised the impossibility of breaking through the ranks of the enemy, he ordered a slave to bring him water, and then stabbed himself to the heart, while his gory head, placed upon a drum, was soon afterwards brought to the emperor of Ceylon by his triumphant subjects. The timid emperor, nevertheless, did not feel secure, and, in spite of the victory gained by his troops, insanely bound himself to send the Portuguese two elephants as a new annual tribute.

The distant colony of Batavia, on its side, did not remain indifferent to the events in Ceylon, but fitted out a whole fleet of ships to continue the struggle with the Portuguese. With desperate energy the Dutch suddenly forced their way to Kandy, burned the city, and only during their retreat to the sea lost a number of soldiers, whose skulls the natives piled into a horrible pyramid.

In 1656 Portuguese Colombo capitulated to the Dutch, though the Kandians, both secretly and openly, did all in their power to delay the surrender, to prevent it, and, in general, to hinder the growing power of the two foreign elements; but it was too late.

After more than a century of Dutch rule in Ceylon (in the face of a stormy and insulting opposition from Kandy), Madras began to cast envious glances on the wealthy colony of its commercial rivals, entered into negotiations for an alliance with the malcontents of the mountain capital, and when the last business firms had suffered from the proceedings of the French Republic, occupied the coast almost by surprise, having bribed the Dutch governor and suborned the Swiss mercenaries. The indignant remainder of the garrison attempted to resist, but failed for want of power and discipline.

The first British administrators were not of the best, and managed Ceylon far worse than

their predecessors, without consulting the wants and the customs of the indigenous population in the least. At the same time intrigues were carried on to raise the ambitious descendants of the ancient royal family against the king of Kandy, who was descended from a noble Telugu family of Madura, which gained possession of the throne through its relations with the former reigning dynasty. As attempts to penetrate into the depths of the island were dangerous, sepoys and Malays were imported for such expeditions: the whites preferred using Asiatics for the conquest of the choicest lands in Asia, and but rarely took any immediate part in the serious conflict. The adventure, however, was not always successful: in 1803 the Kandians, aided by the Caffres who had been brought to Ceylon, massacred three hundred Englishmen who had temporarily occupied Kandy. It is curious that on the same occasion the natives spared the lives of seven hundred Malay captives who had fought against them with poisoned *creeses*.

It was some time before the authorities at Colombo took measures to avenge the massacre. True, an officer with a handful of men heroically fought his way into the hills, but was unable to hold his ground and had to retreat. Until 1815 the British confined themselves to destroying the crops and fruit-trees of the rebellious natives, burning their temples and villages, and so forth. The king, on his side, seized such foreign merchants as were supposed to be British subjects, and sent them down to the coast without their noses. This peculiar state of matters lasted until the breaking out of internal dissensions on the island, taking advantage of which the English succeeded in occupying the capital and deposing the king, who, fortunately for them, was disliked by the people for his extraordinary cruelty.

Shortly after eight o'clock in the morning our frigates enter the harbour of Colombo, where they meet as usual with a grand reception. Besides the *Turquoise*, which arrived just before us, H.M.S. *Boadicea*, under the flag of Vice-Admiral Fremantle, and H.M.S. *Brisk* are in the harbour, all decorated with flags. Boats of a strange type (the so-called outriggers) flit around us, reminding us that the Malayan East is near (as neither the Arab sailors nor the mariners of the Indian coast use such vessels); the town glitters amidst a mass of verdure; nodding palms adorn the low sandy beach, half-smothered with the surf. But it is not this picture that attracts our eyes. Ceylon at first is scarcely noticed: all eyes are turned towards the Grand-ducal yacht *Tamara*, on which the Grand Dukes Alexander and Sergius Mikhailovich have come to meet the Cesarewitch.

A guard of honour and the strains of a band greet the Grand Dukes as they come on board the *Pamiat Azova*. With them come their travelling-companions, to be presented to the Cesarewitch: G. Radde, director of the Tiflis museum, who has travelled a great deal in his time, Count A. Grabbe (captain of H.M. Cossacks of the Guard), the captain of the *Tamara*, B. O. Yakuboffsky, and Dr. A. Zander. The last two accompanied the Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovich on his voyage round the world on the corvette *Rynda*, when H.I. Highness made his first acquaintance with Asia.

His extreme interest in this continent incited the Imperial midshipman not to confine himself to visiting its seaports only, but to penetrate as far inland as possible. For this purpose the Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovich visited the South Ussuri district, Pekin, and the Great Wall at Kalgan, and, finally, the most interesting cities of India. Since that time his interest in foreign lands, and especially in the Orient, has grown even greater, which explains why he is now, on his own yacht this time, undertaking a most attractive and instructive voyage.

Accompanied only by Mr. Radde, Count Grabbe, and their doctor, the brothers travel about the East freely and easily, wherever their fancy draws them, casting anchor in any pleasant bay into which their beautiful vessel can enter. Men, nature, and a mass of most interesting details, therefore, are accessible to their Imperial Highnesses in a far greater degree than to us. The presence of Dr. Radde is a great relief to me, as, having hurt my foot when at Madura, I am unable to take part in the excursions on the island. This chapter, therefore, will be a simple and very short compilation of facts previously gathered, of the substance of other people's accounts and of my own notes, made in 1887, when I was in Ceylon by myself. The projected work on the voyage of the *Tamara* will naturally fill up any gaps in my account of the Cesarewitch's visit to the island of emeralds and rubies.

Shortly after half-past ten o'clock the guns of the *Pamiat Azova* salute the admiral's gig of the *Boadicea*, in which the Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, comes in full dress, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Captain Pirie of the 3rd Hussars, and two members of the local administration, Mr. Gerald Browne and the Maha Mudaliyar, to greet the Cesarewitch. The immense breakwater, more than twelve hundred yards long, which protects the once dangerous harbour of Colombo is covered with spectators. It is said that a vessel of the type of the *Pamiat Azova* is seen here for the first time. Crowding and sauntering under their umbrellas along the jetty, the chocolate-coloured Singhalese (in woman-like gaudy petticoats and with tortoiseshell combs in their long hair, shining from the use of cocoa-nut oil and tied in a chignon) betray their sex by their beards alone. Before the building of the mole, which was begun only when the Prince of Wales visited the town in 1875, and was finished in 1885, steamers often found it impossible to take in their cargoes here. It is calm enough to-day, yet the waves break against the exposed part of the wall. When there is any wind, then billow after billow must wash over it with a thundering crash: one may imagine how inhospitable the shore must have looked formerly, during the south-west monsoons.

The growing commercial importance of Colombo will not be very secure if the straits between India and Ceylon be deepened and cleared, for then the main current of ocean traffic to and from the East will choose the shortest way, so as to gain two days at the least, and the Kahambu of the mediæval Arab mariners (said to have been changed to its present form by the Portuguese in honour of Columbus) will become only a second-rate port.

The official landing is to take place at 4 P.M. Before speaking of it and of the principal incidents that followed, I must say a few words more about the past of the island, known to the Hindus as Singhladvipa (the continent of lions)—whence the modern European appellation of 'Singhalese' applied to the natives.

Curious enough are the early chronicles of Ceylon, which belong to very distant ages. The fabulous colouring of the events imparts an especial interest to a tale full of allusions to a reality of a more historical character.

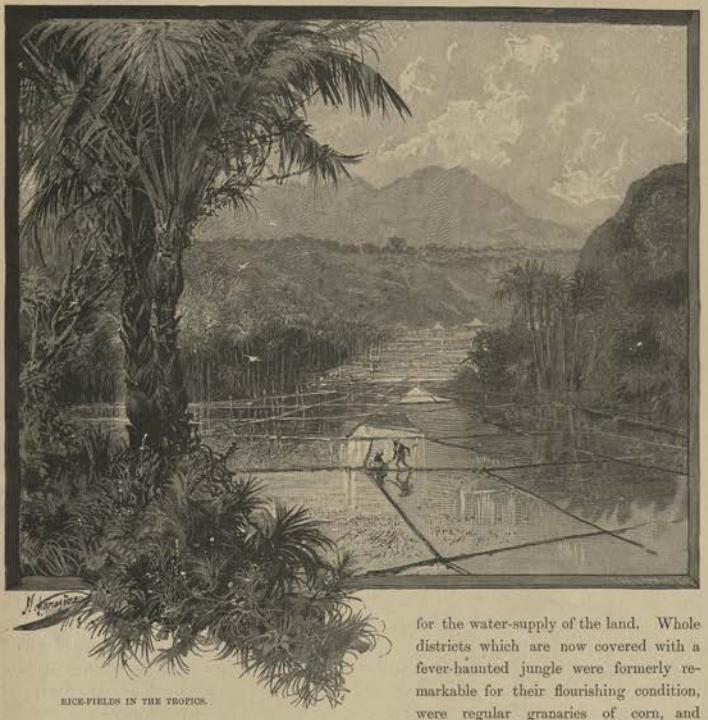
The island has long been known as the 'Land of the Lions,' though lions have never existed there, the name itself probably having its root in the fact that the founder of Buddhism, the enlightener of Ceylon, bore, among many others, the name of 'Sakya-Singha' on account of his invincible spirit; or, according to another tradition, in the legendary origin of Vijaya, an Aryan adventurer who colonised the island. The tradition tells of the daughter of an Indian king, who fled from her father's house with a band of gypsies. In the desert their camp was attacked by the king of beasts; he was well pleased with the girl, who followed him to his

lair, and there bore him children of remarkable strength and courage. The lion was passionately fond of his family, but the feeling was not mutual, for at the first opportunity the whole family escaped to the haunts of men; and when the beast, yearning for his wife and children, pursued them and became the terror of the village, his son even undertook to slay him for a great reward. The lion, on seeing his beloved child, was so filled with joy and kindly feeling towards the son who had come out to slay him, that the arrows shot at him sprang back from his hide

COLOMBO.

without injuring him. But when the king of beasts grew angry, the powers of good which had protected him vanished, so that the lion fell by the hands of his son and died with his head on his knees, even in the death-agony still gazing on him and admiring him. From this demi-brute sprang the dynasty which ruled historical Ceylon.

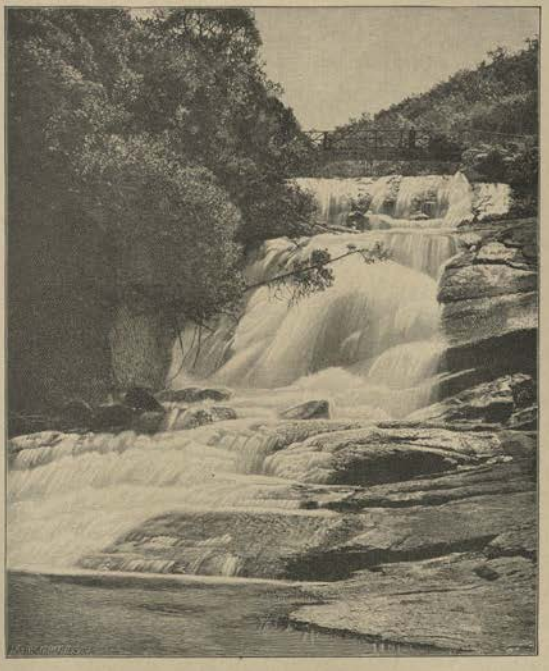
From ancient times the monarchs of Ceylon seem to have vied with each other in their care



RICE-FIELDS IN THE TROPICS.

for the water-supply of the land. Whole districts which are now covered with a fever-haunted jungle were formerly remarkable for their flourishing condition, were regular granaries of corn, and fed a population of over five million souls. The most eloquent witnesses to their fruitful labours are figures. King Prakrama Bahu I. (who flourished in the twelfth century) constructed 1470 reservoirs and 534 canals, besides restoring 2355 old reservoirs and 3620 neglected canals. The latter had existed for sixteen or seventeen centuries before his time, being the work of the Bengalese colonisers of this marvellous island. Even now there are some 5000 reservoirs in existence, which serve agricultural purposes and show how the Buddhist monarchs of antiquity

strove to give their vegetarian subjects the means of obtaining nourishing food without the necessity for bloodshed. Rice-growing was very widely spread in those days, in spite of the complicated system of irrigation it required. The Portuguese neglected it; the Dutch, with all their experience, did not pay enough attention to it; the English did, but somewhat tardily, and, from liberal motives, abolished the ancient custom of calling the people by beat of drum to obligatory labour at the support and repair of the public irrigatory works. In consequence of this policy, stagnation and decay replaced in many districts their former prosperity. It became necessary, and perhaps is so still, to import rice from southern India, as without it the Singhalese become impoverished in body and suffer from ague. But why is so heavy a customs-duty laid on such a necessary article of food?



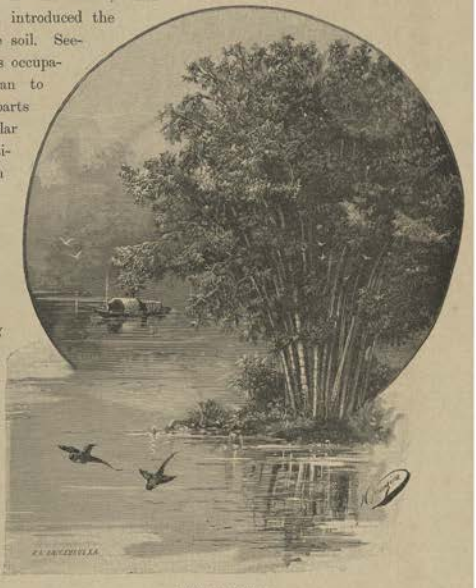
WATERFALL IN CEYLON.

The British authorities are gradually doing what they can for the spread of irrigation (though five-sixths of the land is neglected owing to want of initiative on the part of the Government), and within the last ten years have opened agricultural schools.

Unfortunately in Ceylon, as everywhere else, the British pay most attention to the rapid acquirement of wealth, and in the absence of moral ties between the ruling element and the natives, the wants of the latter remain somewhat in the background. The whites at present are possessed of one idea: the growing of tea in incredible quantities and the opening up of new markets for the supply, Russia among others. Other questions, less profitable from the enterprising planters' point of view, play but a sorry part. Herein lies the reason why the

energies of the European element are directed not towards the discovery of means for increasing the general prosperity of the islanders, but towards the pursuit of their own temporary ends, which promise a gigantic success one day, while the next may threaten them with ruin.

The Arabs introduced coffee-planting, but, until the arrival of the Europeans, or rather of the Dutch, the natives knew not how to brew a beverage from the plant, and confined themselves to using the leaves as a condiment with their food, and the delicate flowers to adorn the altars of Buddha. During the whole of the eighteenth century, and until 1837, there was not a single large coffee-plantation on the island, when Boyd Tytler, with great penetration, introduced the West-Indian method of preparing the soil. Seeing how easy and how profitable this occupation was, the Singhalese soon began to imitate the whites, and in the hilly parts of the country, along with the regular planters, took to the systematic cultivation of the plant. So it went on until the end of the seventh decade, when the annual export of coffee reached £4,000,000, and every cultivator realised twenty-five per cent. on his capital. The enormous number of Tamils was a valuable source of cheap labour for the English in extending their operations, and all circumstances seemed to tend towards general prosperity. But suddenly the coffee-plantations of Ceylon were attacked by a worse foe than the *phylloxera* is for the vine. The disease spread rapidly and imperceptibly, and no measures could stay its pernicious course. The scientific world could only certify in detail the mystery of its origin and the ruthless power of the scourge.



CLUMP OF BAMBOOS.

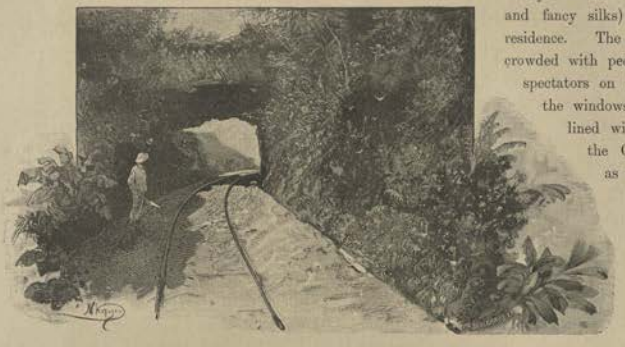
Finally, the ruined planters, being driven to seek something to replace their fallen hopes, turned their attention to the cultivation of tea on a large scale. By that time Brazil had inundated Europe with very good coffee, and it was therefore necessary to turn to other produce and seek for other markets.

At present there are very few coffee-plantations left in Ceylon. As the disease has now decreased, botanists say that the immediate cause of the calamity lay in the occupation of too large an area exclusively with coffee. When the jungle was cleared, the *Hemileia vastatrix*, a disgusting parasite which harboured in the undergrowth, being in want of food, attacked

the coffee-plants, and increased in numbers at an appalling rate. Thus the planters were, it may be, ruined by the impetuosity of their own destructive onslaught on the vegetable world.

At first the day was slightly overcast, and rain began to fall, but it soon cleared up again. Shortly after 4 P.M., amidst the thunder of salutes, the illustrious travellers landed at the decorated jetty, near which arches had been erected. The decorations consisted, to a great degree, of fruit. In a prominent place in the covered way leading from the jetty was a portrait of the Cesarewitch, executed by Mrs. Mutukistna, wife of a native officer of the Colombo customs. The guard of honour, with colours and band, was furnished by the Gordon Highlanders. Besides the authorities, the German, Danish, American, and Italian consuls and the French vice-consul were present at the reception.

Their Highnesses and the suite drove along Church Street and Queen's Street (both beautifully decorated with palm branches and fancy silks) to the Governor's residence. The road, which was crowded with people (with masses of spectators on the terraces and in the windows of the houses), was lined with a detachment of the Gordon Highlanders, as well as by the Gun Lascars and the Ceylon Light Infantry Volunteers. Nearly all the troops on the island seemed to be present.



ON THE KANDY RAILWAY.

From the Governor's residence the three Grand Dukes and Prince George started for a drive round the town. Occupying a larger area than Paris, it is buried in the foliage of the red-soiled avenues, bathed in a soft light, and at the very first glance produces a pleasant impression, from the fact that it is unlike a seaport, in which the prosaic circumstances of everyday life have destroyed the soothing charm of nature. Though the extensive commercial and industrial activity of the island, with an annual turn-over of millions of pounds sterling, is concentrated in Colombo, yet, in appearance at least, it forms an inseparable part of the vegetable world of Ceylon, with all its breadth and loftiness and density: buildings, people, vehicles are almost lost in the deep shadows of trees of the most imposing dimensions. Here it is the forest that rules over man, and not man who has surrounded himself with it for his convenience. Here matter is all-powerful in its mighty unconscious life; here it embraces all things, and with loving care bends over the living beings, who seem so small in comparison with it.

The population of the coast is somewhat motley, both in costume and in racial constitution. The presence of numbers of Tamils from the presidency of Madras, who, with their families,

inundate the island, causes much to bear an aspect familiar to any one acquainted with India. Those ancient traders of Ceylon, the choormen, in their fanciful straw hats and smooth-shaven bronzed heads; the Parsees and Afghans, of comparatively civilised appearance, among the naked Indo-Malay children; the natives, their lips all gory from betel-chewing; the active coolies, with their heavy loads in baskets cleverly attached to the ends of a long elastic pole of Kitul palm; the tent-shaped cars, drawn by patient oxen—these are the sights that chiefly impress the European who visits Ceylon for the first time.

ON THE KANDY RAILWAY.

FRIDAY, *February* 1/13.

Last night, after the state dinner at Queen's House at 7.45, their Highnesses remained until 11.30 at the reception held there, at which numbers of guests were present, including many natives. The native chiefs and headmen wore their swords and medals. The band of the Gordon Highlanders played throughout the evening, and the grounds around the palace were ablaze with illuminations.

Having spent the night aboard the frigate, this morning the Cesarewitch proceeds by rail into the interior of the island, accompanied by the Grand Dukes, Prince George of Greece and H.E. the Governor and suite. The Gordon Highlanders were drawn up on the platform, and the train started amidst the strains of the Russian anthem.

For the first forty or fifty miles the road runs through somewhat marshy lowlands, with pale green rice-fields and endless palm-forests coming right up to the line. Large flame-coloured butterflies slowly rise and vanish in their enchanted gloom. The density and variety of the vegetation is astounding. Here and there one may catch the sheen of some retired tank, where white-plumed birds hover over the lotuses

that grow in it. Black farmyard buffaloes standing motionless amidst the mud seem to form part and parcel of the rich, moist soil.

The road to Kandy, which cost so much in money, and even in human life, sacrificed to the climate (in the so-called 'Valley of the shadow of Death'), runs through a country with an historical past. This is the arena of the struggle between the mountaineers of Ceylon and the

TEA PLANTATION IN CEYLON.

foreign elements pressing up to them from the coast, from Rama and the Tamil invaders to the Europeans inclusively, to whom this island in the tropical seas was as an oasis in the desert.

The stations of wood and brick (Kelani, Mahara, Henaratgoda, Mirigama, Ambepussa and others) with the barefooted railway servants in uniforms of blue, with red sashes; the short thick pillars of these simple buildings, overgrown with creeping plants and flowers; the yellow robes of the Buddhist priests, with right shoulder bared, large ears and shaven eyebrows; the

crimson turbans of some natives of a Semitic type —all this aggregate of forms and colours melts into an harmonious whole.

The rate of travelling is twenty or twenty-three miles an hour! This makes it easier and more pleasant to view the interesting neighbourhood. Now it becomes hillier, more diversified, more fantastic in its illumination and picturesque background. Black granite gives place to projecting grey rocks; whole masses of verdure rise from out the hollows between the stately hills:

TEA SIFTING.

behind the coffee-bushes one may see the brown roofs of village huts; little waterfalls glance by the side of pathways buried in the billowy, many-coloured foliage, amongst which a light-coloured monkey shows itself at odd times. Moreover, bamboos, with their bright-yellow stems shining in the shadow, expand in gigantic tufts above the mirror-like surface of waters basking in the jungle; while the road to Kandy boldly runs up the hill, winding along the brink of sheer precipices. All around us the virgin forest rises up, pierces through the rocks piled up in chaotic heaps, climbing the steep slopes from the station of Rambukana into a region of inimitably beautiful

PACKING THE TEA.

scenery, framed in the azure distance of sharply-defined naked crests, rising several thousand feet above the sea. One of them, shaped like an enormous book, is known as Bible Mountain; another, Utuvakanda, lying beyond the deep verdant Dikanda valley, is like a camel's back; a third, Alahalla, lying somewhat nearer, was the hill from which the kings of Kandy used to cast criminals condemned to death.

LANDSCAPE IN CEYLON.

Skilfully irrigated rice-fields descend in terraces from the neighbouring heights, and then tea plantations begin to appear.

The culminating point of the railway is Sensation Rock (properly speaking, Kaduganava Pass). Having passed through a series of rather remarkable tunnels, the train runs along the brink of a frightful precipice that is entirely devoid of vegetation, though elsewhere it fastens on every stone, and, taking root, droops in gay orange-coloured festoons over the abyss. Railway science has conquered the natural fastnesses of the interior of Ceylon; but the price has been heavy. The road cost £1,700,000, that is, about £21,000 for each mile.

The line begins to run down towards Peradeniya. As to-day and to-morrow will be passed amidst the religious life of Singhalese Buddhism, it may not be amiss to say a few words, not so much about the position of this creed in the country, as about the moral principles on which it is based, and which led to the extraordinary spread of Buddhism in the East. It would be useless to speak of them *in extenso*. It is more important to bring out its characteristic features, in connection with their universal acceptation by all the peoples whom the teaching of the princely sage has reached.

Colonel Olcott, the president of the Theosophical Society, has been much occupied latterly with the idea of discovering the spiritual links between the lands in which Sakya Muni is revered as a divinity. For this purpose he has visited different parts of Asia, made the acquaintance of the principal and most clear-headed priests in each, and compiled from their words and his own investigations a sort of confession of faith for the Buddhists of the whole world. All that is unessential, ceremonial, and purely incidental is excluded; only the principal and essential doctrines which run like a thread of scarlet through their varying creeds are presented for their acceptance

BUDDHIST PRIESTS IN CEYLON.

and confirmation. In such a way many of the religious peculiarities of Asia may be gradually explained; the beliefs of hundreds of millions may be presented more clearly to the mind, and the spirit of that epoch in which these beliefs were formed and stamped in characters of fire on the hearts of men may be laid bare.

In Japan, Burma, Chittagong, and Ceylon Colonel Olcott's programme and his fourteen fundamental propositions have been approved. It remains to be seen how Siam and Cambodia, China, Corea, and Thibet will regard his attempts at strengthening the spiritual ties between the Buddhist communions of the world. As far as concerns Thibet, and with it Mongolia, the Buriats and the Kalmucks, the ideas of Madame Blavatsky's coadjutor will undoubtedly meet with attention and sympathy.

The most interesting question to be solved at the present moment by the initiators of this movement is whether the following are really the fourteen fundamental truths acknowledged by all the Buddhists in the world:—

I. Equal tolerance, forbearance, and brotherly love should be shown to all men alike, and all animals should be treated with unfailing kindness.

II. The world is not created, but self-generated, and is evolved according to certain laws.

III. Buddhas, or 'enlightened' beings, have repeatedly come down to preach the truth on earth, at certain considerable intervals of time, called *Kalpas*.

IV. The fourth Teacher in the present *Kalpa* was Sakya Muni or Gautama Buddha, born in a royal family of India about 2500 years ago. He is to be regarded as an historical character. His name was Siddhartha Gautama.

V. Sakya Muni taught that ignorance gives rise to desire. Unsatisfied desire is the cause of rebirth, which is the source of misery. That the latter should not exist, rebirth is to be avoided, and to bring this to pass, desire should be subdued: such a training of the spirit calls forth knowledge of a higher order.

VI. The belief in the necessity of rebirth springs from a narrow mental horizon. When it grows wider a man sees the worthlessness of each rebirth, and the necessity of leading such a life that it should not be repeated. From ignorance springs the illusive and illogical idea that there is nothing after death, or that eternal happiness awaits one and eternal misery another.

VII. Man may escape from this ignorance by the persevering practice of love towards all things living, by developing the mind, gaining wisdom and destroying the desire for the satisfaction of the lower personal pleasures.

VIII. As the thirst for life is the cause of rebirth, it should be quenched, and then he in whom it is quenched will be born no more. By means of contemplation man may attain to the highest state of peace, called Nirvana.

IX. Sakya Muni taught that ignorance may be dispersed and sorrow removed by the knowledge of the four 'noble' truths, viz.—

1. The misery of existence.
2. The cause of misery, *i.e.* the quenchless desire to satisfy one's selfish impulses and the impossibility of doing so.
3. The eradication of this desire, or rather, the estranging of oneself from it.
4. The means of attaining this spiritual liberty. They are eight in number, and he who adopts them walks in the eight-fold path of virtue, that is, believes rightly, thinks rightly, speaks rightly, acts rightly, rightly disposes his practical life, rightly exerts himself, rightly remembers the past, and rightly meditates.

X. Right meditation leads to the highest enlightenment, and can develop in every man the typical qualities of a Buddha, which are latent in every one of us.

XI. 'Tathagata' (Buddha), that is, 'he who appears and vanishes like his predecessors,' taught in general that man should cease from sin, become virtuous, and purify his heart.

XII. Events in the universe are determined by the 'law of acts' (Karma). Every man is himself the cause of his rebirth into a state depending on his good or evil actions in former existences. By our own will we have determined all that we now experience.

XIII. Good Karma depends on the observance of the following moral precepts of Buddhism—

(1) Kill not; (2) steal not; (3) commit not adultery, or rather, abstain from forbidden sexual relations; (4) lie not; (5) beware of intoxicating drinks.

XIV. It is the duty of parents to see to the education of their children: Buddhism is a foe to superstition and error. Tathagata allows only that which accords with reason, whatever be the foundations of other authority. Failing to possess this merit, even the words of some great sage or the voice of tradition should be disregarded.

Twenty minutes past twelve. It is now only some four or five miles to Kandy; already its verdant suburbs, beyond a mountain stream, are near. Their Highnesses walk from Peradeniya station to a neighbouring tea-factory to see the process of drying and packing the tea. The cultivation of the latter, which was only attempted by the Dutch, took root here less than a century ago, some planters introducing the Chinese plant, others, more far-sighted, that of Assam, importing it from its native land. It was easily acclimatised both in the plains and in the hills, though in the former it is more aromatic.

The gathering of the young leaves, which are best adapted for the preparation of tea, is carried on by men and women from southern India, who come to these plantations literally in search of bread, and in the hope of saving a little money to carry on the hard struggle with want at home. The powerful Tamils, who from the times of Rama have made Ceylon the object of their campaigns, still come in crowds to the island for purposes of gain, but now only as labourers, led like a flock of sheep by different native agents.

First the leaves are dried in a hot room, then rolled, pressed, and subjected to fermentation, which changes their natural colour to a verdigris green. Finally, before sorting the tea, it is passed through the steam of a metal drying apparatus.

Having inspected the factory, their Highnesses return to the decorated station, to proceed thence in carriages to the Botanical Garden. Miss Evelyn Willenburgh comes forward from a large group of Europeans gathered at the railway, and presents the Cesarewitch with a magnificent bouquet from the assembled ladies.

About one o'clock the distinguished travellers drive into the beautiful avenues of the Peradeniya Royal Botanical Gardens, situated within a loop of the Mahaweli Ganga, which bounds it on three sides. This charming spot was handed over to the botanists by Government about seventy years ago, before which time it used to be the modest flower-garden and orchard of a small Buddhist temple.

Beyond the stone wall and the double gates of iron, near which pigeons coo unseen amidst the foliage, the mighty world of tropical vegetation opens out before the visitor. Brilliant patches of violet and dark red variegate the dense mass of verdure. The gates are flanked by African oil-palms (*Elaeis guineensis*), with stems of great thickness, and with long feathery leaves. Next comes a group of palms—stately specimens of the royal palm of Cuba, the talipot (a native of Ceylon), dwarf palms, sago and Malayan palms, and the palmetto of the United States,—cocoa-nut trees, banana trees, banyans, india-rubber, camphor, bread-fruit, and cinchona trees. Grey, light brown, and yellow trunks, gigantic roots creeping about like a whole army of serpents, fragrant orchids languidly hanging among them, strange fruits as large as the head of a man, green oranges and ferns,—all these wonders appeal to the eye almost simultaneously, and produce an impression of the most mingled and undefinable character on a native of Northern

lands. The flora of Ceylon is marvellous indeed! Nowhere else in the world is there such a variety of forms of vegetable life gathered in such a comparatively small space. There are glittering lizards and beetles; bats and flying foxes hang on the branches; striped squirrels leap from one forest giant into the dense foliage of another; tempting paths lead away from the regular well-kept avenues into the bosom of Nature. Need more be said to emphasise the charm of the picture presented by Peradeniya?

The learned director of the garden, Dr. Henry Trimen, a worthy successor to a long line of eminent botanists, shows the gardens to the Imperial party. Before leaving, the illustrious travellers each plant a tree in memory of their visit, the Cesarewitch planting a *nâ* or Ceylon ironwood (*Mesua ferrea*), a tree remarkable for the beauty of its form, the delicate fragrance of its flowers, and the toughness of its wood.

A CEYLON GIRL.

After having inspected the gardens, towards 2 P.M. the Imperial party drive on to the ancient capital of the island. Void of all majesty, and somewhat insignificant in dimensions, Kandy, at first sight, produces a rather disappointing impression. These neat newly-built houses, these straight streets, the Volunteers lining the road, with their band playing the Russian anthem, appear as details out of keeping with the mountain capital which in the recent past was a home of enmity towards the West. The Grand Dukes drive down Ward Street, along the Bund Road, past the Victoria Esplanade, and on through Church Street to the Pavilion, the Governor's residence, where they propose to remain till the following day.

The guard of honour at the Pavilion is furnished by the Gordon Highlanders. A number of distinguished natives and Kandyan chiefs, draped in the picturesque folds of their garments, and wearing broad-brimmed hats of a most peculiar shape, are grouped at the entrance to the Governor's residence, which is situated in a beautiful garden at the foot of a hill, one of a range which, at some little distance, encircles the town.

After a short walk and a state dinner at the Pavilion, which lasted until 10 P.M., the Imperial party proceeded to witness a Perahera, or procession of a religious character, which is commonly organised by the priesthood for the people, or rather for itself and the chiefs, once a year in July, but has been specially arranged to-day in honour of the distinguished guests from the North. The spectacle is without doubt most interesting, and one can understand how H.R.H. the Prince of Wales wished it to be repeated in 1875, and took great interest in the details of the procession. It is of purely Indian, and even peculiarly Buddhist, origin, having been

PERAHERA PROCESSION IN KANDY.

borrowed from the Jagganath temple at Puri, on the Bay of Bengal, where the creed of Sakya Muni and the worship of his relics once chiefly flourished. The festival in question is that of the solemn procession of the 'tooth' of the 'Master.' On the stones of the Bharhut *stupa* one may find, among other things, a bas-relief representing just such a procession of elephants in honour of the dagoba containing the relics of Buddha.

It is near ten o'clock. A little earlier the picture is said to have been more brilliant on account of the greater number of lights, many of which by this time are burning dim, or have already gone out.

An immense crowd of natives stands silent in the gloom, with here and there a European among them. The sound of horns, cymbals, flutes, and native drums rises on the air, followed by the crimson glare of the torches in the long procession, which gravely marches towards the illustrious visitors, who look on the Perahera from the library-tower of the Maligava temple.

The native chiefs in full dress, carrying banners of various shapes at the head of their respective sections; the shaven priests; the dancers, among whom there are some devil-dancers (*kattadiya*), gaudily dressed and wearing metal ornaments; the elephants, from thirty to forty in number, bearing the temple ornaments under canopies on their backs—all this mass, heaving and swaying in the gloom, slowly passes before the gaze of their Highnesses.

An especially striking figure is presented by a gigantic elephant (with the tusks so rarely found in the native breed of Ceylon) which leads the procession. Its head is adorned with plumes and red cloth, studded with brass ornaments; musically tinkling bells are attached to its trappings, and its tusks have been prolonged by artificial tusks of polished brass about two feet long. No one rides this elephant, which is led by two men, while two smaller elephants walk one on each side of the beast chosen to carry the precious bell-shaped *karandava* containing the tooth of Buddha.

In days of yore these processions, besides their direct religious purpose, were intended by their splendour to rejoice and honour the deified king of Kandy, whose subjects forgave him all his injustice; for whose most grievous sins they sorrowfully prayed and fasted; whose very dust, after his death, they delivered to a man in a sable mask, to be borne down the muddy waters of the Mahaweli and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

The later masters of the island, who made Kandy their capital in comparatively recent times, reigned there with much less power and splendour than the former sovereigns under whom Ceylon had flourished; yet even the last rulers of the mountain country retained a certain degree of power for a comparatively long time. For instance, harbouring a deadly hatred towards Europeans, who were supposed to 'drink blood and feed on white stones' (wine and bread!), the king Raja Singha, in 1679, was able, causelessly and with impunity, to flagellate a Dutch embassy which had brought him his favourite birds—falcons from the Malabar coast and game-cocks from Tuticorin; to imprison shipwrecked Englishmen, and to inflict corporal punishment on the attendants of a French ambassador, because the latter, disregarding Eastern etiquette, attempted to ride up to the king's palace.

In those days the colonists themselves were morally no better than the despots of Ceylon: the Dutch, who in Batavia pitilessly broke one of the governors of Colombo on the wheel for his ambitious projects, at the same time fitted out ships to supply the Buddhists of Ceylon with priests from the Indo-Chinese coasts having a better theological education!

It may be remarked that the connection of the Singhalese Buddhists with their co-religionists in the East (sometimes even in very far distant lands) had been kept up from very ancient times, not only by sea but also by land. Many Singhalese visited China by way of the Himalayas, bearing gifts to the emperor of rare amethysts, sapphires, rubies, and the finest images in the world of their 'divine teacher.' Ten years were sometimes spent in such a journey.

A SINGHALESE WOMAN.

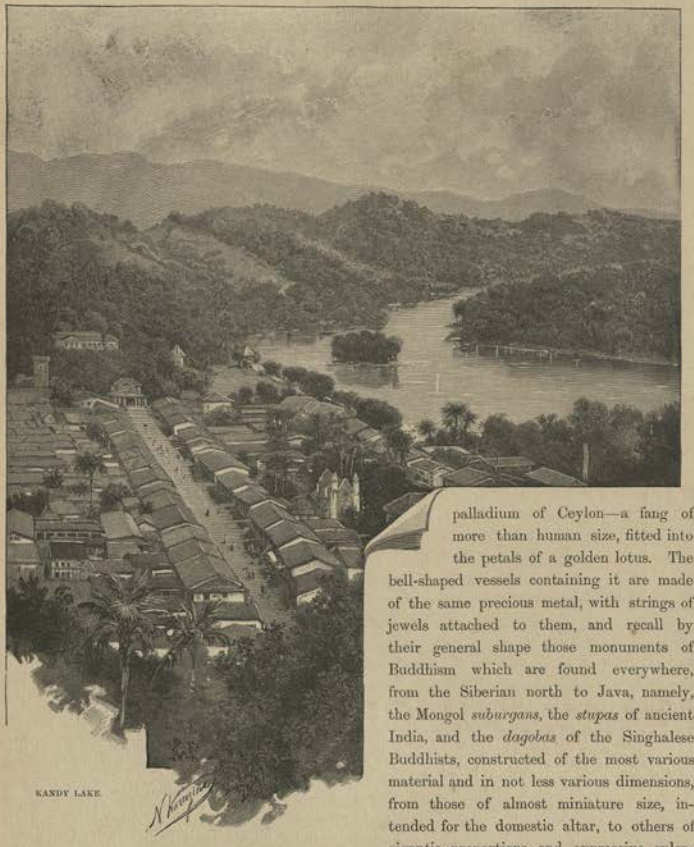
The Middle Ages seem to have strengthened this feeling of inner union between such distant countries as had accepted the creed of Buddha. Now, on the other hand, their mutual connection is but weak. Time was when the people of Cashmere instructed the Singhalese in the elements of their religious art. At present it is partly forgotten in the north, while all real idea of the once familiar south is completely lost in those lands. Mr. Webber, the head of the Moravian mission in Ladak, has found it necessary to write a book for the instruction of the natives as to the true condition of Ceylon; but it is a question whether there is any real necessity for them to know the sorrowful truth as to the wane of the legendary past on the semi-mythical island.

SATURDAY, *February* 2/14.

The Kandy Lake, excavated in the reign of the last of the native sovereigns, glitters in the morning light—a dull expanse of waters fringed with verdure. Their Highnesses proceed to the temple on the bank to look at the marvellous tooth of Sakya Muni, not to be gazed on by ordinary mortals.

The temple containing it presents but little architectural interest; it was erected with the aid of some Portuguese prisoners, and its most characteristic external objects are some frescoes representing the torments of sinners in hell. The air inside the temple is filled with perfume;

figures of the princely sage rise above the altars, which are covered with flowers; old monks reverently take out from a series of ever-diminishing vessels, fitted into one another, the



KANDY LAKE.

palladium of Ceylon—a fang of more than human size, fitted into the petals of a golden lotus. The bell-shaped vessels containing it are made of the same precious metal, with strings of jewels attached to them, and recall by their general shape those monuments of Buddhism which are found everywhere, from the Siberian north to Java, namely, the Mongol *suburgans*, the *stupas* of ancient India, and the *dagobas* of the Singhalese Buddhists, constructed of the most various material and in not less various dimensions, from those of almost miniature size, intended for the domestic altar, to others of gigantic proportions and oppressive splendour of ornamentation. It has been calculated that the stones of one dagoba in Ceylon would form a wall ten feet high from Edinburgh to London.

What tourist has not laughed at the hidden treasure of Kandy, the strange tooth (*dalada*) brought hither frem the comparatively distant land of Orissa, carried back by force to India by the Brahmanists, and again brought back in triumph to the ancient capital of the island? Kublai Khan, that famous descendant of Jenghis Khan, vainly treated for the possession of the great Buddhist relic. When about the beginning of the fifteenth century the Singhalese offended the Celestial Empire, and were punished by a special Chinese army sent through the Malacca Straits, of the many rich trophies of this unique naval campaign, the celebrated tooth is said

BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN CEYLON.

to have been one. A similar, or perhaps the same, treasure, however, was afterwards seized by the Portuguese in Ceylon. Much disturbed, the Indo-Burman Buddhists despatched an embassy to Goa to ransom it. Being in want of money, the Lusitanian Dons (who, it may be remarked, used to sell titles at a very cheap rate to the vain Singhalese) gladly accepted the proposal; but the Roman clergy, headed by the inquisitors, flatly refused to favour the superstitions of the heathen, and so the hated object of pagan worship was burnt at a solemn *auto-da-fé*. The consequence was that the Singhalese denied the capture and destruction of the genuine tooth, and bowed down before a new and *quasi* genuine tooth, and even sold a duplicate of it to the faithful of Pegu, on the borders of Indo-China. Their faith remained unshaken: historical proofs do not appeal to the Oriental mind; feeling alone convinces it, overwhelming the people in a mighty torrent, forcing them to cast all doubt aside, arousing them to boundless hope and ardent prayer.

A kindly smile lights up the faces of the guardian monks of the *dalada*, though on the whole their features wear an impression of sadness and resignation. The days of the fame and power of the Maligava temple, and with it of the priesthood, are now past: the large areas of land, presented to the monasteries by kings of a very ancient epoch, are to be confiscated for the extension of education in the country, though it is these religious centres that from time immemorial served the cause of an education fitted for the native population. When Buddhism was at its height in Ceylon; when the sovereigns of the island ranked the yellow-robed religious teachers higher than any one else in the land, competition was still rife among them: their schools held different theological views (the Siamese among others), assuming, under the influence of constant political and social relations with Madura and Tanjore, a Sivaite or Vishnuite heretical colouring. But then at least this world lived and fought its foes with the weapons of knowledge. Since that time both men and circumstances have changed. No one now persecutes and tortures the local priesthood, as sometimes was the case under the more self-willed and cruel kings; but, at the same time, the tolerance characteristic of the Indian East, along with the influx of foreign ideas and religious views, has led to the decreased importance of the ancient ritual and book-learning; the glory of once sacred traditions is gradually fading away. The Singhalese have always been tolerant towards those who professed another creed: in the hearts of true Buddhists no questions of conscience or conviction may arouse either blind adherence or hatred. Nestorians and the persecuted Shiites of a thousand years ago, pagans from the

DOORWAY OF BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

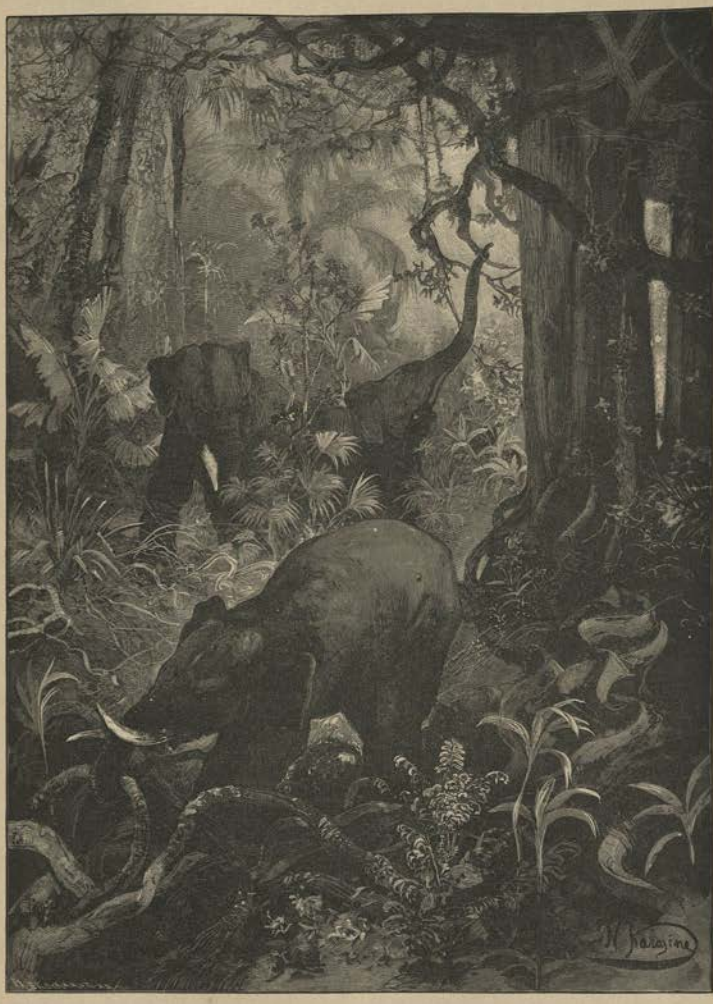
neighbouring mainland flying from the furious onslaught of Islam, Catholic natives from the coast oppressed by the Dutch, all in turn found welcome and refuge in the interior of the island. In 1845, in one of its districts, one Captain Rogers, much beloved by the natives, was killed by lightning, whereupon the Buddhists decided to raise a small Christian church in memory of him.

Before leaving Kandy the illustrious travellers take a drive along the charming road which zigzags around the peacefully slumbering lake. Cascades of verdure descend towards it from

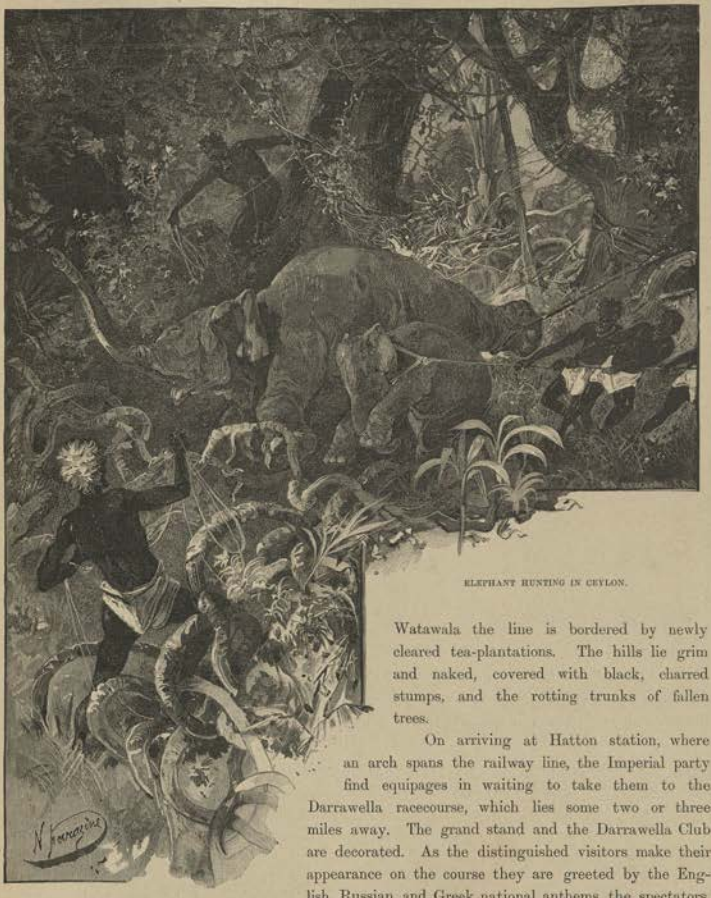
BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN CEYLON.

the neighbouring hills. Every spot along it is full of a poetic charm. Amidst the waters lies a little island on which the ancient kings kept their wives, and sometimes executed them in a primitive manner. According to popular belief the spirits of the drowned women still find no rest, but, seeking for victims, annually find them, as the shores of the lake are boggy, and its smooth, still waters very deep.

At 10.40 A.M. their Highnesses take their places in a special train and leave the station, which has been beautifully decorated by the natives with garlands of cocoanut leaves and inscriptions, such as 'Welcome to the Royal Visitors,' or 'Long live H.I.H. the Cesarewitch,' and proceed southward further into the mountains. Near the stations of Galboda and



PRIMEVAL FOREST IN CEYLON.



ELEPHANT HUNTING IN CEYLON.

Watawala the line is bordered by newly cleared tea-plantations. The hills lie grim and naked, covered with black, charred stumps, and the rotting trunks of fallen trees.

On arriving at Hatton station, where an arch spans the railway line, the Imperial party find equipages in waiting to take them to the Darrawella racecourse, which lies some two or three miles away. The grand stand and the Darrawella Club are decorated. As the distinguished visitors make their appearance on the course they are greeted by the English, Russian, and Greek national anthems, the spectators, of whom there are about three hundred present, principally planters, respectfully baring their heads. There are also crowds of natives, among whom the Tamil element seems to predominate, consisting of lean and miserable-looking men, who wear out their lives in the mountains of Ceylon

under conditions of great hardship, borne down by the debts incurred in the passage from India and afterwards by the high prices prevailing here for articles of sheer necessity, which have, moreover, to be purchased on the plantation giving them work, and suffering from the effects of the climate, which in the mountains is not uncommonly the cause of severe colds, and even consumption. The dusky natives, it is said, are eager to see the 'Rushia Kumaraya'—the Russian Heir-Apparent. Certainly, as soon as the Cesarewitch and party make their appearance, the thousands of natives on the hillsides round the course show signs of great excitement, hastening in hundreds down the slopes to get a better view of him.

Having spent about an hour at the races, their Highnesses lunched at the Club. Before they left Darrawella, Mr. L. H. Kelly, Chairman of the Ceylon Planters' Association, on behalf of the planters of Ceylon, presented an album of photographs to the Cesarewitch.

EUROPEAN VILLA IN THE CEYLON MOUNTAINS.

The distinguished travellers then resume their journey, proceeding from Hatton station to Nanu-oya. The road winds past deserted coffee-plantations, through picturesque defiles, and in its spiral progress gradually reaches a height of more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea. At times the road runs along the very edge of a precipice, the carriages seeming to be poised in the air among the rocks. Clearer and clearer become the outlines of the largest mountain, Pedrotalagalla, and of Adam's Peak (of Mussulman tradition), equally famed, and surrounded by as many legends emanating from Buddhists, Brahminists, and even from Christians. The latter, who in Ceylon form a number of communities, principally Catholic, believe that the celebrated peak bears the print of the knees of the apostle St. Thomas, who knelt there in prayer; the Singhalese believe it to be hallowed by the feet of their Master, while the Hindus attribute the marks to Siva.

The surrounding scenery has undergone a perceptible change. Palms and bananas have made way for mighty aloe-groves. The landscape assumes a Scottish character. At first sight it seems as if the tropical world had vanished, and that the train ran through some Highlands of Western Europe.

At a quarter to six the Imperial party arrives at Nanu-oya and drives to Nuwara Eliya ('the royal home of light'), a mountain plateau surrounded by lonely peaks and ranges. In ancient days no native dwellings were to be found here. With the exception of pilgrims, hermits, and fugitives (among whom were sometimes the sovereigns of Kandy at the epoch of their

NUWARA ELIYA.

disastrous conflict with the Europeans), no one even mounted here, though the topography of the place was known in all its details to the population of the neighbourhood. But when, in the third decade of our century, it was discovered by some British officers while hunting, its fame at once spread far and wide. Colombo understood the importance of possessing a sanatorium, where the colonists, and especially the troops, could obtain relief from the parching heat of the coast, and recruit their health in climatic conditions akin to those of the North. Comfortable cottages were built there, and gradually Nuwara Eliya grew into a considerable settlement.

In spite of the difference of the climates originally supposed to be alike, Englishmen here still take pleasure in the morning chill of the winter months, which even allows of a fire being lighted in the grate. The presence of bluebells and forget-me-nots among the fantastically-tinted orchids and violet-coloured gentians only served to increase the illusion, while the myrtles and laurels positively resemble evergreens. But, in consideration of the rapid changes of temperature (the thermometer varying as much as 45° Fahrenheit within six hours) it will not be surprising if, in the near future, life at Nuwara Eliya will be found harmful after the luxurious life of the coast.

AN ABORIGINAL OF CEYLON.

The Grand Dukes and Prince George take up their abode at Queen's Cottage (on account of its comparatively small size, H.E. the Governor accompanied the party only as far as Hatton station), while a portion of the suite is accommodated at the Grand Hotel and the Club.

Their Highnesses remain here until February 5 (17), spending their time in excursions and hunting. The surrounding valley, with its little lake in the centre, somewhat reminds one of the spot near Alwar, where we made our way through the jungle on elephants. The hunting excursions on Sunday and Monday are not very successful. The Cesarewitch, however, manages to shoot a sambhur stag. The weather is gloomy and there is some rain, though this is the dry winter season. Prince Kotchubey has gone elephant-hunting in the mountains along with Mr. Le Mesurier, a noted sportsman, who has just returned from accompanying the Grand Dukes Alexander and Sergius in their shooting expeditions among the hills—expeditions which furnished a bag of nine elephants, besides deer and crocodiles, to the three guns.

The shooting of these forest giants, which was once practised on a grand scale to protect the plantations from their destructive raids, is now considerably limited, while the elephants themselves avoid men more and more, hiding in the impassable jungle and resting in peaceful and shady nooks, as if acknowledging their comparative helplessness. After leaving Nuwara Eliya the distinguished visitors are to witness a so-called kraal, a trapping of elephants previously driven into an enclosure in the forest.

On the morning of February 5 (17) their Highnesses leave Nanu-oya by train for Urugodawatta station, whence at 3.15 they start in carriages for the artificial lake, or, rather, the enormous reservoir, of Labugama, lunching on the way at Hangwella resthouse, where they are received by Mudilyar Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, who has received more than one prince here in his time; the Duke of Edinburgh in 1870, the Prince of Wales in 1875, and his sons in 1882.

A number of bungalows have been erected here for the accommodation of the distinguished travellers and the suite. H.E. the Governor and a number of English visitors are here also, some in bungalows, and others camping out in the jungle surrounding the kraal, which is situated in a somewhat retired part of the forest, the road to it having been made but a little while ago.

The native chiefs of the Sabaragomuwa district have organised the drive, which they carry out with great energy, feeding and directing about two thousand beaters, and keeping watch day and night with them in the forest. By gradually narrowing the circle of the drive, shouting and waving torches, they force the wild elephants, as soon as they have been encompassed, nearer and nearer to the kraal. The drive began as much as two months ago, and has been carried out according to a fixed plan; elephants which were too restless and interfered with the prospects of success were even allowed to escape through the line of beaters. The rest, in a vague state of alarm and indefinite expectation, instinctively hide themselves from the eye of man, and yet, while foreseeing danger, are not able to escape. The Singhalese are very expert in executing their plans, studying the habits and character of the elephants.

Time after time the elephants were driven up to the enclosure, only to break away again, until February 7 (19), when at last the remaining elephants were brought up close to the kraal, several Europeans joining the beaters. Twice the frightened beasts rushed back at them, but were stopped. One or two of the English gentlemen, however, not being as active as the natives in escaping from the infuriated elephants, ran great danger of being trampled down, one of them falling right at the feet of a big brute, which, however, was too much alarmed to observe him.

At last, after much shouting and firing of guns, the herd was driven into the massively-built stockade, beams were dropped across the entrance and firmly secured, and it was found that nine elephants had been caught. The animals then rushed from one side of the enclosure to the other, attempting to break through, but were driven back by the beaters, who carried long iron-pointed staves, until at last the herd seemed to grow tired and cowed. The Imperial visitors watched the scene from the grand stand with great interest.

On the following morning the noosing of the captured elephants took place. Six tame elephants were let into the kraal, the chief Molemure Ratemahatmeya being mounted on the largest. These elephants began breaking down the trees and clearing away the undergrowth, alarming the captives, who rushed wildly about, striving to escape. Then the noosing commenced. Three parties of noosers went in mounted on elephants and carrying nooses of hide called *madu*, one end being fixed to the neck of the tame elephant, while the noose-end is slipped over the hind leg of the elephant to be captured. The chief Molemure noosed the most dangerous elephant in the enclosure with remarkable skill and rapidity. One by one the enormous beasts were tied up, until the whole nine were noosed.

On February 8 (20) the Imperial party returned to Colombo and went on board the *Pamiat Azova*. The Grand Dukes do not part until the 12th, when the *Tamara* starts for Tuticorin.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE *Pamiat Azova* and the *Vladimir Monomakh* steam over the wide expanse of the southern seas towards Singapore, towards the 'Gates of the Sun,' the *Solis Portus* of Ptolemy, towards Malacca the golden, the Ophir of the ancients.

As day follows day, and as one looks back more and more rarely on all that has been seen and left behind, the spirit, refreshed by rest, experiences a new access of strength. Now, in reality, we are not hastening to foreign lands, but home; for, paradoxical as it may seem, to the heart of every Russian, and especially of the officers of our Imperial navy, the dread and mighty Pacific must be, metaphorically, a second fatherland, since to them it represents their only open sea.

While the past, and at times very trying, journey carried one away into the realm of historical, political, and often very hypothetical thought, the coming scenes will doubtless supply impressions much more distinct and clear. This will also be a series of strange and interesting lands, but with more individuality than the colonial dominions of England in the East, and more closed against the destructive influence of Western civilisation than Egypt the patient, than the sad and helpless land of India and the little island of Ceylon. The truth of this will easily be seen if one only considers whither the *Pamiat Azova* is steering her way. It will no longer be necessary to drop anchor and wait at such indifferent points, void of all associations for a Russian mariner, as the cosmopolitan port of Suez, or the strictly commercial cities of Bombay and Colombo. Characteristic, sympathetic, sincerely hospitable shores await us beyond Singapore.

To visit Batavia, to set foot on Dutch territory under the equator, to see this Northern race, so well disposed towards us, and so full of care for the natives—is not all this a great pleasure? What Holland, that land of honesty and industry, was for us and for our development under Peter the Great is clear to every schoolboy in Russia. To approach the harbour of Batavia under the flag of the Cesarewitch, to answer salute by salute, and to appear in the bloom of our contemporary naval power before the descendants of the modest instructors of him who created modern Russia, is a bright historical incident, such as rarely comes to pass. I am sure that the Dutch will appreciate it.

The coming excursion into the depths of the island will also be of a more informal nature than our rapid and wearisome journeying through Her Majesty the Empress's domains. The very prospect of mounting to the summit of a real volcano makes one impatient to land on Java's shore. And then will follow Siam, almost quite unknown to the European world, with a civilisation of its own, and relatively strong in its political and economic independence as regards the West. King Chulalonkorn, it is said, is preparing with the warmest feeling to give his Imperial guest, and the Russian squadron in general, a reception of fabulous splendour. The land of the supposed 'white' elephant (which does not really exist, and perhaps never existed), must, of course, give plenty of material for notes and vivid descriptions. One waits impatiently for the welcome glint of the torrid bay of Siam, so little visited by ships from the West.

Our stay at Saigon, the base of French operations in the advance against important borderlands of China, will in its turn be marked by enthusiasm in the greeting of a friendly nation. For us Russians, who scarcely ever visit the distant lands of Asia to study the powers and the means of European colonists, a visit to the central point of the 'Indo-Chinese' empire governed from Paris, will be doubly instructive, doubly useful after seeing the British domains and patriarchally protected Java. This will be the more appropriate in that every figure, every vivid detail, every living fact, must and will lead us to reflect, in what a marked degree we Russians, as regards our prestige in Asia, voluntarily resign to every comer from Europe our historical part and our inherited mission as leaders of the East.

In such an abnormal state of affairs all the gain, as regards material prosperity, falls to the share of the representatives of Western principles—representatives foreign in spirit, and in reality hateful to those peoples of an ancient type on whom they have forced themselves by means of their cannon. Burmah, Cambodia, and Annam are no more; Siam is on the eve of dangerous external catastrophes; Japan is on the threshold of terrible internal dissensions; China alone, standing guard over its own, and unconsciously over Russian, interests, holds its ground with the wisdom of the serpent, gathers its forces against the foe from beyond the seas, and anxiously glances towards the silent North, where is situated the only State from which the Celestial Empire, educated in autocratic principles, can expect moral support, disinterested assistance, and a practical alliance based on community of interests.

This northern land of mist, forest, and ice, the extreme east of Siberia, opened up by Khabaroff, and other bold pioneers like him, the land re-united to Russia by the genius of Mooravioff-Amoorsky—is still a realm of primitive quiet, of deepest stillness and stagnation. It is only with the end of the century, with the opening up of new ways of communication with our eastern coast, that a new era with all its unforeseen consequences may begin. Meanwhile the land bears the stamp of something unformed and sad, like the life of its original settlers. All the more attention and unprejudiced judgment, then, is required of any one who would draw a parallel between the lands of the Pacific south now opening out before us, with the emerald island of Java, the inexhaustible natural riches of the Indo-Chinese soil, the self-confident vitality of the Celestial Empire, and the marshes and retired nooks, the boundless desert borders, of the country whose mission, in spite of all this, is to be a source of light for the neighbouring expanse, with its countless population.

The tiny kingdom of Holland holds sway in Asia over more than thirty million human beings (and that, too, at the equator, in an earthly paradise), while in the third part of the same continent the most important Power in it cannot reckon up one-half the number.

European colonisers, though not without envy and enmity, have shared among them the best coast-districts of these lands. Towns of such universal commercial importance as Hong-Kong and Singapore are the most eloquent witnesses to the indefatigable enterprise of Europeans amidst the prevailing Asiatic torpor. But while drawing the juices out of this gigantic continent, and, wherever possible, holding hundreds of millions in a state of economic slavery, do the pioneers of civilisation hope for final success? Holding on to the brink and ledges of a precipice, are they not in a state of constant alarm, lest the stones should give way and hurl them into the abyss? When the whole East awakes, as it will sooner or later: when it realises its mighty power and determines to speak its mind, then threats, violence, and superficial victories will not remedy the internal discord. This is why it is Russia's part to grow in power unobserved amidst the wastes and deserts of the North in expectation of the conflict between two worlds, in which the decision will depend on neither of them.

The idea of invading a complex foreign life, of using Asia as a tool for the advancement of the selfish interests of modern, so-called civilised, mankind, was repugnant to us. For more than two hundred years we have remained at home; for our natural union with Turkestan and the region of the Amur cannot be regarded as political annexations. We have remained at home with our traditional carelessness and indolence, while the Pacific has become the arena of Western European advance against a native world with an ancient political constitution and an undoubted civilisation of its own.

The results are patent. The strangers have dethroned and oppressed the East. Coming here to live and make money, they do not find a home. (But any Asiatic borderland soon becomes a home for a Russian.) The natives are not brothers in humanity to them; for them the land is one of voluntary exile, and the people are considered as miserable and inferior beings. The latter gradually realise the meaning of these outrageous views, and repay their 'masters' with intense hatred. But where and how are they to find protection and a bulwark against the foreign foe?

But the mythologising spirit is still alive amongst them. The more actively Europe presses on Asia, the brighter becomes the name of the White Tsar in popular report and tradition.

On the western shores of the Pacific a most interesting study will be afforded by the varied forms of development of culture and civilisation. How insignificant apparently, yet how marked in reality, is the spiritual difference between the half-savage inhabitants of the Indo-Malayan Archipelago and our Asiatic subjects in their almost prehistoric surroundings, on the one hand, and the Mussulman Javanese, on the other.

To come again into contact in these vast regions with the religion of India, transplanted into circumstances quite foreign to it, and yet firmly rooted among them; to find again among their objects of worship her spiritualised art (in monuments and idols, and to some extent in painting and garments)—does not the proper recognition of these facts help to make one of the most delightful though complex tasks for the mind, for æsthetic appreciation, for direct apprehension of the truth that the power of feeling and faith is beyond the laws of time and space, and, wheresoever it may be, exercises its creative virtues, building too, upon a rock and not upon the sand? Were it otherwise, would prosaic Japan adorn with most precious varnishes and bronzes many beautifully finished Buddhist temples? Would she despatch from age to age naval expeditions to the secluded land of Corea, which flourished several centuries ago, and

received real enlightenment under the influence of Sanscrit civilisation, coming to it from far-off lands in the shape of Buddhist learning?

The religious correlations existing in the ancient and mediæval East as yet remain somewhat undefined from a European point of view, but the very fact of their continuous existence and influence on the course of historical events seems to me immeasurably more important than the tedious details composing the European history we Russians study so carefully.

There, in half-despised Asia, peoples have always experienced the thrill of mystic impulse towards those spiritual heights of ritual and prayer, where, in the presence of the divine principles, all warring elements of nationalism and racial dissension are silent. There is an atmosphere of peace about many countries once torn asunder by internecine war, where from the altar of bloodless sacrifice the eyes of some sculptured or metallic Sakya Muni have looked mildly and mysteriously on the throng of worshippers.

Fragments of his statues, uninjured images of the princely sage and of the Brahministic divinities, vast deserted monasteries, with Indian shrines of marvellous architecture and bas-reliefs of rare beauty—all these are still to be found in Java, standing in solitary majesty, far away from the highways, testifying to the former glory of Hindostan, and to the typical *Drang nach Osten* that awoke in it. This is why in French Indo-China, on its undefined borders with Siam, one still may see the ruins of temples bearing the impression of the Gangetic pantheon on their stones. Epic heroes, fantastic creations of popular belief, abstract priestly symbols—every little peculiarity has been reproduced there in this faded land of Cambodia by the hand of some unknown sculptor or the fertile brain of some architect, obeyed and assisted by local kings. Idols of Buddha were brought, as something miraculous, to China from the south-west. Religion and knowledge, strengthening the ties of brotherhood between the nations, flowed thither from India. After all I have said to characterise, though dimly, her civilisation and history, the illumination of the Western shores of the Pacific by the soft light of her religious life and purest aspirations may perhaps make these lands of Eastern Asia even more sympathetic to the Russian heart. If we are to love and to acknowledge this continent as something akin to us in spirit and organically one with us, then our love should be extended to every little nook where the monarchist Asiatic finds in labour and penance an answer to those most burning questions of humanity: Why do we exist, and how shall we escape suffering?

The prospect of two meetings with our countrymen (at Singapore the squadron of Vice-Admiral Nazimoff awaits us, while at Han-Kow the colony of Russian tea-merchants will present itself) somewhat reconciles one to being absent from Russia until May. Besides hearty Java and exotic Siam, other lands along our route will breathe a friendly spirit, and not seem quite strange to us, since from childhood we have been accustomed to regard China and Japan (Saigon may be considered as part of China) as countries internally connected with us, and far more sympathetic, from a strictly Russian point of view, than haughty Western Europe. Our feelings towards them, without being of a very positive nature, at the same time speak for themselves as a sort of instinctive gravitation towards a firm and mutually advantageous friendship with the far East. Can we forget, for instance, that on those occasions when the Chinese mob has risen against the Europeans, Russians have been purposely spared and distinguished by the rioters from the 'foreign devils'? It is to be hoped, too, that the Japanese remember what Imperial navy it is that has never opened fire on their shores, and, considering it an unworthy line of conduct to

deal out vengeance for mysterious pseudo-political murders, has always faithfully adhered to its friendship with the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' to whose harbours it has paid such long and frequent visits, and where more than one Russian grave is to be found! The visit of the Russian Heir-Apparent to this most distant Eastern empire, which attempts to build in the spirit of modern civilisation on the ruins of its ancient patriarchal world, will correspond to the necessity of acknowledging before the whole Asiatic world the sincerity of our good feeling towards a monarch whose country is furthest from Europe, and whose people are strangely perturbed by too radical reforms.

The foreigners who have made a precarious home for themselves in Japan are deliberately sowing the seeds of suspicion and enmity towards Russia in that country. Educated on foreign lines, and in universities instilling a foreign culture, the native radicals assimilate the prejudices of the Westerner against the 'Colossus of the North,' and are apt to speak of us with superficial judgment, both in literature and in the press.

The proposed acquaintance of the Grand Duke with the best statesmen of Nippon; with its most ancient towns and monuments; with the principles of its primitive life and luminous antiquity, can only lead to good results and a deeper mutual understanding.

The wiser among the Japanese seem to see the danger of too unconditional a submission to foreign customs and foreign thought, along with the negation of the immemorial precepts of their native constitution and religion. The return to the national culture is probably a question of the near future for Japan. Indeed, the individuality of Asia and her eight or nine hundred million toiling, thinking, gifted inhabitants must, in the name of justice and rational progress, express itself soon with redoubled force.

The high degree of artistic, material, and, in some respects, also social culture attained by her people is one of the principal pledges of the possibility and desirability of this. The West is great within a certain region of activity, until it directs its superfluous energy towards self-destruction. To educate the East up to a complete assimilation of Christian principles in our European life is beyond its powers; while from beyond the seas to crush its stubborn hidden might is impossible. The only thing, then, is to regard this vast continent from a new and more humane point of view: Asia does not need the artificial inculcation of a baseless foreign culture, while the strong impulse towards the free development of her coasts has already been given, and does not need to be repeated.

MONDAY, *February* 18 (*March* 2), 1891.

It is a hot, misty morning, with rain pouring down in a slanting shower. Fitful gusts of wind lash the sea into a whirling mass of foam and pale blue water. The flashes of soundless salutes are noticed in the grey gloom of the distance; the first greeting of our Pacific squadron on the threshold of the farther East.

After a six-days' voyage of sixteen hundred miles from the radiant shores of Ceylon, we are again close to land that, with its luring charm, gradually invests itself in eloquently original colours. This seems to be all the more the case, inasmuch as that through the surrounding curtain of mist one may catch glimpses of beams of golden light and the soft, indistinct outlines of heaving foliage.

The *Pamiat Azova* and the *Vladimir Monomakh* pass cape after cape and island after island, of the most various shapes and sizes, and steam through an endless narrow sound, where, through

the dense vegetation that clothes all around, one may discern the faint blue heights of the mainland of Malacca, the yellow flat-topped hills of Sumatra—a world in itself—or the lonely peaks of some range all overgrown with velvety verdure; while beneath us lies the hidden realm of the corals, the architects of the islands round us.

At a comparatively recent epoch every yard of ground here was haunted by the Malay pirates, who levied blackmail on unwary or timid mariners. In pursuit of fame the daring sons of the native princes often led them on in their expeditions and their attacks on foreign merchantmen. The enterprising 'vikings of the tropics,' the olive-tinted Varangers of Asia, laid down their arms, or rather, were partly subdued only when Europeans began to appear more frequently, and finally settled here in the nineteenth century. With the introduction of steam it became impossible for pirate proas to exist in these bays and seas.

If the pirates kept up a long-continued struggle with the march of civilisation, it was owing to the liberal mercantile views of the British, for the merchants of Singapore were only too willing to supply these dusky freebooters with powder and arms.

Undoubtedly the Chinese, the Hindus, and the Javanese were acquainted with these lands even in ancient times. But it was comparatively lately that their shores came within the sphere of real history. It was only about the end of our Middle Ages that the Malays, in the course of their national development, succeeded in driving inland the aborigines; cannibals of an inferior negroid race; savages of a Melanesian type and mode of life. By a curious freak of destiny it was no Englishman or Dutchman who devoted himself to a special and scientific study of them, but a Russian, Miklukha Maklai.

It is between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning.

Now that the weather is somewhat clearer, the straits through which we are approaching Singapore seem more like a very broad river than an ocean sound. It is said to be one of the calmest. No hurricanes ever pass over it. The excellent landing-places, and the convenient anchorage in the roadstead for the gigantic men-of-war, do credit to the far-seeing choice of the British, who founded a city among these miasma-haunted jungles on the high-road of intercommunication between nations of the most opposite character. Native centres of some political importance arose in this district at earlier epochs, but did not exist long. It was only the Western element, with its broad views and rationally directed energy, that could here succeed better than any other.

The pioneers of the East India Company in the equatorial East did not see at first what the southern extremity of the Malacca peninsula was to become in experienced hands. England was in search of an advantageous base in these seas, and could not decide where to settle finally and permanently, even at great expense. In the beginning of the present century the loss of Java, taken unaccountably by the British from a weaker foe, and afterwards returned to the Dutch by the decision of the other European Powers, led the English to select the waste of Singapore (with its ruins of an Indo-Javanese character in the jungle, bearing witness to the former civilisation of a temporary population) as a basis for colonisation in a new region.

The chains of islands on our right and left, and also behind us, begin to appear like a continuous mainland coast.

The burning sky overhead is ablaze with the vertical rays of the sun. The emerald border of the shore seems to float toward us, with its trees positively creeping down the limestone

rocks to the bright sand at the very water's edge. The sea is gradually calming down after the roughness of the morning, losing its pale leaden glint, and in places showing silver traces of a mirror-like surface. Here and there on some steep cliff a native conical-roofed hut, built on piles, appears above the peaceful valleys.

Soft, delicate colours meet the eye. The sun seems to play with them in the temple of Nature, but it is painful at times to look upon the water, so bright are the beams that shine in a blaze of golden light above the transparent deep.

The earth here is always decked out in holiday raiment. Heaven has not been sparing of its gifts. Yet, judging by report, Batavia, Buitenzorg and the banks of Menam will smile on us with even greater loveliness!

Three of our men-of-war await the arrival of the Cesarewitch: the armoured cruiser *Admiral Nakhimoff* and two gunboats of the Siberian fleet—the *Manjur* and the *Koreyets*.

There is something homelike and familiar in their very names, though there is nothing to connect the image of the fallen hero with our vaguely-felt interests in the Russo-Chinese East. And what a sympathetic idea it is, in naming the two vessels, the defenders of the Amur coast and of the honour of the Empire on our remotest borders, to make them representatives, as it were, of the two countries, with the lot of whose population our destiny and predominance in these awaking lands is to some extent bound up. The Siberians have come to this scorching and unfamiliar tropical world to welcome the Son of their Sovereign!

The commander of the squadron, Vice-Admiral P. N. Nazimoff, an officer of great experience, will here replace Rear-Admiral V. G. Bassargin, who leaves the *Pamiat Azova* to hoist his flag on the *Vladimir Monomakh*.

In the harbour we find the Siamese cruiser *Mongkut-Rajkumar*, specially despatched from Bangkok to meet the Cesarewitch. While we were yet in Ceylon, Prince Bariatinsky received a letter from Mr. Vyvodtseff, our consul at Singapore, concerning the reports spread by the English that cholera was raging in Siam, and that it would be dangerous to go there. On this account the Grand Duke's route came near to undergoing an essential change. But having received timely notice of this, the Siamese Chargé d'Affaires at the German court informed St. Petersburg that the epidemic was a fiction.

Information received from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and then local and more reliable news, very soon showed the possibility of visiting the fabulous kingdom on the Menam. Under less favourable circumstances we might perhaps not have had even a glimpse of it.

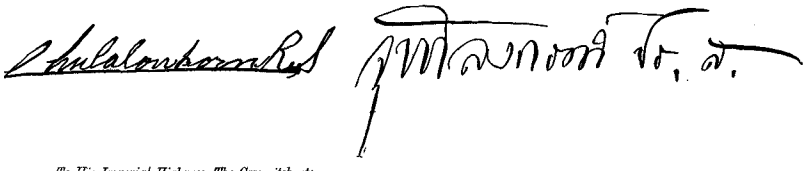
King Chulalonkorn commissioned his brother, Krom Mun-Damrong Rajanuphab, to wait on the above-mentioned cruiser for the arrival of the *Pamiat Azova*, and deliver in person to the Grand Duke the following invitation, written in English:—

GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, 18*th February* 1891.

YOUR IMPERIAL HIGHNESS,—On Your Imperial Highness's arrival at Singapore, You will be met by My beloved brother, Krom Mun-Damrong Rajanuphab, whom I have deputed on My ship, the *Mongkut-Rajkumar*, to welcome Your Imperial Highness in My name, on approaching My country. He will be the interpreter of the feelings which animate Me and My House towards the August Imperial House of Russia, the noble scion of which, for the first time in the History of Siam, visits these shores.

I trust that Your Imperial Highness, in listening to what he will say in My name, will gather therefrom new proofs of the esteem and friendship in which I hold the Imperial House under whose mighty sway the noble Russian people live; gather therefrom proofs also of the unfeigned joy and pride I and My House feel in seeing Your Imperial Highness coming to My country.—I remain, Your Imperial Highness's Great and Good Friend,

CHULALONKORN, R.S.



To His Imperial Highness, The Cvarwitch, etc.

The Cesarewitch, having given Prince Damrong a very friendly reception, answered this invitation (also in English) in expressions as cordial, promising to visit Bangkok after leaving Java. 'The feelings expressed by Your Majesty,' wrote the Grand Duke to the King, 'will never be forgotten by me.' The *Koreyets* was at the same time commissioned to escort the *Mongkut-Rajkumar* on its way back.

TUESDAY, *February* 19 (*March* 3).

Yesterday, having received Admiral Nazimoff, the commanders of the three vessels of the Siberian flotilla, the Russian consul, and afterwards the Governor of the Straits Settlements, Sir Cecil Clementi Smith, and suite, as well as Major-General Sir Charles Warren, commander of the troops, in the afternoon H.I. Highness returned the visit of the king's brother, and honoured the cruiser *Admiral Nakhimoff*, the *Manjur* and the *Koreyets*, with short visits.

To-day a very brief official visit will be paid on shore about four o'clock, this becoming known in Singapore only yesterday. To provide as effective a reception as possible, the municipal authorities, represented by the Shipping Office, hastily decorated Johnstone's Pier, on which the members of the local administration were gathered, along with a guard of honour furnished by the Northamptonshire Regiment.

From the quay onwards, along the way to Government House, across Cavanagh Bridge and along the broad Esplanade, there are numerous flags, Greek among others. Sikh, Malay, and Chinese policemen keep back an enormous crowd of spectators of the most different races, who have gathered to see the illustrious guest from the North. Whom does one not see here? There seems to be good reason for the statement that no less than twenty-five nations meet at this great market of the world. Owing to exceptionally favourable circumstances (a most advantageous geographical position and a *porto-franco*) the children of the Celestial Empire meet in the Straits of Malacca with the aborigines (of very mixed origin), Africans, Persians, and Arabs, with Singhalese and Parsees, with the natives of Bengal and of Southern India (there is an especially large and increasing number of so-called Klings—long-haired Mohammedans from the Coromandel coast), with Annamese, Siamese, and Burmese. Wealthy Armenians, Europeans—among whom there is a very perceptible number of Germans, who are regarded with but little

favour by the British beyond the seas—Australians and Americans are to be seen side by side in the balconies and verandahs above the humming native crowd.

The first shot of the customary salute has just been fired, on the Cesarewitch's steam-launch leaving the *Pamiat Azova*. The roar of the guns still continues. Fort Canning on the Singapore shore does its share in the firing. The Governor in full uniform, wearing the insignia of the order of St. Michael and St. George, Major-General Warren, and the Russian consul receive the illustrious travellers at the entrance of the marquee erected on Johnstone's Pier. The strains of the Russian anthem fill the air. The Grand Duke and Prince George proceed through the decorated streets to Government House, which is situated a short distance from the commercial city, amidst a pleasant park.

RECEPTION AT SINGAPORE.

This latter is one of the most brilliant illustrations of the amazing skill and good fortune with which Great Britain makes use of other people's property, while other nations are either in a state of political lethargy, or do not venture to raise their standard in places where the rights of the natives are not sufficiently defined.

The comparatively powerful States of Asia did not think, while rival colonising States of the West simply did not attempt, to create here for themselves a stronghold and a harbour on an island belonging to a peaceable local sultan. The British found an ingenious method for escaping from the magic circle: having decided on Singapore—this region having been carefully studied by

their best seamen—they purchased it, not from its actual owner, who probably would not have surrendered it of his own free will, but from a Malayan prince, whose claim to the ground was but doubtful. It was thus left to the natives themselves to settle the fruitless dispute as to its lawful owner—a dispute the more vain in that the seller was far stronger than the sufferer by this clever combination.

As long ago as 1511 the Portuguese took the flourishing Malay town of Malacca by storm, afterwards settling in it, while later the attentive Dutch were fully aware of the importance of holding the Straits of Malacca, this second Bosphorus. But neither the one nor the other was especially successful. The French, whose soaring plans date from the seventeenth century, instituted military and diplomatic relations with Indo-China, but did not remark what lay nearer, on their very way, forming a necessary link for further advance in the East. Apparently slow, the East India Company, thanks to the good advice of such pioneers of British advance as Ross, Crawford, and Farquhar, thought differently, and, little by little, took possession of the most important and strategically most convenient points on the threshold of the Pacific Ocean.

When, exactly seventy-two years ago, the wise governor of British Java, Sir Stamford Raffles, after its loss by his countrymen, founded a new factory here among the lowly dwellings of the native fishermen, scarcely any one hoped that the population would annually increase by tens of thousands, and that the rapidly developing capital of a complete little world would soon arise amidst the forests and the marshes.

Its growth and importance took shape suddenly. In Singapore, and in the Straits Settlements, that are so closely bound up with it, England at once gained a fresh source of enormous revenue (partly potential, it is true, until the development of the inexhaustible natural wealth of the neighbouring peninsula, whence the 'sons of the sea' appear not unwilling to oust Siam), and a splendid coaling-station, which, in time of war, would enable the English fleet constantly to renovate itself, and to be the terror of the southern and the eastern shores of Asia, while other Powers are deprived of any such advantage.

There are good docks and ship-yards in Singapore, workshops with all the appliances for the repair of ships of all possible kinds, inexhaustible supplies of coal and other materials. The trade of this little colony amounts to forty-six million pounds per annum, of which two-thirds at least falls to the share of the town. The import (especially from Great Britain and her dependencies) is perceptibly in excess of the export. The commercial life of the colony increases daily. As many as 4000 vessels, with a tonnage of 6,000,000 (the majority, of course, under the British flag), and thousands of gaudy Chinese junks and long Malayan proas besides, now visit the harbour of Singapore. Here one may even see such rare flags as that of Johore, a neighbouring Malayan principality, and that of Sarawak.

The population of Singapore, once a mere handful of 150 souls, has now reached 180,000. The population of all the Straits Settlements is nearly three times as great. Their finances are in a very satisfactory state. Excellent roads, constructed chiefly by convicts from India (Thugs), run through the island. The dense fever-haunted jungles are being cleared, the miasma-breeding pools and marshes are being drained. Beautiful villas now stand far away from the shore, where formerly both fevers and wild beasts were to be feared. Large sums are expended on the fortification of the city.

Having spent a quarter of an hour at the Governor's, their Highnesses, greeted with cheers

from the English men-of-war, the *Caroline* and the *Plover*, return in their steam-launch to the squadron, directly to the cruiser *Admiral Nakhimoff*, where the Cesarewitch dines in the ward-room. The great frigate, with its remarkably friendly and cordial staff of officers, gains all one's sympathies at once. The conversation at dinner soon gives way to enthusiastic toasts, as the officers drink the health of the Grand Duke.

The evening winds up with theatricals, two farces of a popular character being acted. The band plays between the acts.

The *Admiral Nakhimoff* belongs to a type of ironclad of which we should long ago have had more on the eastern coasts of Asia, where our boundless prestige on land stands in need of naval support. To judge by their irritated tone, the Singapore newspapers are dissatisfied with the presence in the harbour of 'such immense monsters' under the Russian flag. Of the cruiser on which we now are, the local press speaks more in detail, remarking that it is very similar in size, shape, and armament to its English cousin, the *Imperieuse*, of which the fleet of H.M. Queen Victoria is justly proud.

The officers of the *Admiral Nakhimoff* themselves man the cutter in which the Cesarewitch is rowed on board the *Pamiat Azova* after this memorable and animated evening.

WEDNESDAY, *February* 20 (*March* 4).

In spite of the gloomy weather (it is our last day at Singapore) the Cesarewitch and Prince George land incognito for a drive in one-horse *gharis*, little carriages drawn by brisk but very obstinate native ponies. The drivers (Malays or Klings) are deservedly noted for their skill.

We rapidly drive past an ethnographical and natural history museum (in Batavia we shall see a fuller collection of the objects of interest belonging to the Indo-Malayan world); past a museum which no one seems to visit but Chinamen with their families; past the monument of Sir Stamford Raffles, the founder of the colony; and past a bronze elephant on a somewhat lofty pedestal bearing inscriptions in four languages, the whole being a memorial of the King of Siam's visit to the Straits Settlements.

His dominions on the peninsula of Malacca, rich in mineral wealth, border on those of the British, and in their opinion are disputable at many points where it would be advantageous for the colony to gain a firmer footing, and extract more from the depths of this fertile wooded land, almost untouched by man. Chinese emigrants, with spade and axe, penetrate (partly under the protection of the British) deeper and deeper into the land; their influence as yet is to some extent beneficial.

A hundred years ago handsome Captain Light of the East India Company's service, who married the daughter of the Malay sultan of Quedah, receiving a portion of the jungle as her dowry, loaded a cannon with dollars and fired them into the jungle, to incite the natives to clear the virgin forest in their search for the precious coins. The sons of the Celestial Empire have been wise enough to understand the use of energetically working at this task, the more so that the land contains inexhaustible stores of tin, while not uncommonly gold, and latterly silver too, has been met with.

The indigenous population looks with indifference on the exploitation of their native land by strangers, though a certain amount of religious and racial antagonism naturally exists between the local Mohammedans and the yellow-skinned pagans. This is not without its

advantages for the British, as otherwise the Chinese would but too rapidly grow powerful, even politically.

Even as it is, Singapore in reality is not a European city, but the vanguard of Eastern Asia, which in a short time and in a peaceful manner made its way within the confines of this European colony and gained a firm footing in it. By this time it has become quite impossible to get rid of the Chinese: they are gradually absorbing all trade and industry, are becoming necessary to those around them, are capable, when they please, of forming a State within the State. Amongst them, according to the place of their birth (in one or another of the colossal and differing provinces of the Celestial Empire), regular well-organised societies spring up, in which the mysterious union of separate individuals into a solid body opposed to the outer world leaves nothing to be desired as regards the struggle against obstacles and for material success.

Under such favourable circumstances, even beggars sometimes grow rich without any especial trouble, and try to return to their native China.

The momentous power of these societies would be a standing terror to the indigenous population and the colonists, were not these gigantic brotherhoods at enmity with one another; for they are even said to have their hired bravoes, always prepared for a fight with their rivals.

Naturally a time will come when the instincts of the race will get the upper hand of the causes of these dissensions, and then the question will be how to subdue this hard-working yet inimical foreign mob; unless indeed the Malays are furnished with arms!

How great is the Chinese inflow is shown by the figures for last year, when 127,936 souls—only 5542 being women—came hither from China. Clearly such a mass of unmarried men must give but negative results as far as morality is concerned. At the same time it is difficult as yet to increase the immigration of Chinese women (excepting through the Portuguese port of Macao). Even of the emigrants from India, barely one-quarter arrives here accompanied by women!

The British have very prudently appointed in Singapore a special 'protector' for the Chinese. Among the men best prepared for this post the Chinese scholar Dennis was found to be the most fitted. His leisure hours he devoted to a thorough study of the multitudinous myths and fables of the people committed to his charge, the result of which was his work, *The Folklore of China*.

Many of the Chinese here manage to amass considerable riches, and attain to a certain social position. They have their representative in the legislative council of the colony. Beggars yesterday, rich men to-day, they settle in handsome country-houses with fanciful gardens, drive out in elegant carriages, smoke expensive cigars, and exhibit other signs of wealth.

In the first half of this century an especially good position was attained by one such Singapore millionaire, Wampoa, who had risen from a state of extreme poverty, and by his own exertions succeeded in developing and educating himself according to European ideas. He is mentioned as an interesting type by several Russians who visited Singapore in those days. This talented and enterprising man intended visiting Kyakhta, Irkutsk, and Moscow. I do not know whether he succeeded in doing so, but, in any case, such a wish was very remarkable for a man who owed his prosperity to British colonial policy!

The visit of the illustrious travellers to the botanical garden (a few miles away from the

town) was a failure. A pouring shower of rain prevented us from leaving our little carriages. The reddish soil of the roads and paths became a liquid mass. We were obliged to drive back, and spend some time in two or three of the better shops in the Chinese quarter, amongst houses of an ultramarine tint, brilliant signs, and even more brilliant paper lanterns. Around us rare porcelain shone amongst vases and silk-embroidered screens, while articles of tortoise-shell, and trifles carved in ivory, lay in profusion near many a handsome example of carved ebony furniture.

At dawn of day on Thursday, the twenty-first of February, our squadron starts for Batavia, piloted by the *Lucifer*, kindly despatched by the Dutch Government.

Originally it had been proposed to make an excursion into the mainland near the island of Singapore, to the principality of Johore, which along with Perak (also on the Malaccan peninsula) had sent gifts to the Cesarewitch as tokens of greeting from the Malay people and the chiefs. But as the Sultan of Johore (now dangerously ill, and undergoing a curative treatment at Karlsbad), to whom the British have lately granted the title of Maharajah, is absent, it is decided not to visit his dominions.

This native State, once regarded as very powerful (in the sixteenth century it could muster as many as 100,000 warriors) is now comparatively insignificant, though beginning, as if to show an example to the other Malaccan centres, to give way before the advances of civilisation. Saw-mills are at work amidst the jungles of Johore, and a railway is projected for the exploitation of the natural riches of the country.

The voyage of the frigates to Java (six hundred miles) occupies about two days, during which, while crossing the equator, we receive the usual time-honoured visit from Neptune.

The beauty of the scenery by day and the luminous stillness of the Southern nights are remarkably soothing. The eye is enchanted with the blooming shores of the islands amongst which we sometimes thread our way, with their gorgeous vegetation, with the light-coloured trunks of their trees, which seem to select this particular tint (as Europeans do their white clothing) in this region of intense sunshine, this stifling native land of the brown-skinned races. In the distance, the foliage appears chaotically rent in its forms, without any clear, calm, definite outline, such as the sons of a more temperate climate are accustomed to see.

The dark and glistening broad-leaved foliage of the forest seems, on looking more intently at it, to show more and more distinctly a brick-red or a yellowish sheen. Its great reflective powers preserve it from the effects of the heat.

Here and there, on the mirror-like surface of some bay, one often catches a glimpse of the black or orange sail of a Malayan vessel, with its broad, clumsy stern, and its half-naked, muscular crew in blue shield-shaped hats. The smoke-grey surface of the sea, with its violet shadows, nestles up to the neighbouring islands, heaving calmly above the sleeping depths, in which lies a vanished continent, and in which volcanic forces are invisibly at work forming a new one.

The pale sky is often fringed with dark rain-clouds. Gloomy shadows course over the jungle and the waters. Let but a shower come, and all is full of life again, rejoicing in its renovation.

And the nights! What words can describe the constant phosphorescent glow on the stormy horizon. The silvery crests of the waves rise with a measured motion out of the

impenetrable gloom beneath it; furrows of sparks spread, like a diamond fan, in the wake of the frigate. The whole of the Milky Way seems to be reflected in the mysterious blue depths beneath us and above us, while in the distance the lightnings blaze and flash.

SATURDAY, *February* 23.

We have already passed the tall iron lighthouse on the left, which tells us Batavia is near. Floating pieces of timber appear more frequently upon the water. The freshness of the morning is beginning to pass away, and it is easy to foresee what heat awaits us when we land. The volcanoes of Java rise beyond it girdled with their robe of clouds, so that at times their summits seem to hang in mid-air.

At ten o'clock the squadron comes to anchor in the outer basin of the new artificial harbour of Tanjonk-Priok. A number of boats and steam-launches with bands of music surround the *Pamiat Azova*. Ladies wave their handkerchiefs. For the first time since we left Egypt we hear cordial shouts of greeting from the crowd gathered to meet us. One cannot but feel glad and light-hearted. It is evident that the Dutch are going to give us, not an official reception merely, but a sincere and hearty one. No wonder that in these regions a feeling of sympathy towards Russia has long maintained its ground! Those forces only have cause to dislike the Russians in the East, over whom, in their rude and insolent oppression of the native elements, our power, unifying the Asiatics, stands as an angel of vengeance.

Our consul, Jonkheer W. A. Band and Jonkheer A. Ploos v. Amstel, come on board in a steam-launch. After the customary salutes come the Governor-General of the Dutch colonies in Asia, Pynacker Hordyk, with his adjutants, accompanied by Vice-Admiral Ten Bosch and W. O. Gallois, general secretary to the Colonial Government.

About a quarter of an hour after they had called on the Cesarewitch, their Highnesses with their suite leave the squadron. The Dutch ships are decorated with flags. The yards are manned. Enthusiastic cheers thunder over the harbour as we approach the shore, of which it is time to say a few words.

In spite of the gigantic mass of books of travel published, notwithstanding the accessibility of late years of such lands as Java, and the growing interest in such exotic worlds, the reading public of Europe really knows very little of the past, and to some extent even of the present, of these trans-equatorial lands. Their history has not been fully investigated; the character of their inhabitants and their aims in life have not been elucidated, and the fragmentary nature of any information about them naturally causes the descriptions of tourists to present but a pale picture of the land. Of what can we speak with full knowledge when all around is mystery and doubt?

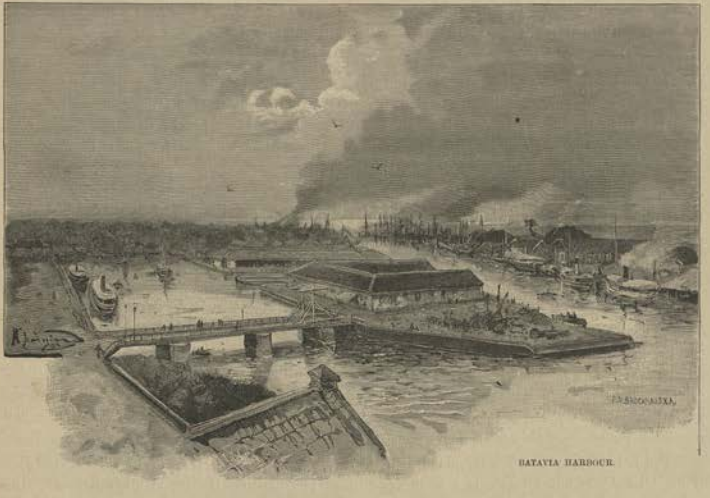
What, in the first place, is Dutch India, with its comparatively dense and tolerably homogeneous population (one, too, of a somewhat warlike and unruly character), if—almost without difficulty, and with far less fear for their safety than the English experience in India—a handful of European planters, with whom word agrees with deed, and sounding phrases about progress do not go hand in hand with violence, rule it in so satisfactory a fashion?

Why is it that these prosperous lands, which acknowledge the sovereignty of Holland, are experiencing in the development of their culture an increasing religious gravitation towards Islam and Mecca, though the fundamental principles of Javanese life and thought are closely connected with the influence exercised on them for ages by pagan India and the South of China?

What is the future which awaits this colony, with its extraordinary wealth, but politically inconvenient situation?

My diary for the week which we shall spend on this emerald isle will be devoted principally to an attempt to answer in a concise form such very natural questions, sometimes bestowing attention on details when the generalisation of several facts becomes necessary.

Three hundred years have not yet passed since the representatives of the Germanic race, following in the steps of the Portuguese, began to gain a footing in Java. It was only at the beginning of the seventeenth century that Pieter Both founded the factory of Batavia near the ancient native city of Jakatra ('the capital of victory'), on the Tjiliwong river. It was difficult at



BATAVIA HARBOUR.

first to foresee which European nation would oust the Portuguese colonists: the French, the Dutch, or the English. At that time the English were not even thinking of playing the principal part in the Eastern seas, and it was only at a considerably later period that, owing exclusively to the unpardonable blunders of the other Western nations, they gained this position.

Among prizes to be gained, the Indo-Malayan world was perhaps an even more tempting spoil for the British than the empire of the Moguls and its neighbours. In the seventeenth century, for instance, Madras was subordinate to the English colony in Java. Yet the Dutch government had energy and means enough to paralyse the influence of strangers here, and to become the governing class of the population.

During the last half-century the population of the island we have now reached has increased

five-fold, so that it may now be considered as one of the most populous in the world. Yet there is said to be land, and food enough to last the coming generation of natives a long time, that is, unless the Chinese arrive in their millions, as perhaps they may.

The great ocean that has such tempting little bits of land within its warm confines is the direct way for the superfluous population of the Celestial Empire! Yet our press talks of their invasion of Siberia, whither the refuse of an agricultural nation was and is driven only by extreme want; where only the Chinese merchant finds a field of action, but where no great inflow of yellow-skinned tillers of the soil can be expected with any degree of probability. Here, on the contrary, this must take place sooner or later by main force, when this crowded swarm of five hundred million human beings is obliged to seek for some economic outlet, some broader arena for evolution and the struggle for a future. Of a somewhat passive nature, with all its capacity, the Malayan race must then inevitably suffer in many respects.

The harbour of Batavia, which we are crossing, is of very modern origin. The mighty breakwater behind us, lying between the squadron we have just left and the shore, all covered with store-houses, the workshops, the railway running along the quay of the long basin filled with vessels of the most varying sizes—all this came into being but yesterday, and bears witness to the care of the authorities for raising the somewhat decreased importance of the port. An inconvenient roadstead, the gradual shoaling of the channel, in consequence of alluvial deposits, the rivalry of Singapore on this great commercial highway of the world, are some among the many reasons that caused the dilatory Dutch to assign the sum of £600,000 for the construction of the Tanjonk Priok port (in it present shape), which can hold seventy-five ships. As many as eight hundred and fifty come here annually, with a tonnage of 7,800,000; two-thirds of the cargoes come in steamers (besides four hundred and fifty Dutch steamers there are generally said to be one hundred and twenty-five English, twenty-five French, and latterly, several flying the Siamese flag); the rest is brought in sailing-vessels. In this latter class the Norwegian, German, and Italian flags are coming to the fore. Austria is beginning to exhibit some interest in the conditions of export to the possessions of the Dutch in Asia. Good work has been done by the exhibition lately organised in Amsterdam for the purpose of attracting men of science and merchants.

Until 1825 the Dutch Government jealously guarded the exclusive right of its subjects to trade with Java, but afterwards saw the advantage of admitting traders of other nations. The masters of the land have monopolised only the coasting trade, which it has left, moreover, almost completely in the hands of the natives. The authorities exercise a strict supervision over the import of opium, firearms, and gunpowder.

The export of objects of archæological interest is forbidden, a fact which does not prevent them, however, from finding their way into foreign museums. Thus, for instance, not only the Ethnographical Museum in Berlin, but our own Academical Museum in St. Petersburg also, possess specimens of Javanese antiquities belonging to the Indian epoch. They were sent to St. Petersburg as a present by a wealthy Dutch planter—Mr. Stürler.

The exports from Java consist principally of indigo, coffee, sugar, tobacco, tea, birds'-nests, buffalo-hides, nutmegs, gutta-percha, pepper (both black and white), wax, rice, and sago. The imports consist of a great multitude of European manufactured articles, articles both of the first necessity and of luxury. Among other things, an immense quantity of silks and different woven

fabrics finds its way into the interior of the island. Almost all the trade there is in the hands of Arabs, Indian Mohammedans, and Chinamen, the lion's share, perhaps, being the lot of the latter. The Javanese have now grown apathetic, and allow other races, both indigenous and foreign, to take advantage of them. In former days (in the seventeenth century, for instance) the Chinese were not permitted to extend their commercial operations too far; but afterwards the pioneers of yellow civilisation were regarded with more leniency. They gather more and more closely into very united and powerful secret societies, and gradually appropriate trade after trade. Now the best joiners, masons, smiths, painters, shoemakers, and watchmakers in the archipelago are of Chinese origin. The day will come when they will exhibit their power in all things; yet there was a time when the natives themselves were inferior to none as skilful artisans, showed no ordinary capacities for trade, were able to develop independently, and even to influence their neighbours!

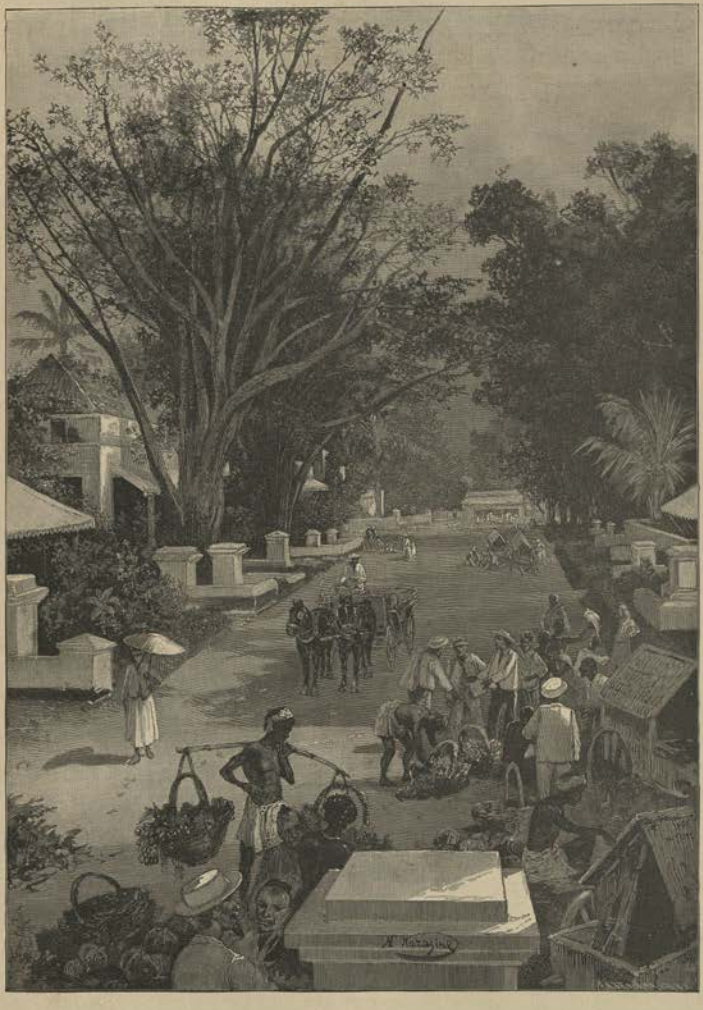
CHAPTER XXVII

RIGHT before us lies the decorated landing-place of Tanjonk Priok. It is all covered with wreaths, plants, and flags (Russian, Greek, and Dutch). Thousands of spectators of the most various nationalities crowd around, kept back with difficulty by the Javanese police. The curiosity and enthusiasm of those who have come thither from afar are so great that the throng threatens to break through the line of guards along the path leading to the railway station. On landing, amidst the strains of the Russian national anthem, the Cesarewitch is received by the Governor-General and the vice-president of his council, Mr. Van der Wijk, the commander-in-chief of the Dutch army in Asia, Lieutenant-General Van Zijll de Yong, by the admiral who presented himself this morning, by M. Van Bosse, chief of the local Board of Works, M. Metman, D.L., governor of Batavia and its district, Captain Barnaart, chief of the port, and Colonel Resner of the Engineers, appointed to be near the person of His Imperial Highness.

At the landing-place, where an open marquee has been pitched, the customary introductions to the illustrious travellers take place. Next comes the journey from the port to the town itself, which lies some seven miles away. When the engine has already begun to move, a crowd of people (many of them Europeans) break through the line of guards and flood the station. The Dutch, phlegmatic though they be, greet their Imperial guest with cheers.

We journey along the banks of a muddy canal, through a country which unites the characteristics of a forest, a retired village, and the suburb of a great city. The capital of Java is spread over a great area amidst an overpowering wealth of tropical vegetation, so that one cannot tell what is inhabited ground or what is the real impenetrable jungle. The carriages run along a slight incline, among bananas, banyans, gigantic cactuses, and cocoa-nut palms. Yet around us lies Batavia, with its separate and quiet yet animated quarters, with groups of houses hidden among the trees, with its past of a mystic, sanguinary, and legendary character.

The history of this island, almost equal in area to England, begins far back in the darkness of the ages. Here every yard of ground has some myth attached to it, some vague tradition or some comparatively recent event, all of which live equally in the memory of the people. Of course the Javanese are far behind the natives of India as regards their relations with the human race at large, at different epochs and in different parts of Asia. But this little spot on the globe also



STREET IN BATAVIA.

attracted, in long gone ages, the eyes of foreign mariners, conquerors, and missionaries. The island we are now visiting is not a primitive and secluded country, awakened to life only by the advent of the white man, but for ages has been a distinct and individual world, whence, as from a centre of light, much has been assimilated by the neighbouring lands of Sumatra, Borneo, Malacca, and others.

The position of Java was more or less known to Ptolemy. Before our era the Chinese and Hindus may have visited it for trading or for colonising purposes. Phœnician and Alexandrian merchants imported spices from it, and acquainted the West, however vaguely, with the character of the Malay Archipelago. They were followed by the Arabs, who first came into contact with the Malayan race in Madagascar and in the Red Sea. It was but natural for the early Mohammedans to penetrate to their home in the far South. The first European to visit it was Marco Polo, followed in the fourteenth century by the Venetian Nicolo Conti. It is very possible that the careless Portuguese would not soon have turned their attention to Java, had not a native heathen embassy from it come to their Asiatic colonies, praying for help against the excessive spread of Islam on the island. Regarding this as their hereditary foe, the Lusitanian warriors penetrated into lands unknown to them, beyond the equator, thus initiating the slow invasion by Europe of the strange and unknown life of the dusky millions inhabiting this corner of the earth.

Javanese tradition bears unanimous witness to the deeds of a hero named Saka, who in the first century of our era sowed the seeds of civilisation here, transplanted the forms of Indian life to the virgin soil of the Malayan world, untouched till then by any higher culture, since the influence of China was but insignificant, if it was felt here at all. For thirteen centuries the Brahmin-Buddhist world was in direct relations with the south-eastern archipelago, and in its creative activity in this rich and varied world left the native an inheritance of architecture and sculpture so wondrous in size and finish that India itself, on the whole, has not preserved anything to be compared with it historically or artistically. Alfred Russel Wallace, an authority on matters Javanese, says most truly that in the Middle Ages the indigenous population of the land expended immeasurably more skill and energy on the building, for instance, of the majestic 'city of temples,' Boro-budur, in the centre of the island, than the Egyptians on the building of the Pyramids. When, in later years, Islam in its turn took root amidst the Malays and gradually ousted paganism, no Vandal hand was raised against the objects of worship of the extinct creed. Men seemed to retire from them in awe or in superstitious fear, though continuing at intervals to offer honours all but divine to the crumbling and deserted temples, as to something supernatural. Indeed, nowhere in the world have any been found to compare with them in colossal architectural conception, combined with perfect execution. True, the Dutch, as early as the last century, accidentally discovered no small number of these remarkable ruins, but the practical colonists never thought of the importance and necessity of studying these monuments in a strictly scientific aspect. One must be an archæologist at heart to feel the right interest in them, to restore to these forgotten relics of a foreign civilisation, a foreign spiritual world, the charm which once was so justly theirs.

Sir Stamford Raffles, who for a short time governed Java, was the first to attempt a methodical investigation of the relics of Hinduism in these lands. It was only in 1845 that the Dutch Government fitted out an expedition for the reproduction of the grand ruins of Boro-budur in a whole series of photographs and engravings. Since that time more and more light has been

thrown on these monuments of antiquity, showing the West how great the East is in its religious creations. The most striking feature about the temples, and especially the bas-reliefs of a Buddhist type, is that the sculptured gods and symbols of a period now vanishing in this island are frequently the same as those still reverenced in the Himalayas, and beyond them in Thibet and Mongolia. I was once very much surprised, when visiting the Ethnographical Museum in Berlin, to see a Javanese Buddha exactly similar to one I had frequently seen among the Buriats of Siberia. The link between them is lost, the forms of Buddhism north of Java and south of the Lamaite centres are seen to have undergone a great change when compared with the traditional objects of reverence in these lands. It still remains an interesting historical problem, why on the heights of Nepaul the hands of the faithful should have erected symbolical objects of worship identical with those found at Boro-budur. It is evident, of course, that both here and in Central Asia the Hindu preachers and sculptors adhered to the same modes of thought in the spirit of the ancient principles of their faith. This relation between them is comprehensible to me on other grounds, too, though the hypothesis may perhaps strike many as somewhat too eccentric. The animal world of Java has more in common with the fauna of the mainland (Siam, Burmah, India, and the Himalayas) than with that of the neighbouring islands. Naturalists are of the opinion that Java was separated from Asia earlier than Sumatra or Borneo, for instance. The Thibeto-Mongolian forms of Buddhism of the present day are, in my opinion, far more primitive than those of other countries (such as Ceylon, Indo-China, the Celestial Empire, and Japan). They took shape in very remote antiquity, and were passed from land to land as long as the latter formed physically an undivided whole. In later ages the creed of Sakya Muni, in certain lands, was much simplified as to its outward form. By some chance its objects of worship may have been retained in their 'canonical purity' in Java, while consciously preserved at the same time in the heart of Asia.

At the present day the creed of the princely sage is to be found on this island almost exclusively among the Chinese, the Javanese themselves professing Islam. The latter imparts more national stability to the people along with a greater antipathy to the Christians. Had they retained their former views the Javanese would be easier to manage. The hidden city, through which we are now journeying, has long been peaceable, however, and in our days could scarcely give birth to a Nana Sahib, that is, to a character such as could still be plentifully produced by India. The history of Batavia in the eighteenth century is marked by one episode only of a romantic and even tragic character. It was long before the natives could bring themselves to swallow the idea that the Europeans were destined to be masters in the land. There was one who cherished an especial hatred against them—the half-breed son of a German adventurer from Westphalia and a Javanese woman. His name was Peter Elberfeld. The five elder brothers inherited the habits and views of their father; the youngest one, on the other hand, imbibed, from his very childhood, a strange patriotic spirit of a totally different character. Thus he lived on until nearly sixty years old, showing the greatest hostility towards everything of Western origin. At last he thought the time had come to cast off the foreign yoke. He organised a widespread conspiracy, in which some 30,000 men took part, even several Javanese princes, and secret preparations were made for the overthrow of the rule of the stranger. All the whites would have been put to death had it not been for an extraordinary accident. The sanguinary conspiracy failed owing to a pair of lovers. Elberfeld had a favourite and beautiful niece, whom he had educated as a native. She fell in love with a Dutch officer, and the young people determined to get married, whatever it might cost them. But, knowing

her uncle's enmity towards all foreigners, Mida (so the girl was called) waited for a fitting opportunity to make her confession to him. Her suspicions were accidentally aroused by midnight meetings taking place in his house. She followed up the threads of the conspiracy, and divulged her guardian's secret to her lover. The ringleaders were arrested, and suffered a cruel death. The native princes among them had their right hands cut off, and then were beheaded. Elberfeld was tied to the tails of four horses, and in this terrible way was torn to pieces. The girl who had saved the Dutch was looked on as an outcast, and the officer was forbidden to marry her.

That the rebels in Batavia were dealt with summarily is easy to understand, as we know what punishments fell to the share even of European members of the administration when there were grounds for suspecting them of separatism: one of the highest officials, for instance, was publicly broken on the wheel.

Elberfeld was executed in 1722. The Batavians have not yet forgotten the event, and are afraid of the spot where it took place, for it is looked on as accursed. The stern repression of the projected rising seems to have cured the natives for ever of any tendency to conspire. Explosions of hostility and unexpected bloodshed are inevitable from time to time, but do not threaten the Government with serious danger.

One o'clock. The station of Wèltevréden, the most aristocratic quarter of the capital of the island. The platform is handsomely decorated. The guard of honour with band and colours is furnished by the Ninth Battalion. The military and the civil authorities are present. The German and Austrian consul, the British, Belgian, American, Swiss, Danish, Siamese (a European) and Turkish (Rifki Effendi) consuls are also present. The office of the latter seems to have been instituted on account of the number of natives of Mecca who wander about the Malay Archipelago for the purposes of trading with the native Mohammedans, and inciting them to make pilgrimages to the holy city.

Among the officials and men of mark gathered to meet His Imperial Highness were Pruijs van der Hoeven, member of the Governor-General's council, along with his colleagues Bergsma, Kroesen and Groeneveld; Sibenius Triep and Specht Grijp, president and vice-president of the Hoog Gerechtshof (High Court of Justice); Generals Geij van Pittius, Van de Pol and Van der Eb; Rowers, manager of the colonial finances; the head of the department of education, creeds, and trade, Van der Kemp; Surgeon-General Rombach; M. Leverijn, manager of the Bank of Java; Baron Sweerts de Landas Wijborgh, one of the secretaries of the colonial government, and many others. The strains of the Russian anthem fill the air as the Cesarewitch inspects the guard.

All Batavia has flocked into the streets along which the illustrious travellers are to pass between lines of troops.

Their Highnesses take their places with the Governor-General in his carriage. The procession begins and ends with bodies of cavalry. The gaily-attired throng gives a hearty welcome to their Imperial guest and his travelling companions, a welcome as enthusiastic as that of Cairo.

It is not far from the railway station to the palace of the Batavian Resident, where rooms are prepared for the Cesarewitch. This is something to be grateful for, as the heat is becoming intolerable! Yet February is considered as one of the cooler months here.

A salute of twenty-one guns informs the city that the procession has arrived at its destination. At the entrance to the house the illustrious travellers are received by Mme. Pynacker Hordyk and Mme. Metman. The apartments of the guests of H.M. the Queen of the Nether-

lands are fitted up with the utmost comfort and refinement. Attention has been given even to such details as placing portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Russia on the writing-table in the Cesarewitch's study.

Soon after our arrival luncheon was served on the verandah of the Governor-General's splendid residence, a fine band playing in the garden. Then at last came an opportunity for rest.

Owing to want of room in the palace, the Russian suite had to be separated: those who, like myself, were accommodated at the Hotel Bellevue, had more opportunities of seeing Batavia than the others, and met with great attention. We were all, including the officers from our squadron, regarded as guests of the Queen. The only thing to be regretted was that here, as elsewhere, every minute of our time was already filled up; the curtain fell but too soon upon the phantasmagoria of the Javanese world.

Where should one begin one's description of the city, so unique in its originality and situation? An artist of the Impressionist school would be especially bewildered by its colouring. The attire of the natives, mainly of course of the women, is of all the hues of the rainbow. The scale of colours seems to be in direct connection with the tints of the vegetable world! Yellow and red predominate. The men wear fillets of divers colours about their heads. Their cotton and sometimes silken *sarongs*, neatly kilted about their waists, are also of the brilliant tints affected by the Malays. But to understand how these varied tints are produced and arranged one must know in what manner the material is dyed. A piece of cotton, for instance, is covered in certain places with wax, then dipped into some dye or other and dried; again it is covered with wax in other places, dipped into some other colour, and so forth. When conscientiously carried out, such a process requires much time, but produces a rich and variegated tissue with a shimmer like that of precious stones, or the windows of some mediæval Gothic cathedral.

Groups of such strangely-clad Javanese move noiselessly through the broad streets, more like the avenues of some gigantic park, where each European building stands within its own garden, and is buried in foliage. One's first impressions are so strange that one does not at first venture to enter the shops, as they also are within court-yards, and are more like stately villas than commercial establishments. One often knows of them only by a little sign-board at the gate.

Between the brown brick bridges over the Rijswyk and Molenvliet canals (in the aristocratic quarter of the town) natives perform their ablutions and wash their clothes. The two-wheeled equipages (*sadoo*, in which passengers sit back to back), harnessed with brisk ponies from the island of Sumatra, resemble the *tongas* of Central India. A tramway crosses the quays, on which the natives saunter. They are as dusky as the people of southern Italy, pleasant in face and well disciplined. Among them one may often see, in hat of straw, dark clothes, and cloth shoes, the self-confident figure of some Chinese merchant, before whom a porter carries some of his goods in the broiling heat. Sometimes in the streets one may see barefooted European children, and even women, in such light attire, adapted indeed to the climate, but somewhat too scanty from a Western point of view, that one is taken aback at first. Are not a chemise and a jacket too little, even beyond the equator? One of our naval officers, when in Batavia a few years ago, sent a description of what he had seen to his home in Finland: his aged parents felt somewhat hurt on reading this truthful epistle, believing that their son was playing on their credulity in describing a state of society which was quite unfit for a modest young man. Yet the matter is simple enough

if one only admits the Dutch point of view, that foreigners in the tropics should live as much like the natives as possible, even in the very details of their daily life and habits.

For a settler in the colonies to retain his old habits would mean senseless injury to himself. To wear oneself out in the observance of useless etiquette would be to fly into extremes. One should therefore pass one's time in exercise in the open air, without any fear of the sun, and without paying any attention to accidental visitors from the West. In this free and easy costume one may not only go about the day's work, but even receive near friends and go out shopping.

How very much has been written against the climate of the Malay Archipelago! For a long time its effect on Europeans was considered so deadly that those who went there (chiefly reckless adventurers) sailed for these beautiful tropic lands as to their death: and, indeed, but few ever returned to their homes with both health and riches. Clearly the evil fame of these lands was exaggerated, but it was only in later years that the colonists understood that the sickness and the mortality in their midst were caused almost solely by their mode of life, so unfitted for a hot, moist climate, by the weight of their clothes, by their food, and especially by their drink. When the causes of disease had been gradually eradicated, people began to look on Java and the neighbouring lands with different eyes. It appeared that in the tropics one might live long and pleasantly, without endangering one's health. A glance at the portraits of the colonists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in their heavy coats and wigs, makes it clear why Death carried off so many victims. Clothing and alcohol were the principal causes of this. Some emigrant, for instance, would pay a visit, clothed according to custom in a tight-fitting coat and a heavy hat, with sword and cane: a drinking-bout would commence at once, and his health would naturally begin to fail him at a very rapid rate. It is a matter of astonishment what iron constitutions the first colonisers of the Archipelago must have had!

EUROPEAN CHILDREN AND YOUNG LADIES IN BATAVIA.

On a nearer acquaintance with the life of the natives we see that the Dutch borrowed from them much that was sensible and useful, and adopted many of their customs, since which time the health of the European residents here is surrounded by more favourable conditions, perhaps, than in any other European colony. If the whites here were as fond of athletic sports as the English are, they would enjoy even better health. Here it is necessary to eat little, and not to quench one's thirst too frequently. Rice, game, vegetables, fruit, and, in general, articles of food containing little carbon, are good for the health here and preserve the internal organs, the muscular and the nervous systems, from disease. The Malays, Hindus, and Chinese, who have inhabited Java for ages, are physically strong, enduring, brisk, and long-lived. It is long before

the foreigner who follows their example, and strives to imitate their temperate mode of life, begins to suffer from anæmia, disorders of the blood, and irritability of the skin and the liver. People rise early here, making a breakfast of cold coffee with hot milk: work goes on best until the heat of the day begins, when a prolonged rest becomes necessary; in the evening a walk is very refreshing, as well as a pleasant hour or so in the company of one's friends. In the Dutch quarters, artesian wells supply the water, which was formerly obtained from the miasmatic marshes of the lowlands. In fact, at the present time there is less chance on this island of falling sick from anti-hygienic conditions than in Europe or America. The natives know remedies enough against malaria, and the Chinese physicians are successful in treating Europeans for such diseases as diphtheria. The medical organisation is good, and the deadliness of the air and the water, and the horrors of the epidemics which once raged here, are becoming matters of tradition.

In the long line of Dutch Governors of Java, perhaps the most important place belongs to Marshal Daendels, who ruled here at the beginning of the century. He was so energetic in introducing Western civilisation into the island, so imposing in the attitude he assumed towards the natives in the inexorable execution of his decisions, that to the native population, even now, after eighty years have gone by, he appears as a legendary being, the accounts of whom excite astonishment and awe in the hearers.

Nothing is supposed to have been impossible for this remarkable administrator. The following incident, for example, is related about him. A certain sultan, who had bound himself to sign some treaty or other with the Dutch Government, kept putting it off under various pretexts. Shut up in his castle, and surrounded by his faithful guards, he imagined that the marshal was powerless to do anything to him. Daendels, however, learning that there was a secret passage into the castle, determined to make use of it, though the inhabitants of the place surrounded the residence of their sovereign in a dense throng. Accompanied by a few soldiers, the marshal strode straight through the crowd, which made way for him in amazement, and passing through the subterraneous galleries, suddenly appeared in the palace of the sultan, who was triumphing in the idea that the powerful Governor-General could not reach him. Having terrified every one by the unexpectedness of his appearance within the walls of the stronghold, Daendels forced the Javanese prince to go with him to the Dutch camp. The prince's musicians went in front playing on their instruments, while the marshal followed them with his prisoner. The moral influence of a handful of white men thus crushed all hope that the disorderly opposition may have had of any effectual resistance!

It was this same Daendels who changed the appearance of a considerable portion of Java by the construction of excellent roads, and who did a great deal for Batavia in many respects. In the first place, he moved its chief parts further from the sea, did away with the useless entrenchments, cleared the dense jungle, haunted by wild beasts as well as by robbers, which lay between the different quarters of the town, and led the colonists to look on the former disposition of the city as a barbarous anachronism. The early Batavians wanted to make the principal factory a portion of their native Holland, in other words, to transplant their native life into an exotic soil. Here, however, it could not take root, though the idea of creating a second fatherland beyond the equator was long cherished far away in Holland. When the independence of the Netherlands was threatened by Louis XIV., certain bold citizens even dreamed of the whole nation emigrating to Batavia, so as not to submit to the King of France.

The splendid Wèltevréden quarter, with its palatial villas, is to a great extent grouped around the gigantic Konings-Plein, which occupies nearly two square miles of ground, surrounded by tamarind-trees. It is overgrown with grass, and cannot be called beautiful, though it is convenient as a preventive against any undue crowding of the buildings.

The only objects of interest in this plain, which lies next the Governor's residence, where accommodation was prepared for the Cesarewitch, are the so-called *montagnes russes*, which in Russia we call 'American hills,' and the municipal museum, containing the figure of an elephant on a pedestal, much like that in Singapore, and presented by the young King of Siam in memory of his visit to Java in 1871. The borders of this plain form the favourite evening promenade of the *élite* of Java.

SIAMESE MONUMENT IN BATAVIA.

There is also the Waterloo-Plein, with the stately town-hall and the statue of Governor-General Koen, who ruled here in the seventeenth century. Before nightfall their Highnesses and their suite survey this part of the capital of the island. Our Malay coachmen look very strange in their liveries and gold-laced hats, from under which project the ends of the crimson kerchief which forms the native headgear.

After a state dinner given by M. Pynacker Hordyk, the illustrious travellers proceed to the theatre, where an operetta called the *Sleeping Beauty* is performed. Amidst the strains of the Russian national anthem the audience gives the distinguished guests an enthusiastic greeting.

The piece is acted in English. It may be remarked that in the Dutch colonies in the East the Government itself encourages the study of languages: a knowledge of foreign languages (especially of French and German) is required of all those who occupy any position worth mentioning in the army or the civil service. It is true that there is a large number of foreigners in the service of the Crown: there are many Belgians and Swiss. No small number of the soldiers is recruited in Germany, but, to the great indignation of their countrymen at home, they get scarcely any promotion. Their pay is generous enough, a private receiving about two

shillings a day; but on account of the high prices of all imported articles, which are often articles of necessity, the mercenaries are rarely able to save anything of their pay.

During the whole of this day, full as it has been of new sights and impressions, I have been occupied principally with the not unimportant question, why it is that at every step here one sees the vanguard of the Celestial Empire, and what may be expected from such a peaceful invasion?

There are now about 500,000 Chinese in the Dutch East Indies. During a whole series of centuries they have become so acclimatised in Java, that they may look on it as being, in some degree, their second mother-country. Their marriages with native women, their knowledge of the native dialects, the advantages they derive from the apathy of the natives, their cleverness in pleasing the authorities whenever necessary—all these things bind the kinsmen of the Chinese nation firmly to the soil and to the life of the country. The Chinaman is ubiquitous on this island and in the neighbouring countries. He is mill-owner and land-owner, farmer and manager; now he appears as an architect, now as a money-lender, now as a mortgagee, a clerk, a cashier, printer, coachman, cook. In a word, whatever one may want, is supplied by members of this industrious race.

THEATRE IN BATAVIA.

The credit which a Chinaman may easily obtain enables any half-pauper member of this race to grow rich very rapidly, to extend his commercial operations indefatigably, to start his own carriage, gradually to gain the confidence of European merchants, to keep his books without any control, after the Chinese fashion and in Chinese characters. Then suddenly he declares himself bankrupt! There are generally no means of foreseeing the fall of such ephemeral firms, and of convicting them of fraud; but here people are so accustomed to such catastrophes, that they never interfere with the *modus vivendi* established between the whites and the Chinese. In the Dutch colonies the latter pay a special poll-tax, varying from four shillings to five pounds, and are subject to other taxes as well.

This half-foreign, half-native portion of the population is obliged to live in special quarters of the town, where it is ruled by Chinese officials, who bear the titles of major, captain, and lieutenant, and are held responsible to the Government for their charge.

The young generation of Chinese has great capacities, strives after education in schools of a European stamp, studies English, and not uncommonly obtains admittance to the higher schools of Java, which are accessible only to the few. On the other hand, to the end that it may have at its disposal men well acquainted with Chinese, and capable of being useful to the authorities in their dealings with its pig-tailed subjects, the Government despatches young men to the Celestial

Empire to gain a thorough acquaintance with its life and language. Such students, on coming to Java as interpreters, receive good salaries from the Government (from £500 to £600): there are only five of them, however.

From a political point of view the Celestial Empire may fairly be considered to be stagnant, and incapable of any active advance, even in such regions as are economically important to it. But such a view may be somewhat too narrow. Potentially the Chinese Empire is something so vast and powerful that no one can foresee what it may become in a few decades. If Japan has made such rapid advances in the path of material reform and technical improvements, there is no reason to reject the possibility of a similar awakening, but on a larger scale, in China. Its population is no less gifted, and, generally speaking, is no less inclined towards education than the neighbouring islanders, who have at last consciously decided to take the Western nations for their teachers. Whatever impulse from without, whatever internal dissensions, may arouse the Chinese Empire from stagnation, perfectly rational and normal for a state which has existed for no small number of centuries, it will be drawn into the whirl of the life of the nations, and this naturally good-tempered giant will be artificially stirred and roused. Finally, this nation, so down-trodden at the present time, yet so justly proud of the numerous gifts of its ancient civilisation, will also seek for power, fame and wealth, success and importance amongst the nations of the world, and for predominance in the Pacific Ocean. Europe frowns at the very idea of such bold aspirations on the part of the yellow race, but the latter is silently growing more powerful and dreaming vague dreams of its own; in the first place, how to avoid the danger of the coast of China being occupied by the 'foreign devils' (Russians the Chinese regard as being of their kindred), and in the second, how to insure the surplus of their labouring population from starvation in the coming century. In the twentieth century for its support it will require, at whatever cost, for its colonies, Annam, Cochin-China and Cambodia, Siam and Burmah, the wide-spreading Malayan lands, Formosa, the Philippines, Borneo, Sumatra, and Java. Under any sceptre whatsoever, China, in course of time, will be mistress of a considerable navy, and with merciless consistency a struggle for existence must then take place.

How does the little kingdom of Holland keep its ground in the far East? To whom are the interests of this sympathetic State intrusted there?

The Dutch East Indies are managed by a Governor-General under the superintendence of a special ministry in the metropolis. In Java itself there are seven Departments: one for the interior, one for education and industry, one for technical affairs, which attends to railway, telegraphic, and postal matters, one for finance, one for justice, one for the army, and one for the navy. Here the representative of the supreme authorities presides in a council (Raad van Indie), consisting of experienced administrators; he is empowered, in cases of necessity, to decide matters independently and against the general vote, but on his own responsibility. The viceroy receives a salary of more than £10,000 per annum (a small sum in reality, when compared with those the English pay themselves out of the revenues of the Indian Empire). His office is well organised: the Secretary-General is regarded as the factotum of the Colonial Government. The latter is empowered, at its own discretion, to declare war and conclude peace with the native principalities, to confirm sentence of death, and so forth.

The principal duty of the Governor-General is the care of the natives, in the widest sense of the term. The needs of the native population should be the most pressing in the eyes of the

viceroy. For the protection against unworthy characters of the dusky millions committed to his charge, he is empowered to expel adventurers from the confines of his temporary kingdom at any time. Finally, all that takes place in Java is controlled by a special Department, which inspect all data concerning the revenue and the expenses of the Government.

The colonial system is so patriarchal in its fundamental principles, that it deserves a word or two. The Dutch construct no fine-spun arguments, nor do they call black by the name of white. They come here not as benefactors, but to enrich themselves, cautiously, moderately, and without troubling themselves about any minor ends of a civilising or political character. Here the whites are strict, accurate, and consistent in all that they undertake and perform. The natives, while living under a rational and fatherly *régime*, and while never suffering from any serious want, are trained, nevertheless, according to the ancient habits and customs of this simple people, that is, under a discipline of iron. Reverence for the masters of the land, from the lower officials of European blood upwards, has become a sort of religion. This is not so noticeable in the towns, but by all accounts is very marked a little way out of Batavia.

When the Dutch Government took over these trans-equatorial districts from the hands of its East India Company, the first things that struck its administrators were the extreme apathy of the natives, and their incapacity for working along any definite lines unless under pressure from without. The mildness of the climate and the wealth of natural produce seem to have made it unnecessary for man to inaugurate industries there, where they might be of immense advantage to him. In view of the yielding nature of the people, who blindly execute the orders of any authorities who may seem the impersonation of power, Governor-General Van den Bosch, who was appointed in 1830, energetically set to work to carry out his ideas as to developing the resources of a land which was the embodiment of prosperity, yet did not bring in the great income which might fairly be expected from it. To this end the authorities decided to encourage private enterprise on the part of such as desired to start plantations. To further the development of sugar-growing, they were supplied with capital, and with the means of subsistence until they could support themselves. The best machinery was imported from Europe free of duty; free Javanese labour, under the superintendence of Europeans, was allowed; the free use of timber from the Government forests was granted. Such were the concessions made in order to encourage planters, and to serve as incitements to the natives to take to sugar-growing themselves.

Controllers in the service of the Crown calculated the amount of ground required by each village for its rice-crop: the remainder of the land was devoted to plantations. The Javanese soon saw that in this way their labour would really profit them more, once the Government created a demand for it, and bought up certain produce in considerable quantities.

In a short time the Dutch were reaping a clear profit of millions of pounds sterling from the sugar-planting alone, and they naturally began to work as energetically at the cultivation of indigo, pepper, tobacco, coffee, tea, cochineal, cinnamon, vanilla, cacao, and quinine. A special inspector now supervises the native plantations. The harvests are stored by the authorities in special storehouses.

All would go well were it not for the competition of foreign colonies in the tropics, which not infrequently lower the prices, thus producing, of course, a very unfavourable impression on the finances of the Dutch East Indies.

The budget of Java shows a revenue of more than ten million pounds sterling, but the expenses exceed even this large sum. New and improved lines of communication, and especially

the ruinous and fruitless Atchinese war, swallow up great sums of money; the ten years from 1874 to 1884 cost the Crown about £25,000,000. Scarcely any one in Europe suspects what gigantic sacrifices this little kingdom makes, and has made, for the half-nominal ownership of Sumatra. By a treaty concluded in 1872 England ceded the Indo-Malayan Archipelago to its Dutch rivals in return for a free hand on the peninsula of Malacca, where the neighbourhood of any other Power is unpalatable to the masters of Singapore. In consequence of this, the Dutch Government has had to undertake the pacification of districts where the bold and powerful populace is not at all inclined to acknowledge the protectorate of the Europeans.

This was the case in the sultanate of Atchin, the warlike inhabitants of which are very fanatical, as befits men in whose veins not a little Arab blood runs. The British, as usual, are ready enough to foment the unequal but very stubborn warfare between the natives and the colonists, managing to supply the former with excellent firearms (in spite of the blockade of the coast by Dutch men-of-war), and watching with pleasure the fruitless exhaustion of their advancing rival's resources.

Whenever the natives were of an unyielding disposition the Dutch in the East generally avoided any impetuous attack on them. When in possession of Ceylon, for instance, they were content with occupying the chief sea-ports, and did not attempt to subdue Kandy. For this reason the war with the Atchinese is not to the taste of the masters of Java, and were they not obliged to support their prestige they would certainly have ceased military operations in the north of Sumatra long ago, though some experienced generals (among them Van der Heyden, a half-caste!) insist on the necessity of extirpating their antagonists.

This gigantic island itself deserves the attention of Europeans as an inexhaustible source of untouched riches. The land undoubtedly abounds in gold, copper, and iron, naphtha, sulphur, and coal. The Dutch export quantities of black pepper, maize, sago, coffee, camphor, cotton, tobacco, cocoanuts, and fruit of all kinds. Should the archipelago in course of time be completely pacified and exploited rationally, there is no saying how much it may give the Dutch Government. A vast arena will be open for the development of its activity in these regions. Knowing how to manage the natives, the Government will long be able, while there is no danger from without, to rule these flourishing lands with their dusky population. By all accounts it presents a most convenient field for skilful colonisation. A European may safely depend on the native element.

Indeed, there is a great deal of chivalry in the character of the hot-tempered and revengeful, yet radically generous Malayan race. Examples of this are innumerable. When the Dutch lost Colombo, almost all their European mercenaries remained indifferent to the success of the English. The Javanese troops alone showed a stubborn front. Their fellow-countrymen, sepoys from the peninsula of Malacca and from the adjacent archipelago, when in the service of the British, fell into the hands of the King of Kandy, in whose service many of their relations received high salaries as his favourite bodyguards. Offered the same terms if they would swear allegiance to him, the prisoners respectfully declined to do so, though they knew that death was the penalty of refusal. The incensed monarch of the hills gave these Malays two months to consider his offer, and then executed the presumptuous men who preferred to keep faith with the 'whites,' though knowing that their bodies would even be denied burial. How many such nameless heroes adorn the pages of the history of the Western colonies in the East!

The resources of the Colonial Government are colossal. It has not yet touched one-thousandth part of what may be exploited in the twentieth century, for the earth alone contains countless treasures hidden in its womb. At home, in Russia, one often hears complaints about our indolent neglect of the treasures of Siberia. Yet here, where the technical knowledge of the West is always at the service of the officers of the Crown, one may observe far more deliberation, and even routine, than, for instance, in our mines, which are still worked, cut off though they are from civilised districts. Clearly we are not so careless and behind the times as it is the fashion to think and say.

The interior of Java is still but little investigated. In this respect the colonial authorities have up to the present time shown a strange inertness, hampering by the indefiniteness of the mining laws (*Mynbouwgesetz*) the attempts of private individuals to gain a closer acquaintance with the subterranean riches of the land. Historical data show that gold once abounded on the island. In the last century silver was discovered here. There are great supplies also of naphtha, sulphur, saltpetre, salt, tin, bitumen, splendid marble, porcelain clay, iron, basalt, granite, and porphyry; but all this wealth remains untouched, and the local government, with the cautious and dilatory policy peculiar to it, does not find it necessary to disturb the depths of the earth as long as its surface repays man's labour a hundredfold.

Of late years much important irrigatory work has been undertaken, and it is not to be wondered at that the island yields an annual supply of about 402,000 tons of rice, so that the famines of former years, when this staple food of the population had to be imported from Siam or Cochin China, should not occur again. The island also yields 64,500 tons of coffee, 337,500 tons of sugar, 9500 tons of tobacco, and 3500 tons of tea (a small quantity in comparison with what the English now put into the market!).

This successful development of agriculture and this increased prosperity the Javanese owe to their guardians, the Dutch. For instance, when a certain disease, or rather degeneration, of the sugar-cane made its appearance, the authorities commissioned Professors Krüger of Halle and Szymanski of Posen to make a detailed chemical analysis for the purpose of discovering the causes of the disease, and at once imported a vast number of healthy young plants from Borneo for the plantations which had suffered.

Tea-growing is carried on according to the best methods. In the Preanger district, which we shall soon visit, a Mr. Mundt of Hamburg has devoted himself to it in a spirit of practical and scientific thoroughness. In London tea from Java holds its ground against that of China and of India. The plant was first brought into Java in 1826 by Dr. Siebold, from the Dutch factory in Nagasaki, while afterwards expert tea-growers obtained wild tea bushes from Assam.

The coffee plant seems to have become known to the Indo-Malayan Archipelago only in 1690. One of the higher officials of Java reared it from seeds received directly from Arab merchants from the Malabar coast. At first the experiment was not very successful, and the natives, along with the colonists, were somewhat tardy in taking it up, but now that they have done so, a future for it is assured, in spite of the rivalry of Brazil.

The African plant (*Coffea liberica*), though grown here, is less valued.

Though the West has long regarded Java as a sort of earthly paradise, yet, owing to the imperfection of their maps, Europeans were once wont to confuse it with Japan in consequence of the name of Zipangu, given it by Marco Polo. It is only in recent years that geographers

have succeeded in explaining this error, showing the gradual change of the Indian '*Sumbava*' into a dissimilar but identical name. In confirmation of what I have said about the intimate prehistoric connection of the southernmost Buddhist island with the Buddhist mainland of Asia, I may add that the Lamaites reverence the mysterious Buddha Sumbava, who at an extremely remote epoch wended his way to the southern seas to preach the truth to the dusky savages there.

The Zipangu of mediæval travellers was famed for the wealth of its soil and its population. Interesting facts were given concerning its temples and idols, which differ materially from those found in Japan.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SUNDAY, *February* 24 (*March* 8).

EARLY in the morning we leave the capital for the interior of the island, starting from the Veltevroeden railway station, which is elegantly decorated with flags, green branches, and flowers, and where the authorities of Batavia are assembled to see the illustrious travellers depart.

To-day a short journey of a little more than an hour by rail will take us to the hills among which the country-house of the Viceroy is situated. The line runs through the fields and plantations of a very well-cultivated country, in some respects not unlike that lying between Colombo and Kandy.

The Chinese and Javanese railway servants at the stations on our way are dressed in blue. The people who have flocked in from the surrounding country are as motley as motley can be in their attire. A whole sea of foliage girdles the cultivated portion of the land. Lianas hang in festoons between the gigantic banyans and palms. The heights, of a saffron-grey at their bases and opal-tinted at their summits, draw nearer and nearer. Salak, Pangerango, and Gedeh, three volcanoes of recent activity, rise clear and blue before us under the silvery sky. Their subterranean life no longer expresses itself in all-destroying energy: they are silent for the present—perhaps even partly extinct—and only a light cloud still hangs over the one which, ten years ago, brought devastation into Tjanjor, a district of Preanger. When, in 1690, the first of these volcanoes overwhelmed Batavia with mud, sand, and ashes, the people suffered terribly from the want of water in the rivers and canals, and from the mass of decaying matter on the sea-shore.

It is to be hoped that the city is insured against any such catastrophe in the future, though in such a land all things are possible. A few years ago, for instance, during the terrific eruption of Krakatoa, the lava crept beneath the waves as far as Tanjonk Priok, raised the water in the European quarter, and even caused it to flood a portion of the native town.

It is near nine o'clock. We are in the balmy air of the mountains. The illustrious travellers, together with M. Pynacker Hordyk and their suite, arrive at Buitenzorg. There is a state carriage and four, with a barefooted coachman in a tall hat, gloves, and a livery with epaulettes. Fifty Javanese chiefs, mounted on sturdy ponies, form an escort of honour and display pennons

of the Russian, Dutch, and Greek colours on their lances. A great bright-yellow umbrella shelters, according to local custom, both the Grand Duke and the Viceroy. Imagine the mixture of civilisation and almost prehistoric peculiarities!

Triumphal arches welcome the travellers on their way from the station. Just as they are driving (amidst the gentle strains of native music) up to the palace, through a splendid park, in which the deer wander about tamely, the horses of the Viceroy's carriage become restive, and they are compelled to proceed a short distance on foot to the great white marble steps of the palace, where apartments have been prepared for the distinguished guests.

The little town of Buitenzorg (a name meaning *sans souci*), the residence of the Governor-General, is, properly speaking, called Bogor, and owes its present name to its exceptional situation in the hills at a convenient distance from the capital of the island. Worn out with work, or suffering from the moist and torrid climate, the Batavians gladly come here to recruit their strength, to cope successfully with the ague from which Europeans sometimes suffer so much in the lowlands of Java, and to pass their time amidst the beautiful scenery which attracts the cream of the society of the Dutch colonies. Thus Bogor may ably be compared to Simla.

The palace was built about a hundred and fifty years ago. Each succeeding governor added something to it, striving in some way or other to perfect and adorn the little Versailles of Java. How many historical memories are connected with it! how much labour and expense have been lavished on its construction!

From the windows one can see the volcano of Gedeh, which has been ascended by the governor of Java, afterwards the founder of Singapore, Sir Stamford Raffles, who placed on its summit a little slab of marble in memory of the temporary annexation of the island to the British Empire. Wonderful in its energy and creative spirit, the British people strives everywhere and in everything to perpetuate the traces of its own influence and the degradation of others! Batavia was taken during the wars of Napoleon, thanks very largely to the courage of the Sepoys fighting under the flag of the foe of their native land. They received a fitting reward for their services: in spite of promises to send the 'Bengal infantry' back, it was kept here until natural dissatisfaction was expressed, and then the murmurers were executed as traitors and mutineers.

Before it begins to rain (which it does here almost without intermission after midday at this season) the illustrious travellers proceed to the Landsplantentuin te Buitenzorg, the botanical gardens which are the pride and glory of the Dutch East Indies. They are situated immediately next the palace park, and were founded on May 6 (18), 1817, by a German naturalist, Professor Reinwardt. His successors (the gifted Teysmann, Scheffer, and the present director, Dr. Treub of Leyden) continued the great work with the utmost self-denial, regardless of privations, over-work, and the want of money. Now all these obstacles are removed. A model herbarium and museum, finely fitted laboratories, a library of five thousand works, and an artistic and photographic studio, arose in a short time, thanks to the generous support of the authorities. The annual subsidy now amounts to £10,000. Some two hundred Javanese (they are wonderful gardeners, and the Singapore botanical gardens, among others, have recourse to their services) are constantly engaged here under the supervision of the director and his assistants, or wander about the neighbourhood, systematically collecting plants. The annals of the institution, published by the management in French, constantly tell of new acquisitions. The Academy of Amsterdam

frequently sends Dutch botanists here for serious work. Foreigners (Frenchmen and Germans) are also beginning to visit it. The flora of Java is beginning to attract the attention of naturalists more and more. According to Windsor Earle and Russell, it forms a link between the Asiatic and Australian worlds; moreover, it is remarkable for its extreme variety, and is worthy of the most complete and thorough scientific investigation. This is why the Buitenzorg botanical garden, the *Hortus Bogoriensis*, is of such importance.

Geologists confirm the truth of the popular legend that

NEAR THE PALACE IN BUITENZORG.

this land once formed a part of the gigantic island of Sumatra. The identity of their flora makes this hypothesis almost irrefragable. It is only in regard to certain animals, abounding in the neighbouring islands, but not found in Java, that the hitherto unanswered question arises, How did this come to pass? Did they perish in some catastrophe of a volcanic character, or owing to other causes? The former, of course, is the more probable. Mammals, on the whole, are not particularly plentiful here, where the mountains have breathed fire for so long a time. On the other hand, Java is rich in birds and insects, which after the most terrible eruptions would still find it easier than for any other living creature to return to their old home. Since

the zoological station at Naples attracts the attention of all Europe and receives subsidies from all sides, one may expect that in course of time Buitenzorg will be equally fortunate, as there is no place more convenient for a study of the vegetable kingdom.

The first botanical gardens were opened at the beginning of the fourteenth century in Venice and in Salerno, and two centuries later in Padua, Pisa, and Bologna. It was only in 1626 that Paris became the owner of such an institution, while the famous garden at Kew came into being still later. But all that art and

PYRAMID OF FRUIT.

science can do in this direction finds its grandest expression in the tropics. The gardens of Calcutta and Peradeniya are very remarkable, but the Buitenzorg garden stands even higher. As the director, Mr. Treub, conducts the Grand Duke through it, and we penetrate deeper and deeper into this enchanting realm of ever-living foliage, even one who is no botanist must feel delighted with this magic world.

On entering, on the side near the palace one sees the shining surfaces of ponds with flowery islets and bridges: fine specimens of the *Victoria regia* majestically spread their gigantic leaves on the sleeping waters, out of which lotuses rear their pensive heads. Next come endless avenues full of a fantastic twilight and an indescribable beauty. Only the Latin inscriptions here and there call to mind that we are in the temple of science, while various monuments speak of the proximity of the busy world.

Here is a row of the *Oreodoxa regia*, the royal palms of Cuba, only planted in 1887, yet already of imposing dimensions. Here we have not the flora of Java alone, for much has been brought from Abyssinia, Egypt, Australia, Japan, Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela, Asia Minor, Guinea, China, Nepaul, Tibet, Burma, Siam, Siberia, Madagascar, Crete; from the Philippine, Canary, and Molucca islands; from St. Helena, and from many other places. Some trees soar straight upward, their foliage either forming a shaggy cap at the summit or spreading out into a fine feathery fan. Others branch out strangely like a chandelier; others (especially the *waringin* fig-trees, held sacred by the Javanese people) interlace their branches into vaulted galleries, in whose regal shade epiphytes and orchids make a home. Butterflies and tiny birds brighten them with their brilliant colouring. Delicate white and yellow flowers glance here and there. Creeping plants a hundred feet long embrace tree after tree in bonds that are scarce to be loosed. How just were all the eminent naturalists of the middle of the century (Darwin among them) when they presented Teysman, the real founder of the garden, with an address, signing themselves *mirantes collegae*! It is enough to say that as many as ten thousand varieties of plants are gathered together at Buitenzorg.

The leaves of some of these giants are of astounding dimensions, their diameter, for instance, in some cases reaching eleven or twelve feet. Some trunks are so hard that when struck with a stick they emit a metallic sound.

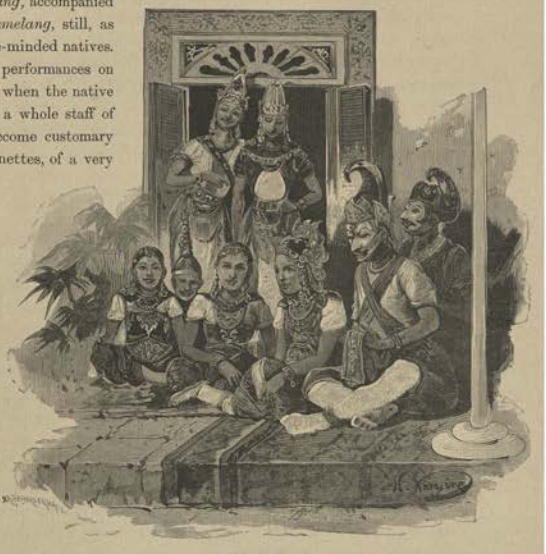
Instead of hot-beds, the management tries to construct coolers, artificially sheltering the more sensitive varieties from the intolerable heat.

Mr. Treub's assistant, Mr. Wiegmann, in anticipation of the visit of the Cesarewitch, has erected, in a large pavilion, four pyramids of two hundred and fifty different kinds of fruit growing here. It is said that they are far from being as attractive to the palate as they might appear to be. In this respect the fruits of the tropics are perhaps inferior to those of more temperate climates. Whether it is really so, however, is a matter of habit and taste. A drive through the picturesque environs of Buitenzorg, and an inspection of the barracks occupied by the troops quartered here, had been proposed for to-day, but a thunderstorm and an incessant downpour of rain interfered with this plan. It is a pity that we were not able to see the home of these troops, which, judging by what we have heard, must be very interesting. The white soldiers lead quite a family life with their dusky wives and children. The women follow them in time of war, serving as sutlers and sisters of mercy.

After a grand dinner in the splendid hall of the Governor-General's palace, their Highnesses are present, in the same place, at the performance of a peculiar drama (*wayang wong*, as the Javanese call it) accompanied by a native orchestra, full of an inexplicable and heart-stirring charm.

A double interest attaches to the scene: first, we see the *gamelang*, with its original instruments; secondly, we are at the performance of a most entertaining piece, the *dramatis personae* in which seem to reflect the psychologically complex past of the country and its little-

investigated antiquity. Under the influence of India a rich literature of a religious and epic character gradually came into being in this land. Owing to the natural piety of the natives, the adoration of gods and heroes, when at its height, called for tangible images to satisfy the æsthetic requirements of the people. Then it was that an independent theatre sprang up in Java, embodying the echoes of its sympathies, and taking root so firmly that though the creed of Mohammed, which was victorious here in later years, could look with no eye of favour on this branch of art, the mediæval *wayang*, accompanied by the tender strains of the *gamelang*, still, as before, gives pleasure to the simple-minded natives. It being impossible now to give performances on any great scale, as in days of old, when the native princes had enormous means and a whole staff of actors at their disposal, it has become customary to replace human actors by marionettes, of a very strange and amusing shape, mounted on stilts: these little figures are worked and their parts spoken for them by their managers, the so-called *dalangs*. The owners of such miniature theatres afford entertainment for hours at a time to the enthralled spectators, who are ready, often, to spend the whole night in contemplating, to the music of the *gamelang*, some fantastic drama, acted though it be in an unnatural manner by these dolls. It is only in a few places that one may still find real actors, who sometimes appear on great occasions, and move across the stage with their traditional walk, attired in ancient costumes and wearing wondrous masks of an archaic type. The features of these masks seem to show that the *dramatis personæ* are not natives, but representatives of some foreign element (probably Hindus). They do not speak a word. The *dalang*, who sits behind the orchestra (behind the scenes, as it were), speaks their parts for them, and gives the spectators a detailed explanation of their appearance and their actions, the music meanwhile accompanying him in sweet harmony, and dying plaintively away. At such a time, of course, whole pictures of the past pass before the spiritual eyes of the Javanese spectators; their imagination recalls to life the vivid world of tradition in which their ancestors and the demi-gods eternally war with something or other, suffer, pursue, miss their object, and finally perish.



WAYANG WONG.

A select company of Europeans is gathered in the splendid hall of the Buitenzorg

palace. A great semicircle of chairs has been placed for those invited to the gala dinner-party to-day. A native band (consisting of drums, tambourines, gongs, and fiddles that are made of a most ingenious combination of bamboo pipes, and platters of different sizes which are played on with a little mallet, and other instruments) is placed within a couple of yards of the illustrious travellers. Every minute wonderful figures slip through the open door in front, some tall, some short, almost dwarf-like; some of monstrous aspect, others again rather good-looking. One after another, with antics and curtsies, they march with measured step past the musicians, and seat themselves in a row opposite us. Some of the actors and actresses sit on the floor at the feet of the principal *dramatis personae*. Our librettos, neat little blue books, specially printed for this performance, give, or rather ought to give, the key to what takes place before us. To tell the plain truth, the plot is very simple. The somewhat monotonous strains of the *gamelang*, and the immobile aspect of the masks acting their parts in silence (in fact, the very word *wayang* means 'shadows'!), at first produce a somewhat unpleasant impression, which, however, gradually disappears, to be replaced by a closer attention to the performance. First one notices corrupted forms of Indian names, and then the absence of any particular meaning in the development of the plot. Its emptiness is so very remarkable, that I am even inclined to attribute it to our European ignorance of the spirit of this dimly personified epoch. It is connected with the legendary kingdoms of Astina, Amarta, Miralaja, Pantjawati; we make the acquaintance of kings and princes with such names as Praboe Soerjadana, Aswatama, Lasmana, Nalaka Soeraboma, Bimanyoe, Samihadji, Ardjoena, Poerabaja, and so on. The play opens with the approaching marriage of a certain prince with the princess Dewi Siti Soendari. His enemies conspire to slay him, and succeed in doing so, but the sovereign of the monkeys, Anoeman (the Hanuman of the Dravido-Aryan epics), miraculously brings the dead man to life. The criminals are discovered and sentenced to be executed, according to custom, under the *varingin* tree, which is actually brought into the hall. Among other incidents, a maharajah is obliged to pass sentence of death on his own son, who is among the murderers.

Sight and hearing begin to pass into a sort of hypnotic state.

The gentle languor of the tropical night breathes on us through the open windows. The evening air, cooled and reflected by the mountains, streams down in refreshing currents towards the coast. The little mallets of the *gamelang* play melody after melody. The actors, like beings from some completely incomprehensible world, move to and fro in orderly fashion according to the rules of the *wayang*. A feeling of weariness and repletion prevents one from finding anything instructive or charming in the performance.

MONDAY, *February* 25.

6.20 A.M. A journey of 144 miles to Garut, the temporary terminus of the unfinished railway from Batavia into the interior of the island. The Governor-General accompanies H.I. Highness to the Buitenzorg station. The management of the train is intrusted to two engineers, Mr. Soeterik and Mr. Sluiter. Besides the usual Russian suite the Cesarewitch is accompanied by Mr. Resner of the Engineers, the Russian consul, Mr. Baud, Captain Croll, aide-de-camp to the Viceroy, and two officers, Jonkheer Von Schmidt auf Altenstadt and Mr. Frieswijk.

The comfortable little carriages run rapidly amid the mountains, between Salak and Gedeh towards the Preanger district, the largest in Java, situated in the centre of the island and

THE VOLCANO OF PAPANDAYAN.

comparatively high above the level of the sea. It possesses a rich soil, and enjoys extremely favourable conditions for the development of plantations on a large scale.

The surrounding hills gradually assume a peculiar greenish-white tint, owing to the quantities of the alang-alang grass growing on them. Whichever way one looks, rice-fields rise around in endless terraces, while narrow strips of ground planted with maize surround each mirror-like sheet of water. Irrigation (partly by means of bamboo pipes) is brought to perfection here. Where the traditional skill of the natives is not enough, there the colonial Government itself, rich in technical knowledge, comes to the rescue, regardless of expense.

In the distance the billowing emerald and saffron-yellow harvest lies framed in the dark violet mountain ranges beneath the transparent sapphire sky. Rags of divers colours swing on poles and on ropes hung between them, serving to scare away the birds. Flying foxes, startled by the roar of the passing train, dart from the fruit-trees about the villages and flit undecidedly among the leaves and branches. The road, with its frequent sharp turns, soon becomes more picturesque, and even majestic. The railway here, which is the pride of the Dutch engineers (it was built by convict labour) and the admiration of tourists, frequently runs over gullies and gloomy heaps of volcanic rock. At the stations of Tjandjur, Sukabumi, and Bandong (near comparatively large towns of the same names) the population accords the Grand Duke a cordial welcome. At one of them, during luneh, the soft *gamelang* played the Russian anthem with unusual feeling.

At Bandong the Governor of Preanger, M. Heyting (the provinces of Java are intrusted to the care of special European officials, called 'residents,' entitled to the gilded umbrella which belongs to the rank of prince, and invested with great authority), presented himself to their Highnesses for the purpose of accompanying them further on to Garut, the capital of the Limbangan district, where we arrived about one o'clock, the illustrious travellers being received at the station by the 'assistant-resident,' Von Schmidt auf Altenstadt.

To-day is a day of rest and of rain. The unceasing downpour is positively stupefying. The hot, moist air is as relaxing as a long-continued bath. Towards evening, picked female dancers exhibit their skill before the Grand Duke and Prince George, next to the quarters set apart for the Cesarewitch. The dance recalls the Indian nautches, the more so that the custom of arranging nautch-dances as a token of honour is a very ancient one in Java. Several of the dancers have been sent on here by the regent of the Manondjaja district, who is present at Garut.

TUESDAY, *February* 26.

Every one is up very early, in view of an excursion to the summit of Papandayan, a volcano 7300 feet above the level of the sea. Several carriages are at the doors of the little palace of Garut. The suite is gathered on the terrace at the entrance, which is adorned by two ancient Indian statues—one a contemplative Buddha, the other an elephant-headed Ganesha. Before the terrace lies a lawn girdled by two paths with arches bearing an inscription of welcome (*Slamat*) from the people of Garut to their Highnesses, and decorated with the flags of Russia, Greece, and Holland. Here, too, is the round open pavilion which in this land is generally found before the dwelling of a prince, while a mosque of an original style of architecture is in view.

At half-past six the Resident, M. Heyting, in the name of his Government, congratulates H.I. Highness on the birthday of the Emperor of Russia.

The weather is gloomy. We drive swiftly through a wide valley girdled by volcanoes; their lower slopes covered with plantations, where the dense primæval jungle has been cleared; their summits hidden by forests and clouds. The ponies of Preanger, with a cross of Arab blood in their veins, are famed for their speed and endurance. The Grand Duke is escorted by a number of native chiefs.

Here, as in Russia, it is customary to drive rapidly down-hill, so that the impetus may

JAVANESE VILLAGE.

assist one up the opposite slope. Nevertheless, some of the hills are so steep that the peasantry have to come to the rescue by placing stones under the wheels and by dragging our carriages on to the brow.

Driving along one catches sight of Government storehouses for coffee, and passes Javanese women in muslin sarongs, carrying their babies by their sides in slings of coloured cotton. Hairless buffaloes of a pinkish-grey hue, with horns curving very far back, plod quietly on to their work, obedient to the guidance of the halter of rope held by the boy riding them. Sheep (called 'Dutch goats' in the Malay Archipelago) crowd nearer to the ditches on the wayside as the carriages drive past. Still more timid and characteristic is the behaviour of the natives themselves on our approach. Whole groups of them rush away from the road, turning their backs on us, hiding their faces with their large round hats, crouching down on their hams, and evidently trying not to look on their foreign masters. Such is the traditional custom of the country, carefully

encouraged by the Europeans in the provinces as a sign of prestige. Social differences are so marked in Java that the population seems to be divided into a kind of inert, outwardly slavish mass on the one hand, and a group of demigods in importance on the other. In connection with this, one hears of other strange peculiarities of an analogous character. For instance, in spite of the racial homogeneity of the majority of the population, different modes of speech are in use in one and the same locality. Owing to the servility inherent in the Asiatic nature, and to the primitive method of government, the lower classes never presume to address any one of noble birth or any one in authority otherwise than in a special dialect—that used by members of the upper classes in conversing with one another. The latter, in their turn, address their inferiors in the language of the masses.

Owing to their completely different historical development, the Javanese of the western part of the island (the Sundanese), who experienced the influence of ancient Indian civilisation and Sanscrit at a later period than their neighbours, while, on the other hand, they assimilated the spirit of Islam and of their Arab teachers sooner than their countrymen, exhibit a marked difference from the eastern Javanese, who are more interesting from an ethnographical point of view, but whom, unfortunately, we shall not visit.

As a means of communication with the natives, the Dutch have introduced the Malayan language, which is very easy and musical. Whoever has anything to do with Europeans (either as a native official or as a servant) must know the Malayan tongue. Scarcely any one among the natives has any need to learn Dutch, and the Dutch themselves neither like nor approve of such curious natives as can understand and note what the real masters of the land are talking about and planning. The contrast between the zealous attempts of the English to introduce civilisation among the Asiatics and the reserve of the Dutch in this respect is very interesting.

At 10 A.M., at the village of Tjisouroupan, we begin the real ascent of the mountain. The illustrious travellers and the majority of the suite ride. A few prefer to sit in little chairs in which they are carried up the hill by half-naked, bronze-coloured muscular porters.

Here comes a row of native huts of bamboo wicker-work with roofs of tightly plaited grass. Jackal-like dogs bark at us. Tame monkeys peep out of stalls where they are kept to drive away the voracious domestic fowls. Singing-birds of different sorts—great favourites of the Malayan race—pipe in home-made cages above the entrance to each poor dwelling. Now the road, growing steeper and steeper, becomes a mere temporary path made especially for our ascent, and penetrates in sharp curves into the virgin forest.

In the burning gloom around us all seems to be sleeping, dead, forgotten. Gigantic trees, interlaced with creeping plants, great round stumps clad in fantastic mosses, the zigzag flight of splendid butterflies, all-glorious in metallic blue, purple, satiny yellow and black, golden-tinted birds darting like flakes of fire amidst the mighty leaves and branches, the faint cooing of pigeons far above our heads—all these beauties seem a combination of the sweetness of the early days of creation with something ancient and effete.

Nature in the tropics is at once attractive and terrible. The steeper the road grows, the stronger becomes the impression. On each side of the path made for the ascent of H.I. Highness to the crater of Papandayan are bushes hiding the abyss, from which rises the dull roar of a torrent, and into which the mountain brooks fall with merry plash. As we near the summit there is a change in the character of the vegetation, which begins to resemble that of the north, and gradually loses its chaotic forms. Botanists explain this transition by the hypothesis that

after the glacial period the equatorial flora fell under the influence of new conditions, which obliged certain species to seek a new home either in a more temperate climate or in the same land, but in the cooler zone of the mountains.

The dense forest becomes thinner and smaller, degenerating, as it were, into a sort of dreary marsh landscape. A change in the weather imparts a corresponding colouring to the bleached and sterile slopes of the volcano. Its summit, wrapped in a cloud of sulphurous vapour, is reached amidst a shower of rain. Lunch is served, and we drink our Emperor's health in a large improvised pavilion open to the wind and rain. The toast is proposed by Colonel Resner, and is received with cheers mingled with the rumbling thunder rising from the neighbouring crater.

Soon after, their Highnesses proceed to view the environs of the crater. The sight is interesting in many respects. There are moments when one feels not only the convulsive shuddering of the ground, but the wrath of the subterranean fire and the breath of the pit below. Burning mephitic vapours hang in a funnel-shaped cloud above the crater of the terrible mountain, as if waiting for some refreshing breeze to blow them aside. When the wreaths of suffocating acrid smoke come into motion, the sulphurous odour is intolerable. Half-blinded, with tears streaming from one's eyes, one steps back, to feel underfoot the cracked yellow stone, the evil-smelling, half-cooled vestiges of the last eruptions. Meanwhile the interior of the crater is seething like a cauldron.

ROAD UP PAPANDAYAN.

Moans seem to arise from the infernal depths. One can well understand why the superstitious natives attribute the shocks and thunder to the shuddering of sinful souls condemned to eternal

torment in this pit of Tophet. No wonder that in the Indo-Malayan Archipelago they used to pray, and, where pagan views predominate, still pray (with the help of the Brahmins) to the spirit who is lord of the crater: they cast flowers into it, and see prophetic utterances of the god in the roar of the subterranean shocks.

The simplicity of the masses is indescribable. Take as an example this proof. A little while ago the people of a certain district were persuaded that an unseen supernatural being had appeared on the summit of one such fire-breathing peak. Thousands of men spontaneously gathered together and cleared paths through the forest to the foot of the mountain, to ease the descent of the spirit of the volcano into the populous valley, lest the terrible being should come down amidst lightnings and the roar of a resistless hurricane, burying their villages in torrents of lava and their fields in showers of ashes! How much poetry is attached in the mind of the Javanese to the personifications of the elemental forces!

Formerly Papandayan was of far more imposing dimensions, but in August 1772 a brilliant column of fire suddenly rose out of the crater, and half of the mountain fell inwards.

Reports like those of cannon still resound every now and then in its treacherous womb. If one drives a stick deep into the soft crust near the abyss, it begins to stir rapidly and falls through, while a sulphurous vapour streams out of the hole.

We begin the descent. The rain passes off. The dull-green meadows appear as if seen by gas-light, so unnatural is their colouring. The brightening day pierces through the dense forest in beams of prismatic light. The porters find it very hot. They constantly leave the path for the wayside rivulets, and thirstily drink of the muddy water.

In the village where the carriages await us the natives try to entertain us with a ram-fight, such as we have seen in India more than once. Moreover, here, as before and afterwards, we constantly catch the echoes of the *gamelang*. It seems to be ubiquitous, to lurk behind every bush and await one at every turn of the road. The ear becomes accustomed to the indefinite modulations of this music, in which silvery little bells chime in with harp and flute and violin, while the tom-toms fill up the measure of its exotic melodies. One begins to fall into a day-dream, as if swinging in a hammock. The vague and yearning sounds of the music seem to express the spirit of the land with its gloomy past, in which the will is hampered by a pitiless fate; temptation is ever at hand, yet there is nothing for the heart to love. Wars and murders and the deadly breath of the volcanoes—all is embodied in song and vision. Forbidden thoughts and supersensuous caresses merge in the play of sound, yet this spiritual disturbance gives rise to something vaguely sacred and dear. Life ceases to be a burden and a torment; the stars awake in the midnight heavens, and their rays seem to stream and melt into strange music unfettered by time or space.

CHAPTER XXIX

WEDNESDAY, *February* 27 (*March* 11).

ON account of the beautiful weather, to-day, from seven o'clock in the morning, was spent in shooting in the environs of the city, on the Tjikorai heights, near the Waspala plantation. At first there were some hopes of driving two tigers out of the jungle, but the attempt was unsuccessful, and their Highnesses only succeeded in shooting some of the wild boars of the country, which the Javanese do not hunt, holding, as Mohammedans, their flesh to be unclean. The natives watched the shooting, and greeted each successful shot with loud shouts.

THURSDAY, *February* 28 (*March* 12).

On leaving Garut at 7.45 A.M. the Cesarewitch thanked the inhabitants of the district, in the person of the Assistant-Resident, for their cordial reception.

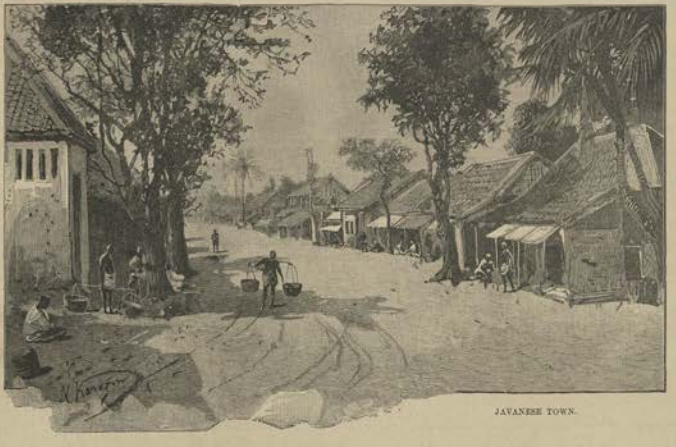
At the station of Leles, where gigantic viaducts bear witness to the skill of the builders of the Preanger railway, the train is approached by a strange-looking being (a bare-legged man, wrapped round with a mat and wearing a wild-beast mask). He entertains the crowd by squeaking and dancing, representing something familiar to it but quite incomprehensible to us.

Bandong, the capital of the province, has prepared a grand reception for the royal travellers. To give them as full an idea as possible of the principal administrative centres of the country under European rule, we are driven for a whole hour through the broad, well-kept streets of the town, where curious crowds await our passage. Here and there Dutch residents with their families greet the foreign visitors.

The carriages skirt the enormous Bandong racecourse beyond the native dwellings, hidden in a mass of foliage, and drive past the new mosque, with carpeted steps, where stand picturesque groups of white-turbaned hajjis (pilgrims returned from Mecca), men of great influence among the masses. In the West, and especially in Russia, too little attention has hitherto been paid to the growing strength of the spiritual bond which connects the Mohammedans of the whole modern world with the little accessible land of Arabia. It is gradually extending the sphere of its religious and political influence over the 'people of the Koran,' and over the Asiatic and African heathen, whom they convert to their creed. The question is so far serious that it will

not be amiss to make a few explanatory remarks in dealing with the part played by Islam in the Dutch East Indies.

From China and other countries every year more than 100,000 pilgrims wend their way to the native land of Mohammed. The Arabs fleece and corrupt the strangers, some of whom end by settling down in Mecca, where they gradually form whole colonies to which a greater and greater number of their countrymen is added by slow degrees. Scattered and separated when at home, surrounded here by favourable circumstances, the faithful meet and grow strong in the idea of the unity of all nations under the flag of the Prophet. Ideas of a Panislamite character inflame the blind masses. The ignorant and fanatical city of Mecca, and indirectly Medina, draw together the malcontents from countries under Christian rule, sending out agents every-



JAVANESE TOWN.

where to preach the creed of Mohammed and to attract simple pilgrims to the holy cities of Mussulman history. Those who return thence frequently enjoy a most undesirable amount of importance and influence. Owing to the presence there of as many as one hundred and fifty enthusiastic spiritual communities of the twenty-six dervish orders, thousands upon thousands of hajjis while in Arabia succumb to the irresistible influence of mystic teachers, and return home bound to them and their widely branching brotherhoods by links of iron. Here it is that we must look for the focus and the elements of fermentation among the sincere Moslem. The Dutch have realised this, but rather late in the day: for several centuries in succession the Javanese and, in general, the Malays have been making the long and once fearfully dangerous voyage to Jedda, the port of Mecca, on the shores of the Red Sea. Nowadays circumstances are different: European steamers, fitted up with comparative comfort, convey throngs of pilgrims thither, both from India and from the Dutch colonies. The result is that the pilgrims, on their return, are no longer a factor to be

lightly regarded, but have become a political power and a personification of popular dissatisfaction and opposition to their foreign masters. In other words, those who have visited Mecca not uncommonly present a standing threat of disturbances to their Christian rulers. In Java this fact is prudently taken into account, and preparations are made so as to paralyse any outbursts of fanaticism on the part of the pious pilgrims returned from Arabia, whenever they seem inclined to stir up their countrymen. The interference of the authorities, however, sometimes comes too late. Some eighteen months ago, for instance, the hajjis incited the lower classes to rise against the 'resident,' and this at less than eighty miles from Batavia. The fanatics, true to their policy of lowering the prestige of such native princes and chiefs as are favoured by the Dutch, executed their direct superior with all his family. In July 1888, scenes of brutality and bloodshed of a similar character took place, many European women and girls suffering death and dishonour. There is reason to suppose that the threads of other such conspiracies run through the whole of Java. Especial suspicion attaches to the dervishes of the Nakshabendi sect, who acknowledge a powerful spiritual sheikh in Mecca as their chief.

MOSQUE IN JAVA.

In latter years a remarkable Arabic scholar, Snouk Hurgronje (a Dutchman) penetrated to the very heart of Islam in the garb and character of a Mussulman performing the *hajj* (under the name of the 'learned' Jaffar). He even settled down among the fanatics and lived in the holy city from February till August 1885, when the daring traveller was discovered and forced to retire. His observations were already so numerous and valuable that he soon published his new data concerning Mecca in the *Revue Coloniale Internationale*, subsequently issuing two large illustrated volumes giving vivid pictures of the real life of this mysterious centre.

Having gained fame and knowledge by his expedition, this young Orientalist has now come to Java and is of unusual value to the colonial Government, keenly studying the life of the natives from a religious and political point of view. Living among them, on friendly terms, for long periods of time, he is able at any moment to supply his countrymen with the key to different ominous phenomena.

CROCODILE HUNT.

Their Highnesses lunch at the house of M. Heyting, the Governor of Preanger. Among those serving at the table, a young Javanese, more richly dressed than the others, produces a strange impression on one. It seems he is the son of some native prince, and the Resident is said to 'allow' him to act the part of servant at a European meal, because it is 'useful' for a young and noble Javanese to learn good form amid such surroundings. Whether such means attain their end I do not undertake to say, but the bare fact cannot but arouse depressing thoughts. Such descendants of chiefs and kings deserve in their present state of degradation a certain amount of sincere pity. How near is still the time when the native sovereigns had splendid courts of their own! Spearmen with jewelled arms, dancers, dwarfs, slaves, and *dalangs* filled the luxurious mansions of the ancient rulers of Java. When they received their brilliant court in state they remained invisible even to their crouching 'council': their voice alone sounded clearly from behind a curtain of brocade. One maharajah, at his official receptions, used to sit, clad in a winged coat of mail, with a gilded bird on his crown, upon a throne in front of which fell a cascade, concealing him from profane eyes.

The former supreme sultans (Susukhunan or Susunan) are practically deprived of all power. As far back as 1708 they used to be exiled to Ceylon, and even to the Cape of Good Hope, and had to bow down to the ground before the Governor of Batavia.

The East has been deposed by the West, and even its noblest representatives have now and then to act the part of simple servants to the Europeans.

At 6.12 P.M. we again arrive at Veltvroeden station. After nine o'clock their Highnesses attend a great ball at the local club, 'Societeit Harmonie.' The neighbouring streets are illuminated, and swarm with spectators. According to custom the guests arrive without their hats, so beautiful is the tropical night with its mild air and gloom. An escort of native soldiers, in uniforms of a strange cut, accompanies the Cesarewitch's carriage. Shouts of greeting ring out on every side. At the decorated entrance to the club the illustrious travellers are received by the Governor-General and his principal assistants. In the ball-room stands a throne with an azure and silver canopy supported by golden shafts. All around, amidst the snow-white marble and the blaze of light, one sees the initials of the Grand Duke and Prince George of Greece in ribbons and flowers. A portrait of H.M. the young Queen of the Netherlands occupies the most prominent place.

The illustrious guests first ascend the dais around the throne, and then the Cesarewitch opens the ball with Madame Pynacker Hordyk. Amid the gay throng of dancers stand several grave Chinese dressed in silken robes, smiling almost ironically at the dance.

FRIDAY, *March* 1/13.

Between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning their Highnesses visit the *Pamiat Azova* and attend divine service. In the afternoon, accompanied by the Governor-General and his suite and some of our officers, headed by the admiral, they drive through the old town of Batavia, of which the merchants' offices are all that is left, and then make an excursion in boats out of town to Moeara Bahroe, to shoot the crocodiles that are so abundant in this place. The Javanese regard them with superstitious fear, and never slay the monsters, though they approve of their being shot by European sportsmen.

The expedition is crowned with complete success. Four crocodiles are bagged, one being

17 feet 5 inches and another 14 feet 5 inches long. The result of the Cesarewitch's shooting is taken on board the frigate.

SATURDAY, *March* 2/14.

To-day, the last day of their visit, their Highnesses were to witness a review on the Waterloo plain, but rainy weather prevented it. It is possible, however, to view the great Batavian museum, which contains much that is interesting and unique.

Near the entrance stand cannon from the island of Borneo. The whole of the atrium and the neighbouring store-room is filled with monuments of heathen sculpture, belonging to the period when Indian ideals reigned in the Archipelago; images, one more interesting and sometimes more shapeless than another, occupy a considerable space. We see, among other relics of a hoary past, the variously curled trunks of good-natured, pot-bellied Ganeshas, many-armed gods and goddesses presiding over altars or standing on bulls (with the fantastic emblems of their cultus and mysterious power), the delicate features of idols with a third eye in the forehead (under a tiara adorned with a cross), handsome Buddhas seated on lotuses, a fantastic two-headed horse, Durga with a skull on her head and a snake round her waist, Kartikeya on a peacock, a bearded Siva of humane aspect with a trident and a rosary, and many other things well worth inspection. Unfortunately it was at a somewhat late period that a thorough study of its archæology was begun, and at the present day it is impossible to determine the date and origin of many very characteristic objects. Here and there are figures of metal (*beelden van metaal*, as the detailed catalogue of the museum calls them). Altogether this collection of antiquities appears to be in an almost chaotic state. Some inscriptions (*beschreven koperen platen*) have not even been deciphered. It is to be hoped that the enlightened members of the local learned society (Genootschap van Kunsten en Wetenschappen) will soon throw some light on the more important of the semi-obliterated pages of native history, myth, and ceremony. Since the sixth decade of our century these objects have been diligently studied alternately by Friederich and Van Hoevell, Brandes, and Groeneveldt.

Among all these departments the ethnographic is the largest. Sumatra, Borneo, and Celebes are well represented: a whole row of glass cases, in which the various objects are grouped in a masterly manner, at once gives the visitor a fairly clear idea of the countries they come from. Models of houses and tombs, deities and musical instruments, male and female attire, various ornaments, scarecrows, fishing-tackle, frail boats, weapons, household utensils, attract the attention at every step. The past and the present of the Javanese is depicted with especial clearness. What does one not find here? It is a pity, however, that there are no models of human beings to be seen. They would greatly increase the interest of these already inimitable collections. On the one side are seen the garments of the Baduwi tribe (which is now dying out in Java, and which still professes Buddhism); not far off stand enormous gongs, such as were once used in the royal bands, various appurtenances of the *wayang*; clothing, bridal attire, ancient war-spears, and tall umbrellas of all kinds, bronze shields, richly ornamented daggers, bows and arrows, talismans, looms, the implements used in villages for the cultivation of sugar and tobacco, and in the manufacture of oil.

Such are the things to be found here, proving the interest now taken by the Dutch in the study of native life. Naval officers are constantly presenting the museum with various curiosities brought from such places, for instance, as New Guinea. Among them are some strange objects,

THE CROCODILE KILLED BY HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS (ST. PETERSBURG WINTER-PALACE).

such as a Papuan drum of snake-skin, a stone club, a fantastically-shaped comb, and so forth.

In a special room, to which visitors are rarely admitted, is a collection of valuable jewellery.

Attached to the museum is a splendid library, containing absolutely everything that has been written about the Dutch East Indies. In the West there are but few, with the exception of specialists, that know it as it deserves to be known, in its full extent and scientific importance. The majority of the books, journals, and pamphlets are in Dutch, a language known to comparatively few tourists. Further, many drawings and maps, as well as native manuscripts, appear to be executed on the leaves of trees. These manuscripts contain the history of the land (in prose and in verse), collections of aphorisms of common law (*adat*), ethical instructions, plays, mythological tales, prayers, prophecies, magic formulæ, and so on. The Javanese reverence these monuments of their native literature, and to the present day it is very difficult to obtain them from the spiritually exclusive native population.

Again, the department of numismatics is very complete, and is the pride of the museum. It contains six thousand specimens (both coins and paper money). The catalogue is the work of Van der Chijs, a specialist in numismatics.

One of the most remarkable among the medals is that coined in honour of the Dutch East India Company, which in the course of a hundred years had developed its foreign trade to such an extent, that out of the twenty to twenty-five thousand ships which ploughed the seas in the days of Louis XIV., about four-fifths sailed under the Dutch flag.

Among the European coins there are but few that are old. With the Asiatic coins the contrary is the case. An especially large number of Chinese and Japanese copper coins (pierced through the centre) has been exhumed. Ducats from Celebes lie side by side with cloth money from the island of Buton near it, the forgery of which among the islanders is a capital offence. Ancient Javanese ducats, Persian rupees, and rupees coined under British rule in Java (1811-1816), half-dollars of the same epoch from Sumatra, money from Rajah Brooke's dominions in the north of Borneo, ancient Chinese, Annamese and Siamese, Indian and Arabic coins fill the glass cases along with numismatic rarities of Western origin. Among the latter is a Dutch coin of the twelfth and a Belgian one of the thirteenth century. We are shown the money which circulated in the dominions of the Archbishop of Cologne. Here, too, are Nuremberg gold pieces, Brandenburg pennies of the sixteenth century, and Hungarian money testifying to the revolution in the year 1848.

Egyptian money of the days of Cleopatra lies side by side with Chinese amulets, Dutch East Indian coinage of the last twenty years, money of the various dynasties of the Celestial Empire (beginning with the third century B.C.), and with a numismatic collection from Siam presented to the museum by the king. French coins from Pondicherry (of the reign of Louis XV.), Danish ones from Tranquebar in India (of 1746), Spanish piastres, and mediæval Singhalese money, Nepalese gold mohurs of the seventeenth century are to be seen, as well as Jewish and Syrian coins of a pre-Christian epoch, and Parthian and Sassanide money of the first century of our era. Among other things it is interesting to find in these collections south of the equator money coined in Tiflis in 1778, Lithuanian groschen of 1568 and 1664, a quarter copeck of 1721, five-copeck pieces of the Empress Catharine's time, fifty-copeck pieces of 1801, twenty-five-copeck coins of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, and, finally, twenty-copeck pieces of the present day.

Messrs. Kolff and Co., publishers of the *Nieuwsblad*, the principal newspaper of Batavia, along with the editor, Mr. Daun, have printed on silk a short account in French of the Cesarewitch's visit to Java, and present copies of it to the illustrious travellers.

A short while before their departure they unexpectedly make an excursion to the local zoological garden, which is not regarded as at all remarkable. A special park contains the very ordinary accommodation provided for the small number of animals kept there. Noisy parrots and cockatoos (white with sulphur crests, red with violet spots on their wings, black and blue), wondrous birds of Paradise, monkeys and cassowaries, all these are represented here. But the most curious object is a strange species of owl with an almost human face, like that of an old man fringed with a beard. When irritated it barks like a dog.

A little way off from the cages and the animals is the empty house of a noble and famous native (Raden Saleh), who was educated in the West and passed many years travelling in Europe. Being a clever artist, he has painted no small number of pictures of Javanese life.

It is not so very long ago that Raden died. The garden surrounding his house has now become municipal property. The English colony here, along with several Dutch ladies, uses it for a lawn-tennis club.

The scene of our farewell to Java this evening was very striking. A thunderstorm came on as the squadron was weighing anchor. The blinding lightning flashed so brilliantly through the gloom as far as the comparatively distant shore, that all around seemed to quiver in a sort of magic glare. The stagnant, intolerably oppressive air woke up to life. A refreshing breeze sprang up from the direction of the sea. The hospitable island rose before us for the last time in its enchanting outlines of blue, and then the *Pamiat Azova* steamed swiftly off into the open ocean.

Again a few days' rest on board our frigate, during which one naturally attempts to concentrate one's thoughts on what has been seen and experienced. The expectant imagination urges one onward to the exotic land where King Chulalonkorn awaits the coming of the Cesarewitch.

What is Siam? What ideas, beyond fabulous ones, arise in the mind at the thought of this almost unknown, till lately even little studied, kingdom of an ancient type, yet sufficiently independent in its relations to foreign aggressive influence? It is a sympathetic little portion of Asia, not disdainful of Western civilisation, but none the less upholding its vital rights. The soil of this comparatively considerable kingdom, with its very mixed population of about twelve million souls, has for many ages been the scene of interaction between the civilisatory influences of India and of China, preceded by the mysterious 'Khmer' civilisation, the spiritual architecture, so to speak, of a branch, probably, of the Caucasian race, which penetrated hither in some unknown way and has left, both here and in the neighbouring once powerful kingdom of Cambodia, gigantic monuments of a religious and epic character, and of immense historical and artistic import. Rays from the Ramayana and the legends of Buddhism are interwoven there with the petrified chronicles of a warlike and enthusiastic people! Presenting a mixture of Mongol-Thibetan and Malayan blood, thus closely resembling the Lamaites of Asiatic Russia and the Japanese, the Indo-Chinese, mostly active and short of stature, are strange successors to the incomprehensible Khmers with their national constitution, and represent the result of varied ethnographic stratifications in a part of the world where past and present have scarcely any conscious existence, and where the future will develop only on the ruins of the actual material world. This will happen when these passive Asiatics either finally acknowledge the

sovereignty of Europeans or join their fellow Asiatics who are now to be gradually awakened to life by the Russian North. Of the former the late fall of Annam and that of Burmah are patent examples. What an interesting and in many respects instructive spectacle it exhibits!

Day follows day unnoticed. Only the heat prevents rest, concentration, and work. One's union with the frigate and its family becomes closer and closer. The Cesarewitch constantly passes whole hours in the ward-room, and holds long conversations with the officers.

The most memorable hours of this journey are, as usual, those of sunset, when every one is called on deck, and, the flag of St. George being lowered at the poop, the crew of the *Pamiat Azova* listens in reverent silence to the words of the Lord's prayer, and the chanting of the evening hymn. Certainly these solemn moments do much to relieve the sternness and responsibility of our sailors' lives at sea. As the strains of the hymn majestically swell and die away, the souls of the hearers seem to be renovated and purified by an internal fire.

The West assumes a peachlike tint; the farewell rays of the sinking sun still play on the fantastic clouds and the gently heaving waters.

The Gulf of Siam and the lands lying on its shores! A sounding name, which raises no definite image, no clear picture in the average Western mind. Of this relatively civilised portion of the globe we Russians, for instance, really know less than of negro Africa, foreign as it is to us, or of the Papuans. It may be safely said that there are few as yet who find any interest or importance in the question concerning these comparatively near neighbours of the Celestial Empire. Yet the time for the interference of England and France in the further destinies of the still independent elements of Indo-China is not far off. Mr. Kergaradec, the French consul-general in Bangkok, has succeeded in obtaining the transfer of the widely planned telegraph-lines of the kingdom into the hands of his countrymen, while M. Pavie, a thorough student of the land of the Laos, is hastening, in the interests of patriotism, to organise new expeditions to the debatable lands on the borders of the French possessions in this part of the world. Meanwhile Lord Lamington, taking Bangkok for his point of departure, is studying, from an English point of view, the important roads leading thence towards Tonking. Undoubtedly a collision between two antagonistic colonial powers will soon be inevitable in this land, and the Siamese are threatened with a fate similar to that of millions of their fellow-believers. It would be interesting, however, to know who will be the first to lay hands on this harmless kingdom, and whose enlightened yoke will lie heaviest on the natives. Judging by the indications of history, the words 'Ye are mine' will first and most easily be pronounced by Albion, steadfast in its undertakings and gazing intently from Singapore and Burmah on the Indo-Chinese world, in view of an energetic and victorious inroad into the Celestial Empire. Save the French, penned up in Tonking, who in those southern lands can enter into any decided rivalry with the British, or place any serious obstacles in their way? A powerful fleet is needed for this, and strong defences on land against the brave sepoys, who will be sent to gain new dominions of inexhaustible wealth for the rulers of India. Neither the one nor the other will they meet with in Southern China. But how will it be with Russia afterwards, when money will flow thence in a golden torrent westwards, across the Channel, to prepare for us in Europe again and again the most unexpected complications and, perhaps, even threats? Regarded from afar off, from where one looks down only on Europe and all that agitates her daily life, Siam appears as a

weak and third-rate power; but in the name of the coming interests of Russia in the awakening East, it is heartily to be wished that this little kingdom, which has retained its independence amidst all the turmoil of the gradual conquest of Asia by the West, may continue to retain it to its full extent and enjoy a normal development, prosperity, and happiness. Should it be otherwise, we must indirectly suffer soon or late. As long as the present state of matters remains undisturbed, all imperceptibly works in our favour.

Since we have now comparatively few tropical nights to pass at sea, we gaze the more earnestly, with deep yearning, on their vivid beauty and their undying brilliancy.

Fiery blue sparks, as large as nuts, blaze in the depths around us. A track of hoary foam sparkles far in our wake, while the moonless, star-lit gloom shrouds the silent distance. Now a streak of greenish fire flashes again and again above the abyss of waters on the horizon. The flashes right in our rear, in the seemingly endless furrow of our wake, are tinged first with orange and then with violet and blue. Rosy-red flames appear, like little lamps, in the east, and finally the moon, a crimson and not yet perfectly-formed sphere, floats up above the waves and floods the ocean with streams of golden light.

A great future awaits the comparatively little-known gulf we are traversing. More and more frequently one hears of a project to cut a deep canal through the isthmus of Kra, between the peninsula of Malacca and Siam, thus shortening the road for steamers to Indo-China and the Celestial Empire, both from India and from the European West, by two or three days. This would not be advantageous for Singapore; but on the whole the British would lose nothing by it — their commercial interests on the coasts of Asia are too boundless for that! Should this new and important canal be constructed, the immediate result will be the annexation by this colony of the Malayan lands, which now pay tribute to Bangkok; an influx of European adventurers into the latter; the rapid conquest of the southern borders of the continent by colonisers of a race even more enterprising than the Chinese themselves. A broad highway will be opened from the Bay of Bengal to the waters of the yellow race. With redoubled energy the new-comers will disturb it prematurely, will subdue it, will enslave and exploit it.

The French engineers are striving to obtain the principal means for their work from the King of Siam, who, however, can only suffer loss from the realisation of this foreign project.

Old Lesseps is said to be in favour of it. His native land seems to be called on to draw the sovereigns of the Menam into the whirl of historical and frequently fatal events. In the seventeenth century expeditions were despatched thither by Louis XIV., who dreamed of introducing Christianity there. They began by a polite interchange of embassies and by the customary diplomatic falsehoods, and ended by bitter mutual enmity and bloodshed. This unstable and insincere union was broken for a long time. In later days it was England, of course, who succeeded in renewing closer relations on the ground of mutual commercial and disputable political interests.

Yet how easy it would have been, in the absence of fanaticism and vanity, to attain exactly opposite results with the mild and hospitable Buddhist population! One becomes fully convinced of this in reading the remarkable notes and diaries of the missionary fathers (principally learned Jesuits) who visited at that interesting epoch the mediæval land of Siam, awakening to the dawn of civilisation and stretching forth its arms to France. The early books on this subject are becoming bibliographical rarities, and having obtained copies of them, it is with the

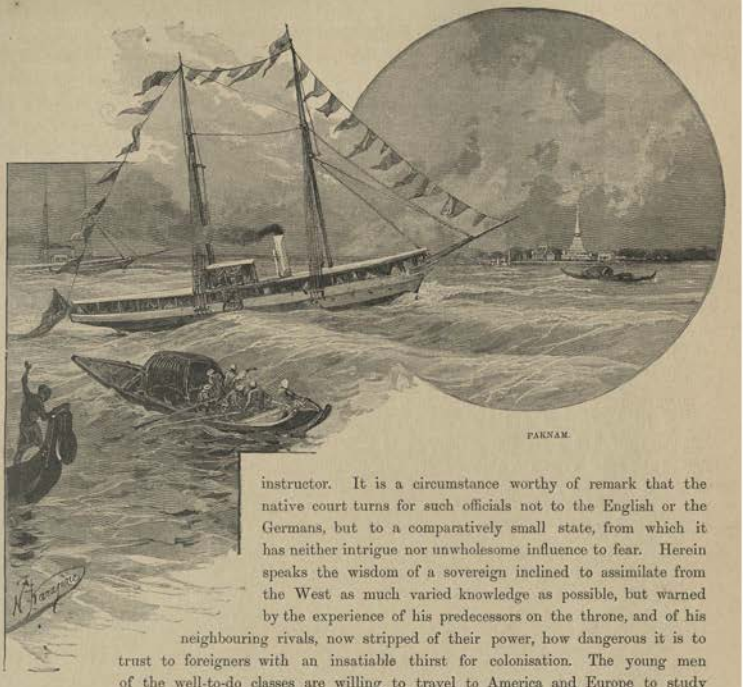
greater pleasure that on the way to Bangkok I run through the unsophisticated descriptions of the observant monks. The spirit in which they went forth to preach, the land to which their destiny lead them, the natives vainly looking to the foreigners for enlightenment and help—all this is pictured by the imagination with extraordinary vividness amid these appropriate, mysterious surroundings.

The fault of the Europeans, who knew not then how to gain the confidence of the simple-hearted natives, who were really civilised after a fashion of their own, lay in the narrow-mindedness of the former and the breadth of the religious views of the latter. The Siamese sovereign built churches for his honoured guests, ordered the reception-chambers of the Catholic ambassadors to be decorated with golden crucifixes, handed over his Annamite prisoners to the Christian instructors of his troops, to convert to the 'Western faith,' but would not accept baptism himself, his heart not having received the Spirit. Instead of using prayer and patience, and acting with the mildness consonant with such behaviour, the men of the West regarded matters in a purely formal and materialistic way. Since complete success was unattainable, little by little they found it unnecessary to stand on ceremonies with the mild-spirited natives of the land.

Had matters been placed on a different footing, missionary enterprise might have boldly calculated on a brilliant success in these lands. In the capital of Siam, for instance, a seminary rose up and developed without hindrance, in which as many as forty Indo-Chinese of various origins (Cochin-Chinese and Burmese) and even Japanese studied Latin and theology. The neophytes ordained there and despatched to their homes would in course of time have transfigured the social system of their teeming fellow-countrymen. The Siamese sovereign who reigned on the Menam just two hundred years ago, used to read the Gospels in a translation made for him, kept a crucifix in his sleeping-chamber, reverenced the name of the Lord, helped the Christian preachers to penetrate into the confines of the Celestial Empire. And it was with such an Asiatic ruler that the representatives of our culture omitted to keep on terms of close friendship! Clearly it is not the East that is to be blamed for this. True, the stubborn Dutch and the British, timid as yet, and the Portuguese stripped of their prestige, kept up relations with the south of Indo-China, but almost exclusively as merchants. Naturally Siam was flattered by the possibility of forming an alliance, or at least of making some agreement, with such a powerful western nation as the French, while the latter aimlessly neglected its own interests on these distant shores. It is an instructive example, showing why in such cases it is useful, and even necessary, to look forward with prudent calculation to the coming centuries.

The squadron is at anchor, but the shore cannot be clearly distinguished in the distance, though the airy azure outlines of the mountains are visible on one side. Only from the mast-head is it perhaps possible to see the land of Siam, invisible from the level of the deck. A heavy swell increases the impression that we are *still* at sea. In the roadstead are the gunboats *Manjur* and *Koreyets*, which came here straight from Singapore, while among the Siamese ships is the cruiser *Rajkumar*, on which two of his Majesty's brothers, the ministers of Foreign Affairs and of the Royal Household, have come from the capital to welcome the Cesarewitch.

In spite of the wind and the swell, H.I. Highness goes in the launch to pay them a visit. We are to go on board the royal yacht *Apollo*, that we may reach Bangkok the sooner. The captain of the yacht is a Dane, M. Richelieu (a descendant of the famous French family). He is generally respected in the country for his valuable advice in diplomatic matters, and as a good



PAKNAM.

instructor. It is a circumstance worthy of remark that the native court turns for such officials not to the English or the Germans, but to a comparatively small state, from which it has neither intrigue nor unwholesome influence to fear. Herein speaks the wisdom of a sovereign inclined to assimilate from the West as much varied knowledge as possible, but warned by the experience of his predecessors on the throne, and of his neighbouring rivals, now stripped of their power, how dangerous it is to trust to foreigners with an insatiable thirst for colonisation. The young men of the well-to-do classes are willing to travel to America and Europe to study foreign ways and customs, foreign order and material progress; many princes of the blood having gained knowledge and understanding there, bring out educated tutors and governesses, intrust minor official posts in the state to foreigners, but over all else they set the principle of 'Siam for the Siamese.' Without the favourable external conditions for rapid development enjoyed by Japan, they nevertheless improve themselves year by year, as far as is possible, and if this numerically feeble nation is not crushed by some rude catastrophe, then, as early even as the first years of the twentieth century, it must play a very sympathetic part among the ranks of civilised nations with a remarkable past.

FRIDAY, *March* 8/20.

Early morning. The royal yacht glides smoothly through the shallow mouth of the Menam. Technically it is possible to avoid the immense inconveniences caused by the bar at the mouth of

this deep navigable river, but the Siamese are opposed, on political grounds, to the admittance of European ironclads into it. Hard by, to the left, one catches glimpses of fishermen's nets hung on bamboo stakes. A little forlorn-looking lighthouse rises directly out of the water. The low shore becomes more and more distinct by reason of the dense mass of foliage covering it. The rich vegetation of the tropics has taken it captive, and as yet conceals the land itself from us.

Next we hear the sound of guns. Evidently the customary salute is being fired. We pass Paknam, the first native town on our way, with a neat little fortress and a white bell-shaped, gold-roofed pagoda on an islet in the middle of the winding channel. Houses on rafts, houses on piles along the banks, and higher up beyond them in a pleasant spot, a building of quite a European type, with telegraph wires running from it. Boats (principally with dried fish) roofed in with matting, and resembling gigantic barrels, glide swiftly enough down the stream, propelled by their skilful oarsmen, among whom, judging by the voices, there is no small number of women, in broad-brimmed straw hats and light-coloured garments.

At a comparatively recent period foreign men-of-war were not allowed to pass the fortifications of Paknam, or else proceeded on to Bangkok after disarming here. Justly distrustful, the Siamese expected no good from their pale-faced visitors, and tried in every way to curb their excessive curiosity and enterprise in the study of the land with colonisatory views. It is not so now: the Government seems to be rejoiced even at the attention paid to it by Europe and America, while as regards us, it is ready with all its heart to welcome the squadron that visits the waters of the gulf under the flag of the Cesarewitch. The *Koreyets* and two Siamese gunboats, following in the wake of the *Apollo*, have crossed the bar and steam in a stately fashion after us. The oppressive heat of the day is at its height. Lunch is served on the deck of the yacht. We are still twenty-two miles from the capital, that is, about two hours' journey. The Cesarewitch is enabled to hold a long conversation with Prince Krom Luang Devawongse, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, justly regarded as one of the most enlightened of his countrymen. We cleave the waters amidst a monotonous landscape, where the vegetation hides all vestiges of human life. At times the country seems almost a wilderness, yet all around us beats the pulse of a most intense life. Nature and man seem to have combined to shelter themselves from indiscreet glances by an impenetrable curtain of foliage, that they might work the more freely under the vertical rays of the sun. The fairy kingdom called Siam is in no haste, apparently, to appear before the eyes of the illustrious travellers in all its famed brilliancy and grandeur, in all its charm and radiant beauty.

CHAPTER XXX

THE natural wealth and the potential prosperity of the land of the Menam, with those adjoining and dependent on it, are very great. The income of the king alone amounts to £1,500,000 per annum. Gold and silver, precious stones, iron, tin, coal, good timber, rice, spices, fruits—all are to be found in inexhaustible quantities, not only sufficient for the modest requirements of the people, who but a little while ago were content to use shells as monetary units, but admitting of a most extensive export. More than three-quarters of the land (that is, about 180,000 square miles) lies uncultivated, covered with jungles, and awaiting the agriculturist.

The shipping of the country is developing, though more slowly than might be expected, forming less than five per cent. of the vessels coming here, though some foreign craft sail under the Siamese flag, that they may enjoy various privileges. This, of course, is an insignificant proportion when one considers that English vessels form sixty per cent., and German ships one-third, of the total number of steamers and sailing-vessels trading with Siam. The French trade as yet is unimportant, even in comparison with that of Austria, Italy, and Norway. Among the steamship lines carrying passengers in these waters the Blue Funnel Line deserves especial notice. The German consulate keenly studies the wants, character, and demands of the population, and does all in its power to compete successfully with the trade in British goods, annually increasing its import. The first place among the firms of Bangkok is occupied by that of Markwald, the owner, among other things, of a rice-cleaning establishment, where there is an engine of four hundred horse-power. And this exists in spite of the proximity of India, Singapore, and Hongkong! Of late years the trade in beer and matches from Trieste has been undermined by cheap imitations of Japanese manufacture. Only Bohemian glass fears no imitation here. The principal trade is with Western countries. The import of cotton goods (about £2,500,000 to £3,000,000) is continually increasing, much being brought from Ahmedabad. But as yet the export exceeds the import by about £1,000,000. The great development of cattle-breeding, especially in the north, makes it possible to sell a cow and a calf for export to Burmah for about eight shillings.

Menam Chau Phya (the royal mother of waters) is the name given by the natives to their Nile, whose inundations fertilise the gigantic plain. It has created the flourishing lowlands of Siam,

has won for the country a portion of the gulf, and by its deposits of sand and organic matter has moved the shore further to the south. Some two or three hundred years ago, in places where temples now shine amidst the surrounding verdure, the ocean surf used to break on a bare and barren beach.

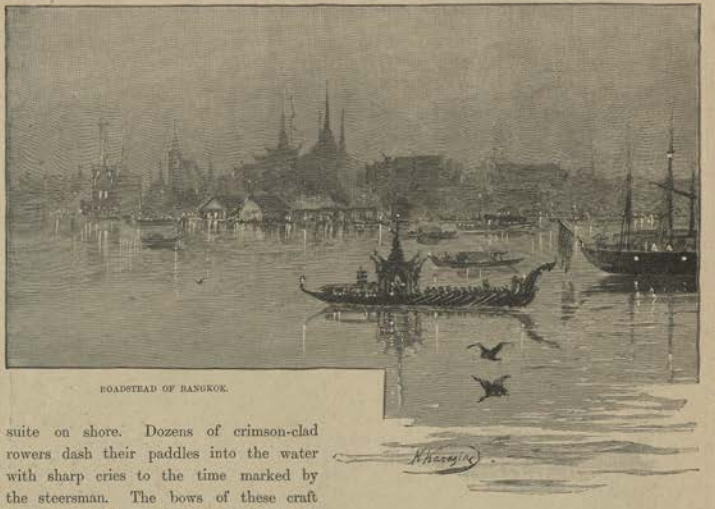
The further we progress up the winding river, the more animated and populous it becomes. Through the foliage one gradually begins to distinguish different industrial establishments, schools, the villas of the European quarter, the lofty front of the custom-house, the railings round the royal palace, and the shining, fancifully curved roofs of the temples. The *Apollo* passes a

SIAMESE HOUSE-BOATS.

whole row of sailing-vessels, gunboats, and little yachts, all decorated with flags. Regular streets are formed around us by the floating dwellings of nearly one hundred thousand townsfolk, who spend their lives on the Menam and the innumerable canals. Curious figures of men and women, whom it is impossible to distinguish by their dress or hair, squat in the simple verandahs of these strange and unstable buildings (*rua*), which are fastened to piles driven deep into the muddy bottom of the river. In stormy weather they are often swept away, but without any harm being done to the inhabitants. Such a typical Siamese home will drift a little down the stream, and then its owners will skilfully make fast to some free pile or other on their way. Such a means of changing one's place is very convenient during the frequently occurring fires (though

scarcely for the quarter towards which the burning houses drift), and is very practical, generally speaking, as a cheap mode of migration from one commercially interesting point to another, their boats (almost every native possesses one, just as the Sart of Turkestan has his long-eared *ishak*, or little donkey) greatly simplifying matters when they move to their new quarters. For drifting up the river the men of Bangkok utilise the flood-tide. Such is the Venice of the tropics, the capital of Siam.

Long, narrow row-boats of a strange type (resembling the canoes of savages in their dimensions and the swift motion of their oars) approach the yacht to take their Highnesses and their



ROADSTEAD OF BANGKOK.

suite on shore. Dozens of crimson-clad rowers dash their paddles into the water with sharp cries to the time marked by the steersman. The bows of these craft rise up in a lofty curve, gilded and painted to represent some monster or other. Amidst the seats of the oarsmen is a little pavilion, furnished with cushions, amongst which there is room for but a few passengers, however closely they may sit.

Amid the roar of salutes we glide through a cloud of smoke to the decorated landing-place, where the sovereign of the only independent Indo-Chinese kingdom is waiting to welcome the Cesarewitch.

Never, since the days when the brilliant embassy despatched by Louis XIV. visited the Menam, have the natives experienced such feelings of joyous excitement and complete confidence, nor welcomed any one with more hospitality, impatience, and hope. In their early European visitors the Siamese soon had reason to be bitterly disappointed, beginning with the Portuguese, who took possession of the city of Malacca, which acknowledged the sovereignty of the king

The King of Siams gondolas

Druck v. F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig

of Siam, and then at one and the same time sold their services as mercenaries to Burmah against Siam, and to Siam against Burmah. The 'white men' came hither to enrich themselves and to rule. How this might affect the native population did not concern them. This led to enmity and suspicion towards the strangers from beyond the seas. It is in a totally different way that all the nations of the East, both those under the European yoke and those threatened with it, must and do regard us. They know the power of the White Tsar, at whose feet lies the whole expanse of Asia, so near to us in spirit; they know that in questions of foreign policy—territorial and not colonising—Russia stands in no need of the tinsel splendour, sought greedily by the enterprising,

ROYAL BOAT.

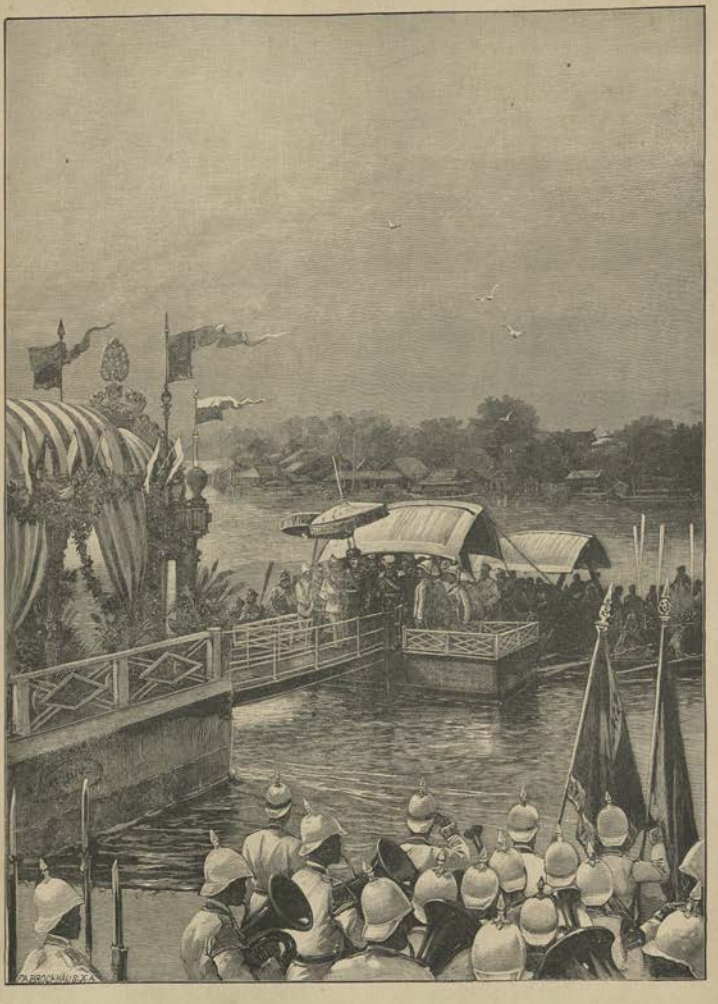
restless nations of the West, less confident than she is of final success; they value in us principally this great feature that, as far as we are able, we bring into the chaos of our own life and that of others the principles of straightforwardness and simple kindness, the thirst for true self-denial practised for its own sake, and the regarding of men of all creeds and races as children of God, who cannot be otherwise than near to us both in flesh and in spirit. It is on this basis of Russian national character and of simple Christian ideals that our empire has grown up, strong in its homogeneity, though polyglot in its elements, and bringing life into each nook of the Asiatic continent as it gravitates towards her. The Buddhist population of Siam, mild, though brave in war, instinctively feels its internal connection with the empire of the far-off North, which here seeks neither land nor power, nor to infringe the rights of others. Friendship with it would

be based on purely disinterested motives. With its invisible moral support, this Indo-Chinese kingdom, which has hitherto escaped the uncalled-for guardianship and hegemony of Europe, might hope in the hour of unequal struggle with its neighbours for the further preservation of its independence. It is said that H.M. King Chulalonkorn has announced to his people that he is expecting a guest who should be regarded as the guest of the nation, who should be greeted and honoured from the heart, and welcomed not only as an Imperial traveller, but as a friend also.

A NOBLE FAMILY OF SIAM.

The full uniform of the Siamese court, with all its quaintness, is not at all inelegant to European eyes, while, at the same time, it suits those who wear it. Evidently the Siamese know how to accommodate their national aesthetic principles to higher and more general ones. Their great interest in Europe does not make them forget for one moment that not all that proceeds from it is suitable to the representatives of the native coloured race called *Sayam* (that is, 'red'), which has given its name to the country, but calls itself by the proud title of *thai* ('free'), a title which in all justice has now belonged to it for more than a thousand years, ever since it threw off the yoke of Cambodia, and for centuries successfully repelled the fierce attacks of its more powerful brethren of the same race.

Noon is at hand. The air seems to be red-hot. At the decorated landing-place (the Russian inscription of welcome has been composed by a native of our Baltic provinces, who has



LANDING IN BANGKOK.

come to Siam to seek his fortune), around the sovereign under his state umbrella, stands a throng of princes of the blood and of courtiers in pith helmets, gold-laced silken uniforms, and blue silk continuations (strictly speaking it is one piece of stuff, the *panung* wrapped round the loins), with long white stockings and buckled shoes.

The Cesarewitch in the full uniform of the Hussars of the Guard lands from the fantastic barge (with its forty-six theatrically clad rowers) under a small arch, where he is greeted by King Chulalonkorn. His Majesty's title in full (Phra-Bad-Somdetch-Phra-Paramindr-Maha-Chulalonkorn-Phra-Chula-Chau-Klao-Chau-Tu-Hua) is somewhat difficult to pronounce all at once, but it is easily remembered if one notes the meaning of the majority of these words, which are no more than a list of the customary appellations, or, rather, titles of the king in the vernacular. Thus, for instance, 'Chau' means 'prince'; 'Somdetch' is 'mighty' or 'most powerful'; 'Paramindr' signifies 'eminent,' 'most famous'; 'Chulalonkorn' is 'the lesser diadem' (in contrast to the late king, his father, who was entitled 'Maha-Mongkoot,' 'the great crown') and so forth. The Siamese title 'pra' or 'phra' ('divinity' or 'great lord') is derived from the ancient Indian 'prabhu' (lord), and corresponds to the Egyptian 'Pharaoh.' It is sometimes used in addressing Buddhist priests, much as in the Mongolo-Tibetan north it is customary to style them 'lama.' In reality on the Menam, as in the mystic East in general, the custom obtains of calling the sovereign by a number of epithets, without mentioning his name, the latter being sacred and not to be known to the people, partly because it might become the object of evil spells and nefarious influence.

H.M. KING CHULALONKORN.

Forty years of age, of middle height and stately build, this handsome king has nothing markedly Turanian in his appearance, nothing of the Mongol or the Malay, but rather reminds one of a native of the south of Europe, with a very pleasant voice and radiant eyes. He cordially greets the Cesarewitch, and makes the illustrious travellers acquainted with his numerous family. The king may be said to bear a distant resemblance to the unfortunate Ludwig II. of Bavaria.

The floor of the landing-place is carpeted with red cloth. The guard of honour, with band and colours, is drawn up in thoroughly Western fashion. We hear our national anthem, bearing

one away into a realm of familiar and homelike sounds. So this is Siam? How strange it must be for its natives to look on the fur shakoes and the glittering helmets of the Russian suite! Amid this scorching heat our tightly buttoned uniforms cause us almost intolerable discomfort.

The road from the river to the principal Chakra Kri palace is covered with light-coloured mats from the Philippine Islands; it leads through lanes partly covered by awnings, past massive mansions and temple walls, and is lined with troops. The helmets of the infantry bear gilded badges. The majority are barefoot. The uniform is white and blue.

The procession is opened by the masters of ceremonies with their wands. According to ancient custom an umbrella of imposing dimensions is borne above the heads of the sovereign and their Highnesses. We heard much of these emblems of authority in India, in reference to her past, but they really only became prominent when we reached Java, and then here, in this thoroughly charming land of Siam, that opens out before us in a thousand original pictures. According to travellers' accounts, however, the umbrella has played its part all over the more northern provinces of Indo-China as well. When, for instance, in 1819 an American expedition, having come to the coast of Cochin-China, was awaiting permission to proceed to Saigon, the miserable half-savage natives of the coast repeatedly came to visit the foreigners, and their chief, who was on terms of the greatest familiarity with his subordinates, yet never made a step on board the stranger ship without an attendant bearing an umbrella over his head. The obstinate native would not even enter the cabin without this important attribute of his rank. But in the East it is customary to do without it when respect for time or place requires such omission: thus even the greatest statesman in Burmah would not walk round a temple in prayer, even outside its walls, when under the umbrella required by etiquette. This article is sometimes so necessary (as a symbol) that for us, who are children of the West in education and views, it is difficult at first to conceive of the inner meaning of the custom, with respect, for instance, to inanimate objects. At the reception of the embassy from Louis XIV., the Siamese put the letters of the pope and of the king to their sovereign into baskets of gold, placed them in splendid litters, in which they were borne under a great umbrella, amidst a body of troops, with the band playing, on to the palace. Nothing less, of course, was to be expected from the representatives of a system of culture which more than any other on the earth reverences the authority of the spiritual chiefs and the temporal rulers of the people.

Before us lies a large paved courtyard, with great lanterns, curiously clipped trees in tubs, and the splendid frontage of the principal palace, whither our brilliant procession is wending its way. Built but a short time ago, it cost an incredible sum of money. While its red and green roof recalls that of a temple, its mosaic-work marble stairs and its columns all glittering with gilding carry one far away from Siam into the busy world of Western life, Western taste, and modern architecture. We have seen much, perhaps too much, and admired much in the course of the past winter, but a building so strange and yet so harmonious in its outlines I cannot call to memory. Here we have a combination of coloured stones and exotic colours, the bold curves of the roof, the artistic portrait of the king high above the entrance, the rich bronze work in the yellow wall beneath it, and the odorous flowers in elegant vases in the windows curtained with open-work tissues. On the steps of the principal entrance, where there are several statues of elephants, stand dusky, scarlet-clad troops and servants. Scheherazade might have told her lord many another wondrous tale had her fancy been nourished by the

Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch. His Imperial Majesty.

KING OF SIAM IN ST. PETERSBURG.

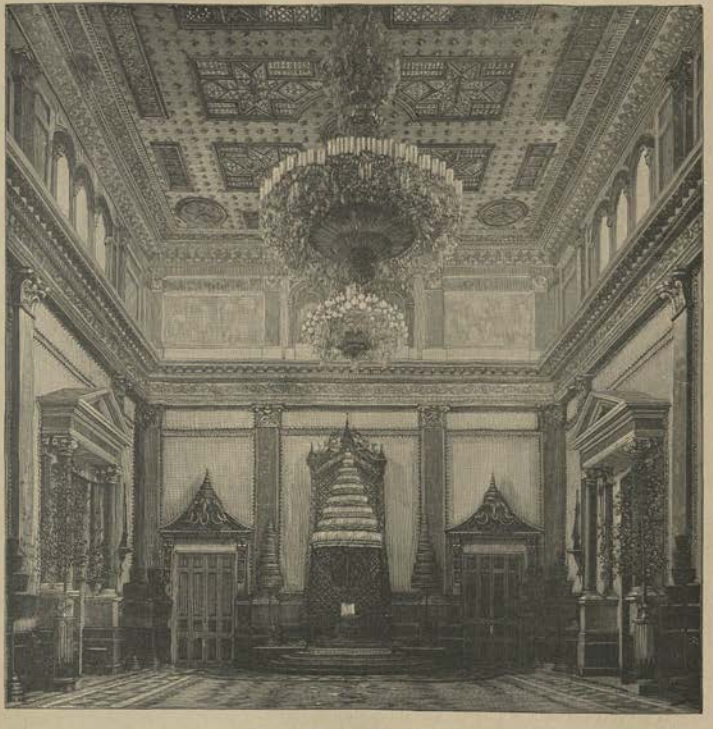
world rising up all around us beneath the fiery skies—the free and isolated world of Siam, endlessly fanciful in its outlines, full of a soft, mysterious, never-fading beauty, and ever full of charm for the stranger.

ROYAL PALACE IN BANGKOK.

KING'S PARK.

On a dais in the depths of the luxurious entrance-hall stands a peculiar throne. The floor is paved with squares of coloured marble, and a dim light streams in through windows near the ceiling. Massive chandeliers and lamps impart rather too European a character to the ceiling with its Oriental ornamentation. Along the walls are columns, similar to those outside, at the portico. Five steps lead up to the semicircular foot of the throne; the seat is cushioned, while above it rises a long, seven-storied umbrella, gradually decreasing in size towards the top. Above the two doors that flank the throne are elephants (three united above each door, recalling the Trimurti of Brahminical India) with interlaced tusks and surmounted by the Siamese crown. Besides this the attention is attracted by the articles along the walls of the atrium; the candlesticks of extraordinary dimensions, the state umbrellas, ancient royal weapons and shields, as well as two pictures representing scenes in the history of Siam's intercourse with Europe, or rather with France,

which more persistently and sternly than any other nation knocked at her doors. The stranger is it to see on the walls of the Chakra Kri palace the work of Western painters, giving a vivid picture of the reception of the embassies, which vainly sought to strengthen the



HALL IN THE CHIEF PALACE OF BANGKOK.

bonds between a radically different and foreign land beyond the sea with the country of the Menam!

The illustrious travellers proceed with the king and the princes of senior rank to his reception-room, where the solemn investiture of their Highnesses with the insignia of native orders is to take place. His Majesty requests the Grand Duke to assume the bright yellow

LEAVING THE CHIEF PALACE IN BANGKOK.

ribbon of the 'Chakra-Kri,' regarded as sacred by the people, and belonging by birth exclusively to the sovereigns of the land and to the sons and brothers of the king. It is, so to speak, the star of St. Andrew of Indo-Buddhist Asia. Prince George of Greece receives the insignia of the first class of the order of the White Elephant.

In view of the fact that *chakra* is neither more nor less than the 'wheel,' 'circle,' 'sun', and, on occasions, the 'fiery disk' of Indra the Thunderer—that is, the emblem of overpowering might in the Irano-Turanian struggle for predominance in southern Asia—the investiture of the Cesarewitch with this Oriental order of 'sovereign dominion' is full of significance from an historical point of view. To the Hindu, Chinese, and Mongol mind the word Chakravartin signifies a most perfect being, come in a garb of flesh to rule over mankind. Along with the ribbon, his Majesty delivers to his Imperial guest a very quaint document, which is worth translating:—

'Somdetch Phra Paramindr Maha Chulalonkorn, King of Northern and of Southern Siam with their dependencies, invests the Heir to the throne of Russia with the title of honorary knight of the most excellent order of the House of Chakra Kri of Siam. May it give satisfaction to the Cesarewitch in the future! May the Highest Power in the world preserve H.I. Highness, and grant him all prosperity!

'Given at our court of Chakrakri Mahaprasad in Bangkok. Friday, the eleventh day of the new moon, in the lunar month of Bagunain, in the year Kharn, the second in the decade, the 1252 of the Siamese astronomical era, corresponding to the European 20th of March 1891, on the 8165 day and in the twenty-third year of my reign.'

During the investiture the Russian suite and the Siamese courtiers remained in the long and large gallery adjoining the atrium. It is adorned with a whole series of portraits of the kings and the distinguished queens of the dynasty which has ruled since the last century, as well as with numerous pictorial presents from foreign courts. Though a good half-hour has passed since we came into the world of Bangkok, one still feels inclined from time to time to ask whether it is not all a dream, so pleasant are all our impressions.

Old-fashioned state carriages, with servants attired in crimson, wait at the principal entrance to convey the royal travellers to the palace of Saranrom, which has been prepared for their accommodation. His Majesty accompanies his guests thither. A body of lancers (in crimson uniforms, dark blue trousers, and without spurs), with red and white pennons on their lances and mounted on big strong horses of Australian breed, escort the royal carriage. A guard of honour is drawn up at the Saranrom palace. The Cesarewitch's acquaintance of Singapore, Major-General Prince Krom Mun Damrong Rajanuphab, Minister of Public Instruction, or rather of Ecclesiastical Affairs, greets H.I. Highness at the entrance to his apartments. A feeling of satisfaction fills one every time one sees these fine-looking Siamese soldiers. One realises how easily the art of war is acquired by our spiritual relations, the Asiatics, when they begin to study it under the guidance of the West. Very wisely, the Government of Bangkok chooses its instructors from Denmark and from Italy, from any country but those of its natural foes, the English and the French. Though the system of universal conscription has existed in the country for ages, yet special officers, journeying to and fro in the land, recruit the army from the best men among the youth of the nation, and the result is an excellent raw material. Not very long ago the Annamites (with Christians from Cochin-China among them) occupied an honourable position in the ranks of the model troops of Siam.

The army numbers from twelve to eighteen thousand men: the garrison of Bangkok is three thousand. The royal navy is increasing. The Siamese are very clever at shipbuilding, have very fair ship-yards, and plenty of desire, though but few means, for carrying on the business on a large scale at home. The sailors are recruited principally among the Malays of Malacca and among the descendants of Burmese prisoners of war or the natives of Cambodia. Even the Laos, the denizens of the northern districts, which are comparatively hilly and remote from the sea, enlist in the navy much more willingly than the inhabitants of the lowlands on the banks of the river.

How easy it is to discipline and, speaking generally, to instruct the Siamese troops, was pointed out two centuries ago by the French gentlemen despatched to the Menam to defend on the spot the interests of their Government, which found it possible to address the native king in the name of their own sovereign, as 'très-haut, très-excellent, très-puissant et très-magnanime prince, notre très-cher et bon ami. Dieu veuille augmenter votre grandeur!' At the present day Paris attaches no importance whatever to any relations with Siam, yet the difference in power and position was at that time perhaps even more striking. True it is, that in those days people were able and willing to be polite!

After a rest during the day the noble travellers proceed to the palace park, in which there are several small temples with spires of an extraordinary height, their polished facets glittering in the sun like flames of coloured fire, while a group of pavilions, kiosks, and arbours is seen on several artificial hillocks. The royal white elephants are immediately to pass in procession before their Highnesses. Each one of us (in common with every educated man in the West) has heard so much of these rare animals, that it is with some disappointment one learns that there are none in Bangkok just now. Among the dirty-grey tame giants there are only two or three a trifle lighter than the others: with little cunning red eyes and abnormal trunks and tusks.

The latter are very much valued, and increase the prestige of these chosen elephants. I noticed that the educated Siamese around us seem unwilling to speak of the 'white' individuals of this species of animal, and deny the truth of travellers' stories about the almost divine honours paid them by the people. The flag of Siam bears on a red field the characteristic figure of a white elephant. In reality there is no such animal. Its image signifies some legendary being of a higher order.

For some reason or other, both in Indo-China and among the Malays (probably, too, in ancient India and ancient China) there is a firm belief in the supernatural origin of all albinos. Though the latter are always more or less sickly, their exceeding abnormality is made no reproach to them, but rather the contrary. Such weakly children, for instance, are not uncommonly taken in complete charge by some native prince, who lavishly recompenses the parents of the pale-faced child.

In the East white elephants have been held in honour for untold ages. Examples might be mentioned without end. Aphrasiab, a sovereign of Samarkand, who led the epic armies of Turan against Iran, counted among his allies a certain khan (from the confines of China) who rode upon a white war-elephant. Buddha mysteriously descended into the womb of Maya as a pearly cloud, within which the white elephant, sacred in its very essence, descended to her from heaven. At the summer festivals of the Siberian Lamaites, held in honour of their Messiah

(Maitreya), the natives drive about a roughly carved figure of such an animal in a chariot. The last *jina* (conqueror of sin) is conceived of by the Jains of India as a white elephant.

In 1342 the heir to the throne of Tsiampa (Cochin-China, in the eastern part of the middle of Indo-China), seeking help from Annam against his rebel subjects, accompanied his request by the gift of a white elephant and a white horse. When at the beginning of the fifteenth century the Chinese took possession of the latter country, and having laid their heavy yoke on it, strove to introduce Chinese ways and customs among the people, these new masters of the land began to plunder them and exploit the natural wealth of the country, deeming no spoil more attrac-

WHITE ELEPHANT

tive than the so-called 'white' elephants, to hunt which thousands of Annamites were driven out into the forest and the mountain wilds.

Two such albinos have been brought to Europe: the first (the *elephas albus* of Horace) in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, who imported all sorts of rarities for the delectation of the Romans, who were greedy of amusements; the second was imported by the Dutch in 1633. About the same time another such animal was brought to the Great Mogul from the East. When in the seventh century the Emperor Heraclius was at war with the Persians, Chosroes is said to have had among his countless treasures beyond the Tigris 'elephants white as snow.' Mounted on such a beast, Mahmoud Gaznevid, a famous sultan of the eleventh century, defeated the Turkic nomad tribes between the Aral Sea and the Amu-Daria. Buddhagosha, the great Buddhist scholar,

who visited Ceylon for the purpose of studying Pali literature, on returning to the continent, where he was received on his native coast by Burmese, Tibetans, Siamese, and Annamites, delivered to his brethren in the faith the precious manuscripts he had brought from the island of Lanka. They were immediately placed under a light-coloured canopy, decorated with gold and purple, and then raised to the back of a white elephant. In later years, Burmah and Siam have more than once warred furiously for the possession of such animals.

Though we shall not see anything like such fabulous splendour on this occasion, the interesting spectacle before our eyes is quite sufficient for us. Their Highnesses are on a long terrace adjoining the flower-beds of the park; beyond it lie a canal and a street, along which a most uncommon procession passes slowly to the accompaniment of discordant native music. It is headed by slaves, or, rather, prisoners of war and malefactors, appointed to attend on the elephants and to bear the valuable presents offered to the animals by a few Buddhist believers. Next come four of these gigantic beasts in motley trappings. A considerable straining of the sight, and also of the imagination, enables one to notice a comparative whiteness in their shoulders and their ears. On the whole, however, they do not differ from other elephants. The unwillingness of educated Siamese to discuss the question of the worship of these animals is quite comprehensible. May not many tales current about it spring from the superficial judgment of European tourists?

Surrounding the elephants walk the king's guards, in mediæval attire, armed with bow and spear. In the park below, the royal band plays piece after piece, while we watch this typical picture of historical Siam. It is strange to hear the intrusion into an ancient and now purely decorative ceremonial system of various operatic melodies and waltzes, while at the same time, right before us, shells are trumpeting and tom-toms are rolling. Of course in olden days such processions were much more magnificent both as to composition and dimensions. The guards of the Siamese monarch, for instance, then included six hundred gaily-attired Japanese warriors, the fame of whose courage was widely spread in the far East.

In looking over the events of the comparatively recent past of the country, one comes across totally unexpected facts which show with striking clearness how few are the racial prejudices of the intelligent Buddhist population of Siam. When about the middle of the sixteenth century certain Portuguese outlaws began to tyrannise over the Atchin coast, threatening to put an end to the friendly commercial relations between Sumatra and Siam, the king took into his service a number of janissaries from Egypt, who had been wrecked upon his shores, and commissioned them for a high price to put down the European pirates. Turkish adventurers were highly esteemed in the East, at that time, for their skill in arms. The Turks undertook the commission and started on their expedition, but fell into an ambush among some islands, and almost all perished. Evidently the Siamese had no repugnance towards companionship even with the most fanatic of Mohammedans.

In the procession now passing before us a war-elephant, with tusks of amazing size, is especially remarkable. It is covered with a precious cloth. The howdah is surmounted by a canopy. Beneath it are banners and *yak*-tails, as well as weapons of the most varied descriptions. A man in a helmet, behind whom (almost at the very tail of the beast) sits the *mahout* with his long hook, brandishes peacocks' feathers as he rides past, in imitation of a general directing a battle. Here, too, in distant Siam, the army, even in ancient times, had its 'elephantarchi' or 'magistri elephantorum.' How many battles have been won owing to the presence of these enormous

animals! What a part must have been played in the life of the Asiatic nations by whole bands of such giants deciding the issue of their most important battles! In the West, in days of old, before a battle these monsters were made drunk with spiced wines; in the Iranic East, with a liquor consisting of the fermented juices of the sugar-cane and of rice, mixed with balm and myrrh, while opium was used for the same purpose in Ceylon. In the army of the Great Mogul they were fed on meat to make them fierce. It may be imagined how terrible such elephants were in their rage. Even the one which now marches past their Highnesses is overpowering in the stateliness of his bearing. Looking on him, one understands Alexander the Great, who dedicated to the orb of day the finest of these animals taken by him in battle. The conqueror ordered the giant quadruped to be decked out in gold and silver and his tusks to be encircled with rings bearing the inscription: 'The son of Zeus offers up this elephant to Helios.' For similar reasons Hellenic coins in after-times used to bear elephants with torches held in their trunks, or elephants trampling on serpents, or other designs in which this huge creature played the most important part.

The illustrious travellers descend from the terrace for a nearer view of the Siamese war-elephants, and then pass on to a lawn, furnished with seats, where they are to gain a general acquaintance with the character of certain native games and sports. A band of wrestlers (Siamese and Malays) come on the scene. Before taking hold, they raise their hands in prayer to their heads, and bow to their monarch's guests. The methods of wrestling are those universally practised in the East.

Peculiar-looking horsemen, in mediæval attire, ride out on fiery little steeds from behind the trees of the park. They seem to be taken direct from the half-fantastic chronicles of the land, when it was torn by internal dissension and fratricidal war. The cavaliers are clad in chain-mail, with yataghans in their belts. These ancient warriors have come to show us a sham fight with lances. In days of old one of the kings of Siam slew the sovereign of Burmah in battle in such a duel, and caused his panic-stricken troops to fly. In this improvised tournament some of the Siamese knights bear little wooden bucklers covered with tiger-skin. Their horses are handsomely decorated with precious metals and silks. The noble animals are natives of the northern Laos provinces; they are famed for their beauty and swiftness, and are never put in harness. Three of their breed were sent by the late king as a present to the 'Société d'Acclimatation' in Paris.

These brilliant cavaliers are succeeded on the arena by most skilful ball-players—men who in Burmah and Siam have brought the game to the highest degree of perfection.

The balls are made of plaited rushes, and are light as down. Once kicked into the air, the ball must not touch the ground as long as the players can prevent it, nor may they touch it with their hands. With wonderful activity and ludicrous antics they catch it on their elbows, their shoulders, the crowns of their heads, their foreheads, knees, heels, backs, throwing it up again and unceasingly rushing after it as it rises and falls, vying with one another in the grace of their motions. Clad in light-coloured, closely-fitting garments, with little fillets on their heads, the Siamese ball-players produce a very amusing impression.

Leaving the park, their Highnesses pass through the arching bamboo avenues back towards their apartments. It is almost quite dark. Statues brought from Europe shine white along the paths leading to the exit. A fine military band, composed exclusively of Siamese, follows us with charming strains that bear the imagination homewards, far away from the surrounding exotic

world with all its beauties. After the stifling heat of the day it seems as if one could never breathe enough of the refreshing, balmy evening air.

SATURDAY, *March* 9/21.

Yesterday a gala dinner was given in the Chakra Kri palace, the king drinking to the health of the Emperor and the Empress of Russia. H.I. Highness the Cesarewitch, in his turn, drank to his Royal host and the Queen of Siam.

The guests were almost exclusively the King's near relations, who (as for instance, Prince Svasti, newly returned from England) exhibited a striking breadth of education, intellect, and tact. Evidently Europe has not mastered their spirits, but has only stimulated the natural capacities and noble character of the members of the native royal family. Nor is this wonderful. The father of King Chulalonkorn was justly regarded as a remarkable man. Excluded in his youth from the inheritance to the throne, he embraced a monastic life, attained to deep learning, studied not only Pali and Sanskrit, the sacred tongues of the southern Buddhists, but the principal Indo-Chinese dialects as well, and gained a fair acquaintance with English from British sailors, and with Latin from the missionaries. He ascended the throne when nearing the decline of life, but, though coming straight from his monastery, he energetically and with humane feelings undertook the task of reform, realised the necessity of assimilating the more important material forms of Western civilisation, and gained an honourable name as a patron of knowledge and enlightenment. Leverrier, the director of the Paris Observatory, certified to the whole of the educated world that this Siamese sovereign came to an untimely end in 1868 on account of having gone to a fever-haunted district in the Malacca Peninsula to give personal assistance to a French astronomical expedition, despatched thither to observe an eclipse of the sun. The aged monarch was unable to withstand the climate, and died. How he would rejoice to see the advance of his heirs and of the whole country along the path of slow but normal progress!

PRINCE SVASTI.

The hall in which the king receives his Imperial guest is richer and more luxurious than anything else in the Chakra Kri palace. One thing only wearies the sight and induces an involuntary depression—that is, the predominance of red all round, owing to which the walls and the ceiling gradually produce a baleful impression. European eyes at last find such surroundings hard to be endured.

In the course of the evening, in the halls containing the king's treasures (the rarest Chinese and Japanese porcelain, among other things) we are charmed by the appearance of the fair Queen

Savangwadhanâ herself, of a wonderfully graceful figure and extremely youthful aspect, though she is twenty-eight years old, and though women in the tropics age rapidly. In ribbon, orders, and diamonds, in garments of cloth of gold and the *panung*, in long white stockings and buckled shoes, Queen Savangwadhanâ came out of the inner apartments to welcome the illustrious travellers, and then graciously permitted the suite of the Cesarewitch to be presented to her.

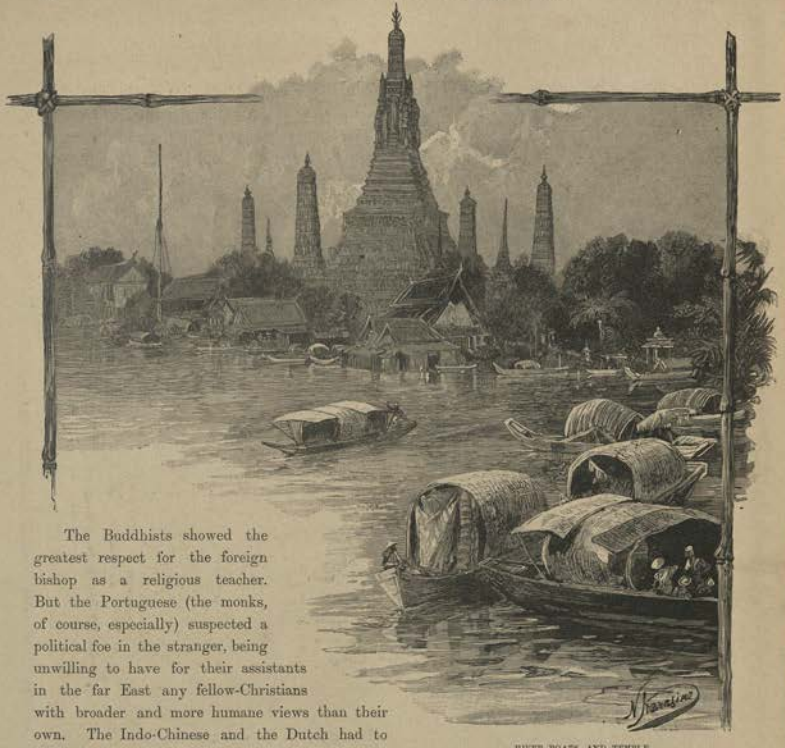
Unlike the majority of Oriental nations, the natives have no zenanas in the strict sense of the word: this is why, for instance, at the French Exhibition under Napoleon III., the Siamese ambassador could bring his wife with him.

To-day we are to examine the various objects of interest in Bangkok. On account of the heat this is far from being as pleasant during the excursions as after them, when all impressions of a negative character have gradually faded away. Our survey of the capital will begin with the royal pagodas. Buddhism plays the principal part in the life of the land. It may be said without exaggeration that it forms the foundation of all that is best in the people. Breadth of view, hospitality towards strangers, respect for their opinions and higher feelings—such are the principles instilled into the natives by the creed of Sakya-Muni.

THE QUEEN OF SIAM.

Yet the Church has had its martyrs even in tolerant Siam. Towards the end of the sixteenth century a Dominican monk named Fonseca, brought as a prisoner from Cambodia, was executed here for some reason or other. This, however, did not prevent many Christians, persecuted in Japan, from seeking a refuge shortly after in Indo-China, and their descendants still dwell on the banks of the Menam, retaining the features of the exiles from the 'land of the rising sun.'

Proceeding from Paris to his see of Cochin-China, a most self-sacrificing French bishop, Mgr. de Bérythe, known in the world as Pierre de la Motte Lambert, found it expedient to have his headquarters in Ayudia, then the capital of Siam, where he arrived in 1662 after a twenty-five months' journey. He had traversed on foot, along with his missionaries, the wild and dangerous road from Surat to the Bay of Bengal, and thence from Tenasserim to the waters of the Menam. Had a blind unfounded fanaticism then reigned among the natives, their principal city would not have been chosen as a basis for the action of Christian civilisation on the neighbouring heathen lands.



RIVER BOATS, AND TEMPLE.

The Buddhists showed the greatest respect for the foreign bishop as a religious teacher. But the Portuguese (the monks, of course, especially) suspected a political foe in the stranger, being unwilling to have for their assistants in the far East any fellow-Christians with broader and more humane views than their own. The Indo-Chinese and the Dutch had to take the part of the poor bishop; otherwise he would have been seized and taken away to Goa. When, seventeen years later, worn out with constant journeys to the Annamese communities he sank to rest on the banks of the Menam, all the Europeans in the place, both Catholics and Protestants, and the Armenians and the Japanese immigrants (including the unbaptised mercenaries among the king's guards) gathered to the funeral of this worthy missionary.

Had not the attitude of the Indo-Chinese sovereigns towards Christianity been one of the fullest tolerance and humanity, would they have granted audiences of state (as, for instance, in Siam, in 1675) to Western bishops, showing honour to them as messengers of the Pope? The Siamese monarch went so far as to give his priests strict orders to teach the Jesuits the language of the country and acquaint them with the rich literature of the Pali tongue. In any

Interior of a Siamese Temple

case, it was clearly possible to come into contact with this strange world at many points, and to understand once for all why the creed of Sakya-Muni had taken such firm root in the hearts of the natives. The Buddhist monks of south-western Indo-China, in the majority of cases, are in no respect to be regarded as the drones and parasites of society, as it is the custom, on the evidence of idle tourists, to consider them to be.

The centres of religious knowledge are very often at the same time nurseries of virtue and industry. Since they care for the cultivation of their land, heal the sick, educate children and

TEMPLE IN BANGKOK.

help the needy, it is not quite without cause that the priesthood of the country enjoys the affection and respect of the people.

Before us is the Wat Pra Keo (the word 'wat' is here applied to large temples and monasteries). Near the Chakra Kri palace, behind special walls, rises a whole group of the king's own houses of prayer. All their exterior and all that lies between them is original in the highest degree. In the first place, the eye is struck by the tiled spires of the temples and chapels, glittering in the sun with an iridescent play of colour. One is completely mystified, moreover, by the stone and metallic figures in the smoothly paved courts around them. At the very entrance our attention was attracted by the figures of two monstrous giants armed with clubs. Further on, a roof glistens with gilded tiles, and we find a cosmopolite style of architecture—a mingling of India, Europe, and China. The motionless bronze and marble figures on the platform by the temples, on closer inspection, turn out to be partly animals, partly statues of

rather poor Italian workmanship, representing some European general, admiral, sailor, or even gentlemen and ladies of no special distinction. Why these figures are placed here, what meaning they have in this place, no one could tell me. There seems to be not a particle of truth, however, in the explanation that these statues are intended to represent all those beings who hearken to the teaching of Buddha, in the very widest sense of the word.

IMAGES IN FRONT OF TEMPLE.

One crosses the threshold of the central fane and stands in amazement. Doors, both ebony and of lacquer-work, encrusted with mother-of-pearl, variegated glass, umbrellas of honour, idols, altars, vases, various offerings (from rice and flowers, both real and wax, to scented candles, precious stones and beautiful silks), lamps, chandeliers, massive clocks, golden trees, floors polished like mirrors—what a combination of fabulous splendour with an ultra-contemporary craze for adorning the interior of a building with objects of fashionable tasteless luxury, and that, too, in the very confines of the altar! There, high above it, hides in the shadow one of the most reverenced among the native images of the 'divine teacher.' According to tradition it was given to the sculptor as material for his art by the god Indra. The figure, about two feet eight inches long, is carved out of one precious stone. This 'emerald' (or rather jasper or jade) Sakya-Muni is valued by connoisseurs at £35,000 at the very least. He wears a crown of sapphires and opals. Such statues have long been famed in the East. A companion to this Bangkok image is to be found in the famous Nankin one (of the same material) said to have been brought to China fifteen hundred years ago by an embassy from Ceylon.

The illustrious travellers continue their survey of the royal fanes of Siam, pausing, at intervals, before the more interesting details of style or ornament. They observe the fanciful curve and pattern of the roofs, the elegant finish of the *prachedi* (analogous in idea to the *stupas* and *dagobas* of ancient India, monuments raised in honour of the founder of this faith and above his relics), the golden mosaic-work on glass, monstrous figures of beasts and terrible giants standing on guard at some of the temples. Worthy of attention also are the silver-woven carpets on the dais within a certain picturesquely decorated temple with blue walls, covered with tiny spangles, and with dull frescoes in the depths of its arches. There are pictures from the Ramayana and on Buddhist subjects in the open galleries running round some of the temples; there are wonders of all descriptions to attract the attention. In one place we see shelves with books of

TEMPLE OF 'EMERALD' BUDDHA.

the 'law,' by a curious coincidence here called *namo* (related to the Mongol *nom*), as if there were some connection with the ancient Greek! In the somewhat rude frescoes one distinguishes monkeys building the famous epic bridge from India to Lanka, using stones brought them by the fishes; and suddenly next them one finds the picture of a stout squat Dutchman, in the costume of the seventeenth century, holding a telescope. Remember, this is painted within the confines not of a Brahminical temple, but of one of a directly opposite character. It is true, however, that in old Italian monasteries as well, the observer is sometimes amazed to find their stately isolation invaded by the work of some painter who has chosen his subject from classical mythology.

TEMPLE IN BANGKOK, WITH LION-LIKE IMAGE.

We leave the lonely Wat Pra Keo, without having met or seen a single priest in it. As we move away we hear behind us the gentle tinkling, as of soft-toned little bells, produced by the bronze leaves adorning the outside of one of the pagodas.

Their Highnesses next view the throne-rooms of the Chakra Kri palace and the king's treasures, of which we caught only a passing glimpse yesterday after dinner.

From the royal palace we proceed in carriages to the museum, as it is called. The way thither is longer than to Saranrom, but presents no more interest than the former does. Besides the colossal temples and the serrated ramparts surrounding the royal residence, there are no buildings of any remarkable size in Bangkok. A few new Government buildings cannot be taken into account. Almost all else consists of one-storied brick buildings, of hovels, huts on piles, and so forth.

As one drives along the broad streets with granite paths running by their sides, and across the squares of the 'royal' town, strictly speaking, the ear is sometimes struck both by the creaking of the clumsy bullock-carts and by the bugles of the tram-cars which enliven the streets.

We are shown the deserted dwelling of the 'second king,' as he used to be called, that is, the nearest relative and right hand of the principal monarch. This rank, which, not long ago, existed in Cambodia also, is now abolished, and the educated Siamese about us are as unwilling

TREASURES OF THE KING OF SIAM.

to reply to any questions about why he was required as to curious speculations concerning the 'white elephant.' The last occupant of the post was the king's uncle, at one time considered his guardian, who was the commander-in-chief of the troops, also the Siamese Lord High Admiral. He was a passionate collector, to some extent in the field of archæology, but principally as a naturalist. After his death his house and the objects gathered in it became the Bangkok Museum, which has been gradually reduced to order and system. Its most valuable portion, the national ethnographic department, is situated, strictly speaking, in a deserted little temple, and not in an ordinary house. At first one feels just as if one were in the Wat Pra Keo, there is such a combination of colours, such an abundance of the precious metals, of crystals and gems,

ivory and porcelain! Among the treasures are rich seats of ivory, a whole row of choice tusks, native musical instruments, presented by the vassal tribes of Siam, trees with golden trunks and branches, with leaves of silvered tin, umbrellas of various colours, five-storied, on long poles, to distinguish them from the seven-storied umbrella, belonging to the supreme sovereign alone, and litters covered with rich incrustations. All these articles occupy a comparatively limited space within the walls, which are covered with paintings of a Brahminical mythological character, although their abode is a Buddhist temple! The fact is that there is not a religion in the whole world more tolerant than that of Sakya-Muni. It is willing to accept and to assimilate into its cultus images and even ceremonies of any kind, refusing to give way on one point only, namely, the idea of the 'divine teacher.' It also lays great stress on the methods of self-development bequeathed by him to his followers, along with the need to render help to all men and creatures, so as to gain final liberation from reincarnation and evil.

However strange it may seem, the Brahmins play a certain part in Siam. Strangers from the West, they live apart among the Buddhist population, regarded by it, nevertheless, as priests. On certain days for performing the necessary ceremonies, on feast-days, or on solemn occasions, such as the consecration of agricultural implements, or the rejoicings when the princes reach the age of boyhood, it is the adepts of Siva and Vishnu whom the pious Buddhist court of Bangkok invites, giving them presents for their share in the prayers and the sacrifices, and evidently valuing them sincerely. How is such inconsistency to be explained?

The museum contains a bronze statue of Siva, of wonderfully beautiful execution, a copy of which has been made for Berlin: the British Museum has vainly offered the Siamese Government £10,000 for the original. Clad in ancient royal attire, with a mitre on his head, the great Indian god stands with his hands extended in the act of blessing; his eyes are inlaid with mother-of-pearl, rings are on his fingers and his toes. Three five-headed serpents are coiled round his body. The features are full of harmony. How many such remarkable statues lie hidden in the wilds of the Orient, not yet investigated by archæologists!

Continuing a cursory survey of the treasures of the 'second king,' their Highnesses pass on to the natural history collections, containing a number of stuffed birds and animals, and fine specimens of lead and copper ore, as well as rough native sapphires and rubies, which the Siamese dig out of the earth in boundless quantities, selling them to the Chinese by weight, at an exceedingly low price. As we drive away from the Bangkok Museum, we notice, under a lofty shed, immense royal cars which have now almost quite gone out of use, being employed only in funeral processions, when the body of the sovereign is to be publicly burnt.

CHAPTER XXXI

BEFORE leaving the capital (to-morrow we are to go a little way up the river, into the interior of the country) the illustrious travellers visit an artificial mound, called 'The Golden Hill,' made in the likeness of a small fort on the borders of the city, much overgrown with trees, and surmounted by a pagoda with the customary images in the niches about it. The road to it lies through comparatively poor, though industrious, and unsightly quarters of the town. Among the crowds that greet the procession there is a preponderance of Chinese, who, taken altogether, form nearly one-third of the population of the kingdom. No small number of public men have risen from their ranks.

The natives squat in their booths chewing betel. Both men and women have their hair dressed in the same way; it is cut short, and stands up like a brush.

The wares set out are nothing remarkable; it is an ordinary Asiatic bazaar with a large proportion of European manufactures. There is, however, a large number of Buddhist images of different sizes and qualities.

Broad, stair-like paths lead up to the summit of the temple hill. From the gallery surrounding it there is a wonderful view of Bangkok, with its silvery network of rivers and canals, its sea of grey tiled roofs, the broad silver ribbon of the Menam, winding on its way towards the gulf, and the great temples with their spires rising upwards towards the azure sky.

It is very hot. As a refreshing drink we are offered the milk of the cocoanut. The sweetish salt taste of this cool milk-like liquid is far from unpleasant.

At the foot of our hill stands a group of crumbling temples; it is customary in Siam to erect them without number or measure, for the future salvation of the builders; but it is considered superfluous to keep them in repair as they grow old, for it is only the initial act of piety that is considered most meritorious by the religion of the land.

Below, within the walls of the monastery, is the place where, according to the custom of the land, the bodies of the dead are burnt, after the funeral service has been performed by the priests. Of course, it is only the bodies of the poor or of the middle classes that are brought here. Kings and high priests, princes and noblemen, are burnt with untold magnificence, bordering on extravagance. Their funeral pyre gradually resolves itself into a regular mound of sweet-smelling woods, tissues, and ornaments.

A different fate, in an æsthetic respect, awaits ordinary mortals. Frequently, even before the flames have touched the lifeless corpse, birds of prey, or ravenous dogs, attack it, and in a moment it is torn to pieces; just as it would be in Lamaite lands—in Urga, for instance (near

THE GOLDEN HILL IN BANGKOK.

our Trans-Baikal province)—where the dogs sometimes bring bones from such a feast right into the house of the Russian consulate.

The East looks with the utmost indifference on these things, which to us seem monstrous in the last degree. In the eyes of her nations, life and death are indifferent links in the weary chain of endless re-incarnations; the more rapidly the prison of flesh is destroyed each time,

the better it is for the spirit that has suffered in it. The very scene around seems to harmonise with these views. A deep silence broods over the *campo santo* of Bangkok. On the neighbouring trees perch the dark, baleful figures of disgusting vultures, gorged with flesh. Lean, yellow dogs sleep by the temple walls near them. The golden-green leaves of gigantic bamboos quiver pensively in the rays of the evening sun.

The Saranrom Palace, set apart for the illustrious travellers, and where the king's brothers and the diplomatic representatives of foreign countries called on the Cesarewitch, is of no great dimensions, and consists almost solely of a row of rooms situated along a gallery in the second story, encircling a closed court. Our sleeping apartments are furnished with refined luxury, but at first one is struck by the number of spittoons (here so many chew betel that they are a necessity), and the 'migränenstift' on the toilet tables. The latter one is soon grateful for, as the middle of March is very hot in Siam, and really intolerable for a European. One becomes depressed and stupefied in this dry, stifling atmosphere, the head feels heavy, and aches, and the powers of observation are blunted. Naturally, here, as almost everywhere else, the Cesarewitch has the most to endure, on account of the constant strain of official etiquette, and particularly on account of the mass of fragrant garlands of flowers repeatedly sent to him, according to native custom, by H.M. the Queen. Etiquette requires them to be used for decorating the Cesarewitch's apartments, and this it is difficult to escape doing; the stifling perfume penetrates everything around, and has a very enervating effect.

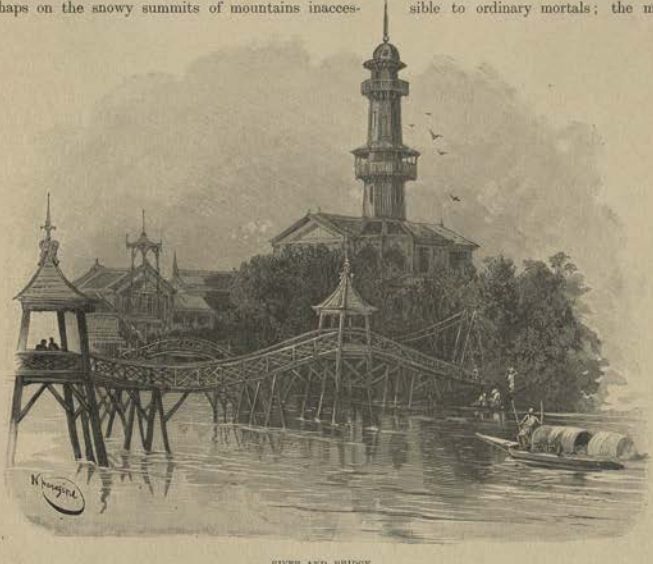
SIAMESE IN BAZAAR.

After dinner at home—a quiet dinner, the chief features of which were the remarkably fine fruits of the country and the big lizards running about the ceiling—we go to the river and proceed in boats to the *lakon*, or theatre, which suggests an interesting comparison with the Javanese *wayang*. The Siamese watch the performances of similar marionettes also, they enjoy much the same kind of melodious music, and are well pleased to spend many hours in watching the performance of fantastic and monotonous pieces. Nevertheless, the drama here bears far clearer traces of the spirit of India and her mythology.

Our gondolas dart over the surface of the Menam, which is studded with the variously coloured little lamps of the floating dwellings and countless vessels of all sizes. The Bangkok 'opera-house' (if one may call it so) is not very large, and is more like a circus than anything else. Right opposite the dress circle are balustrades, railing off the royal seats and the places of honour; almost on a level with the pit is the stage, two passages give access to the latter from behind the scenes; curtain there is none, and the scenery, always the same, represents in a vague sort of landscape the foot of the legendary Mount Kailasa in the Himalayas; a native

BANGKOK FROM THE GOLDEN HILL

orchestra, with its variety of instruments, is, of course, present; the audience (principally the native fair sex and half-naked children, wearing valuable bracelets, and holding cigarettes of banana leaves between their lips) is amusingly intermingled with Russian sailors from our ships. The subject of the pantomime is very vague. It is called 'The Angels,' that is, the inhabitants of the Buddhist heavens, with their goddesses. The names of the silent actors, mentioned in our playbills, are not unmelodious: Devaputr Delprajunh, Devadhita, Manimekhala, Asura Ramasura. Strictly speaking, the drama is supposed to take place in the air, or perhaps on the snowy summits of mountains inaccessible to ordinary mortals; the more



RIVER AND BRIDGE

peculiar is it, then, to see these supernatural beings dancing sometimes an ancient Chinese dance, sometimes a Scotch one. Really, such contrasts are conceivable only in Siam.

Two ranks of painted dancing-girls, in pointed pagoda-like helmets and enamelled necklaces, seem to be a mass of silk, silver ornaments, and gilding. Looking on the brilliant ballet developing before us, one cannot but remember the fanciful yet graceful personification of the storm-winds in the Vedas.

Siamese music and the dancing accompanying it are unlike those either of India or of Egypt. There is something very charming in the rather rapid motions of the dance. Acting an endless pantomime representing the life of the blessed in heaven, the girls assume the most difficult poses with remarkable elasticity.

The actresses have strange claws on their hands; for, according to Indo-Chinese notions, monstrously long nails are a sign of high birth. The dancers sometimes break into song, precious bangles tinkle on their bare ankles, and castanets mark time for the shining throng. It is beautiful, but fatiguing.

The pantomime is followed by a drama, 'Phra Abhaimani' (the adventures of a hero and a beauty, wrecked on a desert island, which is visited for evil purposes by pirates), but the lateness of the hour, the heat and our fatigue, oblige us to leave before the end of the performance.

SUNDAY, *March* 10/22.

In the morning their Highnesses go by steamer to Bang-pa-in, the king's country residence some way off from the capital. The king has already gone thither to receive his Imperial guest. As we draw near it, ascending a small tributary of the Menam, a Gothic temple appears behind the trees on the bank, greeting us with the chiming of bells. This is the royal chapel, built and fitted up only a few years ago in Western style; it is said to contain a pulpit, pews, and an organ, while the figures of knights about the altar produce a very strange impression.

It is here that their course of monastic life is passed by princes of the blood, who, equally with every other Siamese, have to spend, according to ancient custom, a certain time in a monastery, for the learning of humility and other Buddhist virtues. The sovereign himself in his youth is not free from this religious duty, and goes on foot, or in a boat, attired in a simple yellow robe, from house to house, from rich to poor, gathering the alms which the people give in charity and faith to the priesthood. The priest or monk who receives the alms of the layman does a good action towards the latter, who is concerned for the perfection and salvation of his own soul, by serving the *sangha*, the brotherhood of Buddha, bequeathed to men as a precious treasure, along with two others—the image of the 'master,' and his teaching.

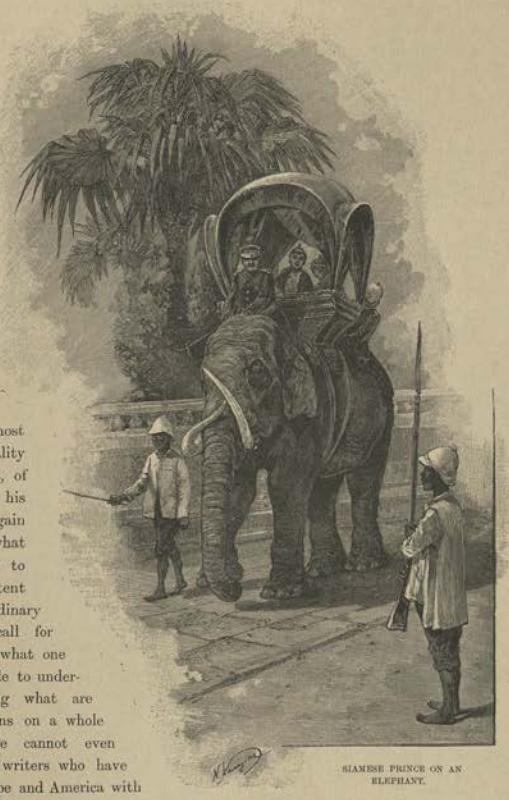
The place chosen for the royal mansion, or rather for the series of palaces and little houses within the circuit of the well-kept park, with its setting of clear little ponds, has long served for the temporary retirement and repose of the native monarchs, ever since Ayudia, the important mediæval capital of the land, sprang up in the near neighbourhood. A tiny artificial lake, excavated in those days, is fringed with gay pavilions and kiosks of a European type, among which is a strange building (a pillared platform built on piles) with an elegantly curved sharp four-storied roof, which, with all the Chinese fancifulness of its form, recalls most wonderfully, as does much else in the bold architectural style of Siam, the roofs of old Norwegian buildings (Stavekirker), with their scaled slope, and the roofs of ancient Russian houses. Marble steps lead down to the mirror-like water. Elegant bridges join island to island in the Bang-pa-in Elysium. All around is shade and coolness, fountains and statues, cages with white monkeys and birds.

The king and the princes accompany the illustrious travellers to their apartments. For the Cesarewitch a charming *châlet* has been prepared, furnished luxuriously and with refined taste and comfort. For us, too, there are cosy little cottages which contain everything, from Japanese knick-knacks up to pages—young gentlemen of good family told off to care for the comfort of his Majesty's guests. The very orderlies of our two admirals, the commanders of the *Vladimir Monomakh* and the *Admiral Nakhimoff*, and of Dr. Rambach are supplied in their quarters with the finest scents and the most delicate soap. The legendary hospitality of the Siamese court has

TEMPLE IN BANG-PA-IN.

long, though vaguely, been known to us from books; but what we see and experience is beyond all description.

Though many men of rank and celebrated foreigners have been received here of late years with genuine courtesy and honour, as well as the greatest readiness to show the country, with all its delightful peculiarities, yet one scarcely finds a single word of this in European literature and the European press. Beyond improbable anecdotes, or pure inventions, very little has been published about Siam by educated Western travellers, who have repaid the natives most strangely for their hospitality and kindness. It is difficult, of course, for a foreigner during his short stay in the country to gain such an acquaintance with what he sees as will enable him to form a sound and competent judgment on it; yet ordinary decency would seem to call for silence, at least, concerning what one does not know or is not able to understand, instead of publishing what are really caricatures and lampoons on a whole country. Educated Siamese cannot even speak calmly of many such writers who have undertaken to acquaint Europe and America with their native land.



SIAMESE PRINCE ON AN ELEPHANT.

The Bang-pa-in reception is superintended with exemplary skill by the King's brother, Colonel Prince Sonabantid.

About five o'clock their Highnesses pass out with the King, his court and the suite, on to the broad platform of the terrace lying before one of the principal pavilions, where the

population of the neighbourhood is about to greet their Northern guest. The welcome will be of the simplest and sincerest character, being purely the expression of the feelings of the masses, who have nothing to do with politics, but are full of genuine sympathy for that which is related to them in spirit, and threatens no such advantages, no such blessings of civilisation as the 'white man' in general is prone to introduce among the nations of the East. Russia has not—or, rather, should not have—any solidarity of vital interests in Asia with those powers which feed on its blood and sweat. The indigenous population of this largest of civilised continents instinctively realises this important fact, and consequently is glad (as it was in India, and as it will doubtless be further on) of the opportunity to express its kindly feelings to the heir of the White Tsar. The scene of the friendly meeting at Bang-pá-in between His Imperial Highness and the simple villagers on the Menam will assuredly long remain both in our memory and in theirs. The warm tints of the scene were in perfect harmony with our friendly and enthusiastic state of feeling. But instead of beginning with thoughts and synthesis, I had better pass on to the interesting details of the meeting.

Next to the Cesarewitch, in a prominent place, sat King Chulalonkorn, surrounded by his children, each one appearing to be prettier and more charming than the other.

The Siamese Crown-Prince, Chowfa-Mahavajirunit, a handsome boy of thirteen, stands with remarkable dignity among the other children in his military uniform, and appears to be quite grown up. It is only his small proportions that betray his years. The little brothers of the prince wear little wreaths of white flowers (*mali*) on the crowns of their heads, which are shaven, a single lock being left, to be twisted up and fixed with a golden pin.

A pole with a crimson inscription of welcome was brought on to the platform and erected there. Then came an endless string of natives of both sexes and all ages, bearing gifts offered in all sincerity. Some brought cages containing some animal or bird, others offered fruit or vegetables, others came with rolls of native cloth or small native cushions of pyramidal shape.

Noiselessly and in due order a throng of two thousand souls gradually fills the space before us, reverently makes obeisance, places its modest gifts on the ground, and squats down in an attitude of contemplation, while those who are late hasten to bring in their mite. It is enough for His Imperial Highness to look with attention on one or another of the creatures and things before him, when at a sign from the King it is at once brought nearer to him. The things, of course, are the most ordinary possible, but it is just this insignificance which forms their priceless value. Amidst this sea of coloured shawls and panungs, amid these cheerfully smiling ruddy faces, the birds and animals are especially prominent. Among the presents little birds with variegated plumage call and twitter in different tones; a tiny tailless rat lies motionless with fright in a cage scarce larger than itself; an absurd little green parrot, with black streaks like moustaches at its beak, persistently and imperceptibly strives to regain its freedom; and a fluttering owl has all but escaped. Meanwhile, all around us the loyal crowd crouches motionless. What a sight it is!—one never to be forgotten. The Government has made no special arrangements, confining itself to the intimation: 'Your King is visited by a rare guest: welcome him as you know best and as you are able.' Charming Siam!

A long platform has been erected on the Bang-pa-in bank of the river, whence the illustrious travellers watch a native regatta, while the court band discourses sweet music. The first race

is between two twenty-paddle canoes, which fly past at a tremendous pace, the crew bending far forward and paddling powerfully in this inconvenient position. The rapidity of their movements, their power and their activity are incredible. The larger craft are succeeded by smaller and smaller ones still. Meanwhile, the hour of sunset has approached. The sun is veiled in a sort of golden gloom. It is only now and then that one catches glimpses of his misty disc beyond the opposite bank, but, concealed by the trees, it hides behind each palm as it sinks lower and lower. In another moment it will be dark. The band begins a soft and plaintive melody.

But the animation on the river below continues. The winning canoes have gathered in a group near the platform. Skilful boatmen in wonderfully light and delicate canoes exhibit astonishing feats of equilibrium, moving and juggling in them with as much grace and confidence as acrobats on *terra firma*. Standing or lying, they feel themselves quite steady in their unstable craft, and freely spin discs on long poles. Similar tricks are performed with equal cleverness by little boys of four years old, who assist and imitate their fathers. It is quite clear that water is their element, and that to capsize is a matter of no consequence to them.

SIAMESE ABORIGINES.

The illustrious travellers are invited to dine in the so-called 'Chinese' two-storied palace, built as a present to the King by a Chinaman who made his fortune in this land. It is really a palace of romance, with ornamented tiled floors, massive ebony furniture, gold, silver, and porcelain freely used for decorative purposes, and delicate fretwork on the columns and on the

windows. Evidently we have before us the principal sight of Bang-pa-in. The Emperor of China himself can scarcely have a palace much finer than this!

Phra Ruang, one of the semi-mystical kings of Siam, and a great magician, crossed the seas to China for a bride; there the Emperor gave the bold stranger his own daughter to wife and sent five hundred of his subjects back with the princess. Had the once mighty Phra Ruang wished to erect such a splendid palace, even the spells of this monarch could not have created anything more beautiful than that we now look upon.

Amid the fantastic surroundings a prominent position is occupied by a brilliant Buddhist altar with a figure of the imperturbable Sakya-Muni. The preternaturally long ears of the image, which is purposely given an attitude of death-like immobility, intended to express an extreme degree of concentration in the pure joys of Nirvana, signify wisdom and power.

GIFTS OF THE KING OF SIAM.

After dinner our royal host requests the Cesarewitch to accept a few mementoes of his visit, which will doubtless occupy a prominent place in the Grand Duke's collection of Eastern rarities. The different objects are artistically grouped on a special table, and it is really touching to see the pleasure of the King as he offers them to His Imperial Highness.

The principal presents of the King and the Queen to the Cesarewitch are as follows:—

1. Two photographs of their Majesties in massive silver-gilt frames, surmounted by Siamese crowns.

2. A pair of enormous elephant's tusks presented to the King as tribute by the Laos of the Nau district.

3. A Siamese sword in a golden scabbard.

4. A Laos sword with a valuable hilt, brought from the Chieng-mai district.

5. A Malay kriss in a sheath, from the district of Patani, in the Malacca Peninsula.

6. Metal candlesticks in the shape of birds, on a pedestal, and a metal vase supported by three such birds.

7. Several porcelain coins with inscriptions.

8. Two enamelled flower-vases, with bouquets of flowers carved in jade.

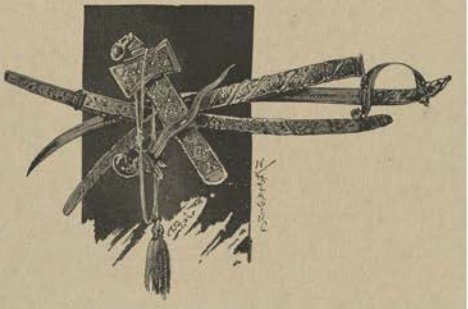
9. A tea-service, consisting of two teapots and twelve brown cups of Chinese clay, on a gilded tray.

10. A number of photographic views of Siam.

In the evening we take our seats in cranky little canoes on the inner canal next the palace, and pass from canal to canal until we reach a large tank, surrounded by gloomy walls, where an exceedingly interesting sight awaits us. A number of his Majesty's non-Siamese subjects have come to exhibit themselves and their skill; here are Malays from the neighbouring peninsula, which is in danger of becoming the booty of Albion; emigrants from Cambodia, now

taken by the French from the comparatively feeble kingdom of Siam; and Laos from the northern and north-eastern provinces of the country. The King's vassals in the jungles of Malacca, who enjoy great privileges as regards home rule, present a mixture of the indigenous inhabitants of the land with their conquerors, whose direct posterity to some extent professes Buddhism, not Islam. There are many Mohammedans among them, however: these are the so-called 'Sam-sam' (perhaps a contraction of 'Siam-islam'). Of late years the English, who see every mote in their neighbour's eye, make rather too frequent visits to the Siamese territory adjacent to the Straits Settlements.

Thus, but a little while ago, Singora, Patani, and Trang were officially visited by no less a person than the Governor of Singapore, who came not so much on a formal visit as for a more than common inspection. His curiosity would find a complete parallel, for instance, in a visit paid to Meshked or Herat by the Governor of the Trans-Caspian province of Russia, accompanied by a body of troops, or in a grand visit to Girin in Manjuria by the Governor-General of the Amur province. How polite and thoughtful are the energetic Britons in their relations with their Asiatic neighbours!



GIFTS OF THE KING OF SIAM.

Further to illustrate the situation, it should not be forgotten that the Malayan Peninsula was an ancient possession of the Siamese. As far back as the beginning of the sixteenth century the Portuguese sent their embassies through it to the Menam, as through Siamese territory. This has not prevented a portion of it falling into the hands first of the Indian Government, and then of Singapore. Bangkok, of course, neither has nor has ever had any real power of resistance against rude conquest.

Our small boats move more slowly over the slightly ruffled surface of a little artificial lake all agleam with the reflection of the surrounding lights.

The misty moon hides in the floating clouds; fantastic shadows glide over all around; a strange, vague light plays upon the waters where one may scarcely see the landing-steps. A dark building rises beyond them. Next the bank are barges with plaintive native bands, while on it stand groups of natives (both men and women) whom the King wishes to show to his Imperial guest.

In this fantastic light their typical figures look very peculiar, and really seem to have much in common with the natives of the eastern borders of Russia. This, however, is not very strange, if one considers the elements of which Russia was composed, and which she persistently continues to assimilate. Why should not the northern Siamese be perceptibly akin to some of the characteristic elements of our empire?

It is quite impossible to systematise the motley ethnogenesis of the semi-independent and

but half-civilised tribes of Indo-China. While Malayan blood is still strong in the lowlands of the Menam, Mongolian blood predominates among the Laos. The ancestors of the tribes came from Yunnan and Sy-chuan, where one still may find kindred tribes not yet assimilated by the Chinese. Looking more intently at their marked features and at the vague historic past of the majority of the Siamese monarch's vassals, a Russian's eyes and ears at once perceive the connection of some of them (not only in the almost identical appellations of 'Kamuck' and 'Kachin,' but more radically) with the Kalmuck hordes of mediæval and even modern times, with the Kachin Tartars of the Yenisei Government, and so forth. The traditions of some of these dwellers in a southern land clearly point to the road by which they came southward from their original home. They came hither from the land of Tungu (that boundless Siberian and Manjurian region where the dying Tungusian tribes still wander) through terrific waterless wastes, that is, through the Gobi desert, to the confines of Indo-China.

The yoke of the King of Siam lies easily on the Laos tribes. They are governed by local princes (*phya*), as numerous as the titled gentry of the Caucasus or the members of Russified Mussulman families during the Muscovite period of Russian history. In token of fealty they send gifts to Bangkok, probably no less poetic in their symbolism than the 'golden rose' (*bunga mas*) sent thither every three years by the dependent Malayan cities of the Malacca Peninsula.

What typical figures pass before our eyes, as we float from barge to barge, from raft to raft, where natives, of a lighter tint than the Siamese, but still very dusky, sing, dance, and clap their hands! Dark-blue cotton garments, somewhat like the garb of Southern China (a blouse, belt, and short breeches), adorn the stalwart figures of the men. Occasionally, however, one may see attire of a brown, chocolate, or orange hue. A number of pretty girls in crimson patterned capes and striped petticoats, with their hair, adorned with flowers, in long braids interwoven into a sort of coronet, form a vivid and expressive group among the younger natives. A special charm is imparted to the scene by the sad, yet at the same time wild and impetuous, chants and melodies of the Laos bamboo organ, some fifteen or twenty feet long. Its deep bass notes, alternating with the music of pipes and flutes, sound very solemn amid the brilliancy of this festival under the rays of a tropic moon. How haunting a complaint rings in the pleasing melodies of this strange native band and chorus! Do the performers and the singers bewail their ancient days, when the northern races of Siam did not yet serve the monarchs of the Menam, did not submissively receive the officials from Bangkok as their masters, did not suffer any oppression from Annam and Burmah, and sometimes even marched victoriously against Tonkin? Breathes there yet amid these animated and gesticulating youths the adventurous spirit of the tribes that made their way across the desert of Gobi to the balmy south?

Judging by the fragmentary information gleaned from the answers of those about us, the Laos are Buddhists of a type nearer to Lamaism than to the creed of Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam. The proofs of this are many; they erect and reverence 'obons,' that is, piles of stones heaped up on heights to serve as altars for wayfarers to sacrifice to the local genii, as do the Tibetans and the Mongols; their priests, costumed as terrible divinities, perform magic dances to drive away evil spirits. Every family tries to dedicate at least one boy to the priesthood; the latter enjoys the right of holding private property; the more learned monks are regarded by the people as incarnations of perfect superior beings.

Our canoes keep gliding on from group to group, from choir to choir. Drums and horns fill the air with a strange but pleasant harmony. The figures of the natives, like motley shadows, appear and melt away in the crimson gloom surrounding the bonfires that illumine the scene; and when at last we turn homewards, suddenly, as if to bid us farewell, there stand forth, more clearly defined amid the darkness than the others, the bronze-coloured figures of several Malays with faces ever to be remembered—so much determination, so great a contempt for death, such fatalism is there in the motionless features lit up by the ominous flicker of the fires! When in older days these fanatics of Islam rebelled against the Siamese Government, no form of death could terrify the insurgents; they were tied naked, for instance, to posts within a special enclosure, into which hungry tigers were then admitted. The savage beasts devoured their limbs, crunched their bones, licked the blood from their faces; yet not one of the victims uttered a single cry or turned away his gaze from his savage tormentor. Altogether, there are few who can die like an Oriental. A certain Englishman in Burmah saw a criminal whose belly had been ripped open so that his bowels gushed forth. In spite of the near approach of his death agony, he stretched forth his hand for a banana, and began calmly to eat it. Again, a woman condemned to death for murder voluntarily crept into the cage of the tiger which was to play the part of executioner, and bowed low before the beast in expectation of a blow from its paw.

MONDAY, *March* 11/23.

In the morning we go up the Menam in steam launches as far as Ayodhya, where a unique spectacle awaits us—the capture of two hundred and eighty-seven elephants, separated from a herd of two thousand heads. Such are the wonders commonly met with in Siam! On approaching our goal (it consists almost exclusively of floating dwellings, forming whole streets and bazaars along a branch of the river) we again enjoy a sight of the royal boats with their fine crimson-clad warrior crews. Everything about them is unusual, beginning with their archaic costume and the carbines laid beside each rowlock, and ending with the measured strokes of the paddles to the time marked by the chant and the shouts of 'Ooah!' These cries somewhat resemble those of the Nubians who rowed the Cesarewitch to the Cataracts of the Nile.

Models of the royal barges were exhibited at the Paris Exhibition under Napoleon III., and at the Exhibition at Havre.

Ayodhya (*i.e.* that which should not be warred against—in other words, 'invincible,' 'impregnable') was the Sanscrit name applied in days of antiquity, and in the first centuries of our era, to a great Indian centre within the boundaries of modern Oudh, whence at different times many Rajpoot warriors went forth (the princes of Jodhpore, for instance), as well as many a missionary of Buddhism and Jainism. So great was the piety of its inhabitants, that this traditional city was thrice raised up to heaven, miraculously returning to earth again, yet continuing its communion with the heavenly spheres, and afterwards gradually illuminating one-half of Asia with torrents of spiritual light. Out of reverence for the ancient monuments of their faith in these quarters, and for the past glory of the semi-legendary Ayodhya, the Siamese gave the same name to the capital which sprang up on the banks of the Menam in the fourteenth century.

Fancy is the dominant element in the life of Oriental races, and myths are incessantly transfiguring reality, causing it to assume any form at will. The foremost men of their age among the Siamese, being acquainted with the past of India, conceived the idea of making the

great city, raised up again under new conditions, a famous centre in its way (as, for instance, a second Delhi, Indra prestha, was founded in the neighbouring kingdom of Cambodia), and to a certain extent they succeeded in doing so. Now only its ruins remain, but even they are full of the spirit of a glorious tradition. Amidst the dense jungle glimpses may be caught of deserted temples, ruined palaces, and strongholds which have fallen before the assault of the foe.

The stay of the illustrious travellers at Bang-pa-in is so short that we shall have no opportunity of examining the relics of the former grandeur of this land. But a glimpse from the river of one or another distant monument peeping out of the jungle is enough to enable one to surmise how much may lie hidden in it.

The history of this city is interesting and instructive, as, on the one hand, it reflects the political life and creative tendencies of the local population, while on the other it gives one an idea of certain causes of the gradual decline of the Indo-Chinese states. Were it not for their constant antagonism about trifles, the destiny of Trans-Gangetic India (and perhaps even of Bengal, with its neighbouring provinces) might have been quite different. What end, for instance, has been served by the repeated bloody wars of the Siamese sovereigns with the pugnacious kingdom of Burmah?

One of the most aimless among them was the Burmese campaign against Ayodhya in 1548. The besiegers were commanded by a Portuguese, Diego Suarez de Albegaria; the king himself also took part in the assaults, and was even severely wounded. The artillery kept up a heavy fire against the city from the backs of elephants. Turkish mercenaries, thirsting for plunder, rushed at the fortress walls. By the advice of a Greek instructor and engineer the Burmese constructed twenty-six wooden towers, and having set them on fire, wheeled them up to the stronghold to increase the horrors of the fray.

The Siamese defended themselves with astounding courage and coolness, aided by several thousand chosen warriors from Java and Borneo. Learning that the Burmese monarch had promised a great reward to the soldier who should open the principal gates of the city, the besieged opened them themselves and mockingly demanded the promised reward. Finally, the besiegers were obliged to retreat.

Yet, two centuries later, the unfortunate city fell after a fierce defence, and was sacked by the Burmese. They could not hold their ground, however, and retired from the country. The Menam then saw the rise of a new dynasty, which realised the expediency of transferring the centre of administrative and commercial life to Bangkok, nearer to the sea. This event, of course, soon assumed a legendary shape, the former sovereigns of Siam being said to have appeared to the reigning king requesting him not to disturb their shades by raising new palaces and temples on the ruins of the capital. The series of departed monarchs enjoined their successor not to oppose the decrees of destiny, but to leave that place for ever, where their people had suffered so much misery in an historic warfare with their stern neighbours.

Ever since those days a halo of poetry and mystery has surrounded the ruined capital. Lovers of antiquity may gradually find in it an inexhaustible store of artistic and ethnological material. The ruins of Ayodhya are said to contain countless buried treasures, which after the Burmese conquest could not either be recovered by its owners or found by the enemy. Enormous metal idols are gradually being exhumed. According to Schouten, a Dutchman who managed the Dutch factory on the banks of the Menam in 1836, there were three hundred temples here at that time. In view of the solidity of these ancient buildings (the architects were principally

slaves from the Laos provinces and from Cambodia, where the traditions of the great art of the Khmers were better preserved), and in view of the comparatively elevated æsthetic tastes of the people in those days, these architectural creations undoubtedly stood far higher in the scale of universal culture than anything of later origin belonging to the Bangkok period. The more important, therefore, is it for investigation to throw some light on them.

The enmity and warfare between Burmah and Siam in days of old were in some respects of the same character as the former relations between Poland and Russia. In both cases the more western nation, instead of uniting with its foe to repel the inroads of a foreign race, preferred to continue the fratricidal struggle and exist no more as a nation.

If at first the Burmese regarded Europeans, and especially Englishmen, with distrust, it was owing to the Armenian merchants who had long ago made their way to Indo-China and gave the natives timely warning as to the influence of these clever colonisers. Now the latter have taken possession of Burmah without any especial difficulty, and look with an envious eye on the Menam, whither they would advance with their usual swiftness and frankness, were not the way barred by France, standing guard over her interests, better prepared for war by land, and growing accustomed to these lands.

The mediæval Ayodhya of Siam arose in 1351, strictly speaking, under the famous Ramatibodhi I., in consequence of an epidemic which made it necessary to transfer the capital of those days further south. At that time the Siamese, still holding Tenasserim and Malacca, built cities on their borders 'with walls as hard as adamant'; for which reason the king, who in 1344 waged victorious war against the Malays, justly entitled himself the 'Golden King.'

The more I hear and see of this land, the more incomprehensible I find the almost complete silence concerning it preserved by the learned and even the curious circles of the West. This can scarcely be simply a contemptuous ignoring of the subject; the reasons for it lie far deeper.

Evidently there is something in Siam, as in us, that the West does not understand. The Germans, the French, the English study Asia and know it well, comparatively speaking. They have created a colossal literature specially about it; but Russia, which is the key to the comprehension of the East, of which she forms the principal part, they have not yet understood, and still strive to explain and define.

Travellers like Adolph Bastian, distinguished for their training and their powers of observation, have dwelt on the banks of the Menam for comparatively long periods of time. Bangkok has been visited under the most favourable circumstances by eminent representatives of the most civilised nations (in 1879 by President Grant, in 1881 by H.R.H. the Duke of Genoa, in 1888 by the Duke of Sutherland, and so on); hither have come artists of note (such as Eduard Hildebrandt, the famous water-colour painter), as well as political adventurers without number; yet not one of them all has exhibited any sincere sympathy for the life of Siam and her rights in the future; not one has grasped and expressed the idea of what the kingdom of the house of Chakra Kri might become from a political point of view—a centre of action against the weight of British rule now pressing on Burmah and on India, the latter of which is sinking under it. This was held as an axiom by the natives of the former land before its conquest by the 'white-faced' foe. Thence it was that as late as the present century emissaries went forth to Oudh, Delhi, the Punjaub, Cashmere, and the land of the Marathas to raise and organise the people in their struggle against the colonising strangers. What the Burmese have been unable to do has become the historical legacy of Siam. China might aid it in the realisation of projects

tending to the welfare of many millions of their countrymen, and it is a pity that the relations between their governments, once friendly and mutually advantageous, should now be broken and non-existent. Whoever may rule in it, Pekin, as the centre of gravity for the vague interests of one-half of the East, is far from being played out.

After the gradual fall of the Burmese dynasty, the Siamese Government found itself on the threshold of the Indian world, and it must now assume a position of international importance in the eyes of far-seeing diplomatic Europe. This is why the French unconsciously strive to entangle the Siamese about their supposed incivility towards Cambodia, and why Germany casts her eye more and more frequently on the Menam. It is not without cause that of late years Bangkok has even sent a diplomatic representative to Berlin, while Germans as tourists study the land more and more. Their interest in it is very great. A few years ago Duke Johann Albrecht of Mecklenburg spent four weeks with the King. The Austrian fleet, a stranger as yet to politics in the Pacific waters, has also developed a taste for visiting the vast roadstead of the Menam. A little while before us the corvette *Fazan* was here with the young Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, eldest son of the Grand Duke Ferdinand IV. of Tuscany.

The Russian flag seems not to have been seen in the Gulf of Siam since February 1874, when Rear-Admiral Bruemmer in the corvette *Askold* visited Bangkok.

In greeting our mariners the King expressed a wish that a connection might soon be established between Russia and Siam. Naturally, all was confined to the expression of Platonic feelings. As yet no Russian traveller has been filled or carried away by a sense of the necessity for a spiritual approach to it and a practical acquaintance with it. Eighteen months before our arrival, Count Anrep-Elmpt, from the Baltic provinces, a learned traveller, unknown in Russia (though a native of it), but esteemed by the Germans, died in northern Siam of fever and privations.

This is very strange. Owing to the peculiarities of our national character we often thirst for adventures; frequently seek opportunities for expeditions into distant lands; fill our own and foreign museums with the results of expeditions into lands with which a Russian pioneer has nothing at all to do; while at the same time we are indifferent to the realisation of our direct and immediate political tasks in Asia, which, taken as a whole, is in many senses also Russia, but a Russia receiving even less attention from educated and practical Russians in general than many inland provinces and somewhat wild borders of our boundless native land. Yet the time will inevitably come for taking a different view of things, for looking deeper into the East, for regarding its study as a matter of the first importance and necessity.

On the Menam the natives have never been averse from communion and alliance with the 'white' strangers. Hitherto, unfortunately, this ideal tendency has remained practically unsatisfied. The Siamese, always friendly towards strangers, showed especial marks of favour to the Dutch, for instance; and in 1624, in defence of their interests, became involved in a very unprofitable war with the Spaniards of the Philippine Islands. The Dutch colonists put a conditional value on this friendship, and did not refuse to assist Siam in her accidental encounters with the rebels of the Malacca Peninsula, yet were chary in supplying the natives with the cannon that they asked for, probably fearing to strengthen this free-spirited kingdom at their own expense. Later in the same century the French tried a similar course of action, but failed. Had the intentions of the Western strangers been more honourable, they would long ago, and in the best sense of the word, have imparted civilisation to the land. The local population, in the

person of its rulers, sought to participate in the life of the civilised world. When in the days of Louis XIV. a certain adventurer from the Mediterranean, a man deeply versed in politics, made his appearance here, the reigning king, recognising the value of his advice, raised him to the highest posts in the kingdom, placing him over princes and statesmen. This man, born under a fortunate star, was Constance Faulcon, a Greek from the island of Cephalonia, which at that time acknowledged the sway of Venice. If from thence, from such far-distant lands, the Indo-China of the seventeenth century could be reached by self-interested and enterprising men void of all patriotic tendencies, then naturally at the present day the soil of Siam is still more favourable to honourable men, like the Commodore de Richelieu, for the gradual development on it of a firm resistance to the greed of the foremost European nations.

RIVER VIEW ON THE MENAM.

A special plot of ground is set apart at Ayodhya for the capture of wild elephants, which are driven by hundreds into a gigantic enclosure. Along one side of it runs a long and somewhat lofty covered gallery for the King and his numerous suite, as well as for the select spectators who gather here to look on at this rare sport. The people throng around the enclosure, peeping through the massive fence, and sometimes climbing up the great posts which resist the charges of the herd of entrapped giants. The uneasiness, and even despair, of the latter is indescribable. The arena before us is a positive hell—an abyss of groans and torment. The inconsolable grief of the female elephants bereft of their young, and the helpless rage of the males, who feel the superiority of their wise biped foes, are grievous to witness. The unfortunate animals trumpet and bellow as they rush along the fence, from which they are driven by the spears of the beaters, or trample about on one spot, throwing dust over themselves. The air is filled with the terrible complaint of the herd, which presents a single gigantic dirty-grey mass of suffering creatures. Unaccustomed to the sight, a visitor from Europe might think that this mass only for a time forgets its might, and refrains from destroying the walls, behind which the spectators safely watch the captive giants. But no such thought ever enters the heads of the natives. Gathered in a disorderly crowd, the elephants

are quite distracted. The captives are seized with an insane terror, and do not even hope for deliverance, but only groan in their alarm. There are some elephants of rare size among the herd. It is not without cause that this country has always been famed for the size and number of its forest giants. As an especially valuable gift, the ruler of Golconda used to send Aurangzeb Singhalese elephants remarkable for their intelligence and courage, and Siamese ones as remarkable for their size. At the present day the English utilise the capacities and the brute force of these rather good-natured animals to no less an extent than the former courts of the East. In Assam the British Government annually institutes systematic drives for the capture and taming of these useful creatures for public works and the service of the military train. Hitherto it has not been decided whether they are naturally clever and good-natured, opinions being divided on the subject. Judging by the helplessness of the two hundred and eighty-seven unfortunate animals now before us, they may perhaps be acknowledged to possess the latter quality, but scarcely the former; yet facts do not allow us to deny them a fine instinct, and even a certain amount of reason. Sometimes it is enough for an enraged elephant to kill a man, when it becomes calm at once. Such, for instance, was the case with one of the Moguls when riding on a tame elephant, which suddenly became unmanageable. The mahout determined to sacrifice himself in order to save the monarch, only beseeching him to care for his children. Then the faithful servant cast himself under the feet of the colossal beast, which savagely trampled him to death, and then, seemingly ashamed of the deed, grew calm again. In his gratitude to Heaven for his escape, the sovereign of Hindostan at once distributed £20,000 to the poor, and attached the sons of the dead man to his court.

Oriental views of elephants are very different from those of classical antiquity. Here they were reverenced long ago, and to the present day considerable care is taken of them. In the West, on the contrary, they were only used in battle, or simply for purposes of amusement. In the Roman circus some twenty such giants would be pitted in battle against a body of five hundred infantry. Special gladiators—*bestiarii*—were trained for this senseless struggle. Commodus, who had risen to the throne from the ranks of such athletes, having successfully measured himself against the hippopotamus and the tiger, resolved to do battle with an elephant also, and once again he was victorious.

In those days tame elephants were harnessed, on solemn occasions, to kings' chariots, or to cars bearing the images of the gods. This custom arose in the days of Augustus. These docile beasts were also made to take part in complicated pantomimes performed at the public games. Some of them were attired as real dramatic actors; made to carry an apparently sick comrade in a litter; to sit down with many an air and grace at a table laden with food in valuable dishes; to climb from the arena along two tightly stretched ropes up to elevated points, and so on. Even when the Turks were reigning in Constantinople, elephants were still kept there who could dance and amuse the spectators by playing at ball.

The number of these colossal animals brought into the interior of Europe during the Middle Ages may almost be counted on the fingers of two hands. One was brought to Hungary to be exhibited to the mighty Avarian Khan, who at that time ruled over the steppes of southern Russia. Another was brought about A.D. 800 to Aachen as a present to Charlemagne from Haroun-al-Rashid. The Saxon chronicler who recorded the glory of his sovereign says, in reference to the arrival of this Asiatic giant, *mira spectacula regno Francorum dederat.* The Crusaders brought home two or three elephants, as rarities unknown in the north; the one

brought by St. Louis was afterwards taken to England. In 1514 the Portuguese in India sent the Pope an amusing little elephant which courteously bowed its knees thrice on being brought before him. Another such elephant was presented to Philip II. of Spain by the Emperor of Germany in 1562. The next elephant seen by the Germans was exhibited in Frankfort and Nüremberg in 1629.

In the East these enormous creatures, though common enough, comparatively speaking, yet frequently commanded a high price (amounting to thousands of pounds), and attracted the admiration of the populace by their size; but they never played the pitiful part assigned to them in the West. Here, in the home and the realm, so to speak, of these forest Titans, a far more sympathetic view is taken of them. What is more important than anything else is that they are not destroyed in unbounded numbers exclusively for the sake of their tusks (as is done, for instance, on the Dark Continent), but only tamed, as far as possible, and trained to assist in human labour. The value of their ivory, which from time immemorial was highly prized as far north even as the Mediterranean (to say nothing of China with her skilful carvers), never excited the cupidity of the 'Eastern barbarians' so far as to make them oblivious of mercy towards that friend of southern Asiatic civilisation—the elephant. The value of its tusks, it is true, is estimated not by their gloss and size, but by their quality, consisting in a soft whiteness, gradually increasing with the care devoted to the ivory. The temptation of disposing of them for large sums of money has not, apparently, led the native of Indo-China to begin a merciless war against these animals. For him they remain, as they have always been, a part of nature very near to him, and capable of inspiring veneration. Indeed, the Buddhists in general are strangers to any ultra-predatory instincts with respect to whatever lives and moves around them on all the different planes of being. For the races of the East these gigantic animals have always been personifications of royalty, instruments of the dread power of the sovereign, of his authority and prestige. To execute criminals, to crush the foe, to exhibit the heaven-born monarch to the people, these for ages have been regarded as fit tasks for the trained elephant. How firmly and universally this view was held may be gathered from the following historical fact. In the fifteenth century the warlike inhabitants of Turfan (in Turkestan) demanded of the Emperor of China that he should send them, as a gift, the elephants which at that time formed a tangible attribute of the Imperial train.

Taken as a whole, the herd now driven into the enclosure has but a small interest for those occupied in the capture and training of elephants for service. Most, therefore, of the females and of the calves, as well as the ordinary-looking males without tusks, are gradually permitted to regain their freedom through a special, very narrow passage. Some of the captives are covered with blood from the wounds received in the struggle to escape. The liberated elephants do not, however, betake themselves to wild flight, but, curiously enough, descend to a neighbouring reservoir to refresh themselves. Meanwhile, we are invited to lunch on an immense platform near the spectators' gallery. The *menu* itself represents an elephant with its mahout at its head.

By invitation of the King, many of our officers have come up from Bangkok, where spacious apartments have been engaged for them in the best hotel, and the widest hospitality is shown them by the court. Any telegram to Russia (the usual charge for which is several dollars per word) is sent at Government expense, it being forbidden to take any payment for it. By orders

of his Majesty, the squadron is daily supplied with provisions of all sorts. Such a reception it has long been customary to afford to embassies and illustrious foreigners visiting Siam, but

COURTYARD OF PAGODA.

the number of guests has never been so great as on this occasion. Amidst strains of music, the shouts of the people looking on at the grand drive, and the deafening trumpeting of the

forest giants separated from the herd, the Siamese monarch gladly welcomes to the famous site of Ayodhya the Russian Heir-Apparent, his fellower-travellers, and the mariners of Russia.

After luncheon there is a renewal of animation within and around the enclosure. It is decided finally to tame the captives yet unbound, a task of no small difficulty. The dusty and comparatively deserted arena is entered by skilful snarers (in jackets of blue and round white hats) mounted on nine tame elephants, two men on each. The driver carries a spear; the other, seated near the tail, clings on to ropes of great thickness, wound round the body of the docile giant. The purpose of their entrance is to bind the enormous beasts raging within or near the strong enclosure. A spearman, we hear, has just been almost killed by a blow from the trunk of one of them, which he was driving away from the fence; the unfortunate man, being stunned, was barely dragged away in time from the posts. As for those who venture to come up close to the wild elephants, even though mounted on their beautifully-trained tame brethren, certain death waits on the least slip or loss of balance on their part. The colossal quadrupeds hurtle against each other like rocks. To keep one's seat on their backs calls for no less courage and coolness than activity.

Finding themselves besieged, so to speak, the forest elephants, in spite of the small number of their antagonists, are the first to become more alarmed, and make a tremendous rush for the passage. Men, mounted on the posts forming it, strive to drive back the animals with spears and bar the way by lowering beams across it . . . but all their efforts are in vain, for some of the weary and hungry animals contrive to escape. Some of them, however, are caught by the pursuers, who, during the wild rush, skilfully noose them by the hind-leg. The rope partly drags along the ground behind the fugitive, but the other end is firmly fastened to the body of the tame colossus. Caught in the noose, the wild elephant stumbles hurriedly on towards freedom; his movements, hampered as they are already, are still more impeded by his terrified companions. The chase comes on after them at a trot, purposely forcing the pursued to run round posts specially put up in an open space hard by. Finally, the elephant is somewhere or other wound up into a state of complete helplessness; it vainly strives to burst its fetters; waves its tail angrily, and lifts its trunk aloft in a threatening manner. But it is all in vain! The hunters carefully fasten a strong plaited collar round its neck, and the tame elephants, experienced in the taming process, take possession of their wild comrade. Four of them lay hold of him in front and on either side, so as to drag him to the stalls, while one supports the restive creature from behind with his tusks. Disgusted to the bottom of his soul by such treachery, the powerless beast trumpets and rages, struggles and falls, and there are cases when it will not and cannot rise through sheer fatigue, preferring death to slavery. For this reason, therefore, the fallen elephant is immediately and plentifully drenched with water poured out of bamboo tubes.

The taming begins with the subdual of the captives by means of hunger and thirst. A touching feature of this is that the tame giants comfort their suffering comrade with tender caresses. The Indo-Chinese elephants are generally considered more stubborn and untameable than the Indian ones, and it is no uncommon thing for them to attack human beings when irritated.

The illustrious travellers return to dine at Bang-pa-in. In the evening the whole park is illuminated. Kiosks with cooling drinks are opened amid the fragrant foliage in the gloomy tropical night. A brilliant festival has been organised by the King in honour of his especial

guest, and winds up with a fantastic procession past the châlet of quite a small army of men, attired partly in old Dutch and ancient Japanese style, partly as characters from the Ramayana, which is very popular in Siam. Here one is struck by the 'pale-faced' Hanuman, the sovereign of the monkeys, who in India is always represented as red.

Entering a mass of impressions into one's diary, one instinctively notes down facts, little known in Europe, concerning the conditionally historic part formerly played by this land among the states of Indo-China. These facts are necessary for a correct estimate of the more modern events whose consequences are not yet fully apparent. The relations of Siam to Burmah have already been characterised by me when speaking of mediæval Ayodhya. Its relations to other neighbouring states are perhaps even more interesting and important, regarded from the point of view of the near future.

Annam and Siam have long carried on an indirect contest, in which the former has persistently attempted the final subjugation, first of the kingdom of Tsiampa (that is, Cochin-China), and afterwards of Cambodia. But Siam was not inactive; for in 1313, for instance, a mighty army, recruited from the present Laos provinces, was despatched thence to the north, for the establishment of Siamese rule among the ruins of the Khmer social system. The Annamese may be said to have personified the vanguard of China in its progressive tendency southward. Their antagonists there represented, in a manner, the protest of the naturally mild, but extremely tenacious, spirit of Hinduism, which had advanced beyond the seas, and, speaking generally, beyond its native boundaries. It colonised and assimilated Java and a portion of the neighbouring Malayan lands; it passed over to the shores of Indo-China, forced the prosaic Celestial Empire to experience the charm of its mysterious philosophy of the universe, and carried the light of its knowledge into the depths of the Asiatic continent. Had the countrymen of Buddha and the Brahminical saints succeeded in planting deeper and more widely the seeds of the Aryan genius, the latter would certainly have had a more fruitful influence on the further development of the gifted peoples of the mixed Mongolo-Malayan race than the methodical and all-levelling civilisation of the disciples of Confucius.

In 1780, Chatri or Chakra, an influential Siamese general, ascended the throne; his former sovereign had sent him on an expedition against Cambodia, which was inclining toward the Annamese, and, taking advantage of the absence of this politically dangerous noble, arrested his family. But at the same time dissensions broke out in the land; and Chatri, having concluded a hasty peace with the foe, returned home to the ruin of the offender, of whose throne he immediately took possession.

Since that time the ancient ill-feeling towards the indigenous Annamese of the north has somewhat subsided. In 1783 the Malayan troops, who had mutinied against the King of Cambodia, forced him to seek refuge in Bangkok, whither another fugitive soon came for assistance, namely, the sovereign of Cochin-China, Nguyên Anh, better known in the history of Indo-China as Gialong, who had been expelled from his native land by his foes, men of his own race, from the north-west. Afterwards the exile repeatedly made expeditions from Bangkok, supported by considerable auxiliary forces and a Siamese flotilla, with the purpose of regaining his kingdom at Saigon; but his attempts were long unsuccessful, though the southern Annamese, who had remained loyal to their defeated prince, gave him all the support in their power, so that finally he triumphed over his foes. The Siamese who had interfered in these internal dissensions were frequently guilty of disorderly behaviour in this foreign land, thus rousing dissatisfaction among

the inhabitants. As long as the doubtful struggle continued, emigrants from Cochin-China worked at their respective trades in Bangkok, and among other things gave substantial assistance to the natives in a war with Burmah, and also in their pursuit of the Malay pirates who were ravaging the coast of Siam.

Hearing of the misfortunes of Gialong, the Portuguese proposed to him their armed interference in the destinies of his people, intending at the same time to gain a footing in the alluring land of Cambodia; but, prompted by caution on the one hand, and by the persistent advice of the court of Bangkok on the other, the royal exile declined the assistance offered by Goa. Immediately afterwards he set sail secretly for his native land, his honourable captivity on the Menam having become both purposeless and intolerable.

Relations with Siam were not broken off finally, however; and afterwards, in 1797, an army of ten thousand men was despatched thither from Saigon against the Burmese, but failed to arrive in time. A year later Bangkok assisted Gialong in his struggle with his northern neighbours, sending troops against them through the friendly Laos provinces.

In the present century, Cambodia, to the exceeding chagrin of the Siamese, nearly fell under the exclusive suzerainty of Annam, where dreams were even cherished of extending it to them, its former comrades in arms, and all but allies. When the French conquered Cochin-China and assumed the protectorate of the country on its southern borders, they failed to realise the purely domestic character of the dispute about it between the sovereigns on the Menam and the Annamese, and for some reason or other found it expedient to continue the claims of the latter, historically more than doubtful, to different frontier towns, and even wealthy districts of the kingdom of Siam. The advancing French had power on their side, of course, but it is an open question whether political foresight may not have called for radically different relations towards their present rivals, weak though they be.

The Indo-Chinese colonies centred round Saigon are, as I suppose, brought into being, not for a warfare with pirates, the Celestial Empire, and Bangkok, but principally to gain prestige and power for France beyond the seas. France particularly desires to do this in those parts of Asia where England—her ancient foe all over the world—is especially vulnerable: in her Indian possessions, whither, from a strategic point of view, the best way, next to that through our Central Asiatic provinces, lies through Siam to Burmah. Should the French, as befits them, wish to assume the part of a great power in the East, they could at once gain vast influence by saving the Siamese from being strangled in the embraces of England. But it would never do for the French themselves to oppress or injure this defenceless people; it would never do, if only in the name of the glorious future state of Franco-India, which should not be founded on outrages and blood, as is pleasing to certain other nations! Only by the charm of reasonable disinterestedness in politics can the men of the West draw their brethren of the Orient to their side, and hand in hand with them, do famous and fruitful deeds. Were the central power at Saigon, inspired from Paris, to take this point of view, it would immediately gain enormous popularity in a very extended region. Then Siam would evidently prefer to trust to the chivalrous support of the French rather than become, sooner or later, a buffer state, and a plaything in the hands of the English.

TUESDAY, *March* 12/24.

This morning the drive and capture of the elephants at Ayodhya is continued, without being particularly impeded by a terrible thunderstorm, hurricane, and downpour of rain which swept

over the place about midday. In these lands, where the people pass all their time in the open air, very little attention is really paid to the weather. All the more indifferent to it is the crowd on this occasion, because the King is entertaining his Northern guest.

The taming of the wild elephants is not at all an easy operation. Some of them readily break their fetters. A female elephant wilfully uses her trunk to disentangle her offspring. The largest of the males defends himself savagely; caught in a cable, he rears, shakes the fence, and viciously trumpets and struggles. At last, by stratagem, he is lured to the exit under the beams, which are let down behind and before him, so as to paralyse his movements, and again they attempt to bind the giant. But he resists stubbornly, removes the obstacles in his path, and seeks shelter in the midst of his native herd, whither it is dangerous for the hunters to follow. The strength of this monstrous quadruped is so enormous that the men who try to noose him are in danger of destruction merely from his furious rushing about the arena.

Now the cunning animal foresees his pursuers' plans at every step. The latter, of course, happen to be the more cunning, and, permitting several unimportant elephants to escape from the enclosure, lay hold of the principal one among the posts at the very moment when he is suddenly attempting to join his comrades, and pin him between beams of immense thickness. The monster is fixed in the more than limited space, and, thus restricted, vainly exerts all his might, for the full exhibition of which there is no room. The timber cracks, but does not break. Tubs of water are poured over the furious captive; bananas and sugar-cane are thrown to him, but he turns away from the dainties. One of the hunters comes near to him with a spear, which is rapidly snatched from him and broken like a match. With extreme caution the experienced hunters cast a number of twisted buffalo-hide ropes over the animal, skilfully enveloping him in them as in a net. Thus hampered, the poor fellow is readmitted into the enclosure. His legs are gradually drawn by eight thirty-five-foot ropes to posts of great size. Now it is painful for him to move; his neck is encircled by a noose as little likely to be broken as his other bonds; a rope depending from it is fastened to a tame elephant, and they are both set at liberty. The untamed giant only now begins to realise the hopelessness of the situation, and the impossibility of breaking his fetters. For a good quarter of an hour he continues to dash about and struggle, and then becomes exhausted. He must now be approached and led away to his stall; but who will do this? Slowly a tame elephant, with his mahout, approaches his wild brother, but is immediately obliged to retire, for the fettered beast deals his undesired tutor such a blow on the head with his own, that the other almost falls to the ground, while his rider tumbles off him, and barely manages to catch hold of the girth. Evidently the animal is not to be tamed. In such cases it is the custom pitilessly to leave the creature bound until he perishes of exhaustion. Alas! to what purpose?

Along with all their cruelty towards certain animals, the mild-hearted Siamese (if one may believe what is told of them by tourists) sometimes accord a kind reception to members of this species when they are somewhat lighter than their fellows. Some twenty years ago, M. Lorgeau, attached to the French Consulate at Bangkok, published in the *Mémoires de la Société Académique Indo-Chinoise de France* an original 'Song to the White Elephant,' said to be sung to him during the early days of his captivity, for the purpose of soothing him and lessening his grief. The worship of these gigantic creatures, without any distinction of colour, is due to the influence of Brahminism, which in the 'shastras' ('satr,' as they are called here) enumerates four different species of elephants: one owes its origin to Siva, another to Vishnu, a third to Brahma, and the last to

Agni, the god of fire. From these miraculously created pairs sprang a vast posterity which inhabits the heavens and the earth. Some elephants, in virtue of their innate qualities, bring misfortune; others, the reverse. White elephants belong to the fire-species, and the greatest material prosperity attaches to their possession. Their forefather is said to have been a mysterious being with three elephants' heads, who sprang from the fiery glance of Agni. His gigantic albino descendants are destined to belong to kings who encourage mercy and religious zeal. Among these exceptional animals, of course, there are many that in colour are like a withered lotus, or a dry banana leaf. Perhaps it would be more correct to describe them as of a pale brick colour, and that only when they are well washed and scrubbed.

Those of the Siva species insure their owners riches and position; that of Vishnu gives victory and fertility; those created by Brahma bring longevity and knowledge; while those of Agni save their owners from want and hunger, and shield them from calamity, injustice, and war. The good of the human race, therefore, requires attention to be paid to all four species.

The divinely endowed forest captives stand in need of consolation. The men appointed to attend on them sing to them gentle injunctions to forget their native wilds and their herd: 'Here, in sweet captivity, there is so much attention for you!'

To-morrow we are to bid farewell to the radiant land of the Menam. This fantastic panorama has blazed up in front of us, and dies away before we have had time to enjoy it to the full. In leaving Siam it seems as if one were parting with something that has long been near and dear.

In the evening the King invites his illustrious guests to a native concert. Who in Europe knows anything about Siamese music? I have met professors of music who have never even heard of it. Yet the almost unanimous voice of travellers speaks well of it and of the native performers and of their somewhat primitive instruments, which, in some respects, are scarcely more perfect than those which existed in the royal Psalmist's time. A peculiar orchestra (*mahori* in Siamese) is gathered in a separate chamber. We are supplied with a curious programme containing the names of the performers (mostly soloists)—Sin, Nooan, Pheoon, Sangwal, Oi, Baron de Sam Ang, Yim, Looam, Plak, Yam, Phan, and Sak.

As in Java the soft *gamelang* once greeted the Cesarewitch with the strains of the Russian anthem, so to-day His Imperial Highness is received with a melodious and stately performance of the same national hymn. The gifted musicians of the country devote themselves from childhood to their art, much honoured in the land, and possessing exemplary patience as well as an excellent ear, are able to render any piece of music in all its shades. It was not without reason that the court of Bangkok, a patron of its native musicians, found it fitting and possible to send to England, some six years ago, a whole band of Siamese *virtuosi*. Their instruments had already been exhibited in Paris during the Second Empire. But even there, of course, no one had the chance of seeing such a remarkably complete collection of them as we now have before us, and have examined with some closeness in the course of the last few days, during the games in the park of the Saranrom Palace and at the theatre.

The first place belongs to the *ranat ek* and the *ranat toom*, consisting of bamboo tubes, carefully fastened to each other and hung over a sort of cradle, which are skilfully struck with little hammers. This is the piano, so to speak, of the Siamese and the Burmese. Their execution in playing on it is positively astounding. Then follows the *Khong yai*, consisting of sixteen

gongs, each with its own bell-like note. They form almost a complete circle, in the middle of which sits the performer, who can thus reach each note with his stick more easily than if they were arranged in a straight line. Then comes the *takhay* (that is, 'the lizard'), somewhat recalling a great guitar, but having the note of a violoncello. The body of this strange instrument, which resembles the model of a Chinese junk, is ornamented with the head of an alligator, and is furnished with silken strings. Attention is also attracted by a little heart-shaped fiddle, the *saw tai*, with a neck of remarkable length, elegantly inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, and with a large bow, and by flutes of various sizes, shells, trumpets, drums, and so forth. It is impossible to mention them all, or even to give a clear idea of them. Blowing into their reeds, the performers imitate now the sounds of an organ, and now those of an Æolian harp. A tender, plaintive spirit seems to hover over the orchestra. The rhythm of Siamese music bids dreams arise, and seems to lull one while rousing a feeling of solemnity in the soul. Just as the *gamelang* is the spiritual personification of the past and the present of Java, the more complicated *mahori* expresses all the mysterious beauty and charm of the land of the Menam.

CHAPTER XXXII

Our squadron, consisting of three frigates, makes a twelve-knot passage to Saigon. There is a whole menagerie on board the *Pamiat Azova*. The principal place in it belongs to two little elephants, which are the pets of the whole crew. Their prolonged trumpeting resounds almost unceasingly over the whole ship, though they are given the freedom of the deck. How will they stand the passage? Did our way lie towards Europe, they would certainly arrive there safely, but journeying as we are towards Vladivostok, it is difficult to be sure of this. It is true that from days of old elephants have lived through long and stormy passages, and that the Romans even succeeded in transporting war-elephants to the cold and fog-laden banks of the Thames, but it is questionable whether these youngsters will live through the journey. When the Carthaginians transported numbers of their battle-elephants to Sicily and Spain, they had vessels of a special build for the purpose, while our poor little elephants will often have a bad time of it on the *Pamiat Azova*. A young panther, a great favourite of the sailors, is much more at home here. It comes up to be stroked like a cat, plays with the men, sleeps by their side, and with surprising constancy expresses dislike only towards natives. Never attacking Russians, it becomes dangerous when the frigate is visited by Asiatics, being always on the watch to claw them. Two black Malaccan tigers on one of our gunboats are far more stubborn in their hatred of the human race, and the sailors have always to be on the watch when passing the bars, from behind which the eyes of the ferocious animals glare at them.

On our forecastle is a whole row of large bird-cages filled with fine specimens of the birds of Siam. But the captives will not long survive the sea-air and their change of diet. A native heron, of absurd appearance (the *diplomat*, as some of our wags named it), is especially sad; it stands with its head gravely bent to one side; its wings hang down helplessly, one even being bent like a hand carelessly put into a pocket.

Perhaps the first place among the curiosities belongs to two white monkeys. These tolerably large and handsome animals are highly valued by the Siamese, being regarded, like other albinos, as a token of prosperity. Indeed, a native proverb says: 'Should a white monkey but approach thy dwelling, sacrifice with a joyful heart gold and silver and white tissues, for thy good fortune will be without end.' The natives superstitiously hold that such animals do not die, but vanish

mysteriously, to go to the god Hanuman. In great contrast to them is a tiny *Nicticebus gracilis* or *Stenops tardigradus* (a species of sloth), that in its native forests feeds on birds' eggs and brains, and here is slowly starving on a diet of fruit. It is always drowsy during the day, and in appearance is unattractive, somewhat resembling a young puppy that is just able to crawl. If disturbed before nightfall, the little animal, with a plaintive squeak and dismal cry, painfully opens its dull, glassy eyes (like two yellow buttons fastened to its sharp and gloomy muzzle), and immediately closes them convulsively, oppressed and blinded by the sunlight. But at night 'Tony the topman,' as the sailors named him, is another creature altogether; he moves about noiselessly, and climbs as far as his rope will allow him, soothing his sufferings by the illusion that he is in his native forest, among giant trees with numerous birds'-nests among their branches.

The little elephants wander over the frigate as far as the poop. They are quite harmless, and not even playful, unlike the young elephant left at Colombo in charge of our Consul, Mr. Frisch, at his country-house, 'Yalta,' until the arrival of one of the homeward-bound steamers of our Volunteer fleet. Shortly after our departure the independent little animal one night cleverly untied the stout rope fastened round its neck, and began to run about the garden, breaking and trampling on everything in its path. The Consul, in night-shirt and slippers, ran out to catch the rebel, but the latter burst open the gates, upset Mr. Frisch twice, and ran off into the neighbouring marshy and thorny jungle. Mr. Frisch, having lost his slippers, manfully gave chase barefoot, accompanied by his servants. Meanwhile, the young elephant had returned to inhabited regions, and again began its pranks on an elemental scale. For example, it enjoyed a bath in a tank, attacked a Dutch merchant who was resting in his verandah, throwing him several yards from his seat, damaged the furniture, and then ran off along the seaside road towards Mount Lavinia. Our Consul at last gave up the chase and hastened home for a horse, warning the police of the mishap which had taken place. The guardians of the peace, armed with torches, overtook the little beast, which had already run some two miles. Blank cartridge was fired at it, and the terrified animal was surrounded under a tree, into which a native elephant-hunter climbed with a noose to drop over the fugitive. It was already dawn when a dozen policemen at last succeeded in dragging it home again. The Consulate paid a number of people for damage done and services rendered during this tragi-comic incident. The local press printed a special article on the subject entitled 'The Cesarewitch's Calf-elephant runs amuck.'

As I am speaking of the 'Lion Island' and the 'kraal' in which the quadruped that gave so much trouble to Mr. Frisch was caught, I cannot but remark on leaving Siam that in reality no parallel can be drawn between the capture at Labugama and the splendid sight at Ayodhya. In Ceylon there were moments of waiting and suspense, during which a small number of elephants entered the trap and then retreated, while the forest all around was stirred by the movements of the giants. Here, on the contrary, we saw nothing but the picture of the open struggle and the victory of the 'lord of creation' over the herds of colossal animals. On the latter occasion there was nothing of the alluring and mysterious, nothing unexpected; but, on the other hand, one positively held one's breath at the sight of hundreds of giants, torn from their native jungle, prisoned for the amusement of the Siamese court, and literally weeping for their lost freedom.

It is not the first time that Siam has bestowed young elephants on foreign princes, for in the second half of the seventeenth century King Phra Naray sent two such animals to the Dukes of Burgundy and Anjou ('deux éléphants, qualifiés d'éléphants de poche,' though each of them

weighed as much as half a dozen oxen). A similar present (a young male and a young female) was also sent from Siam to Napoleon III.

SATURDAY, *March* 16/28.

It is morning. The Russian squadron is already in French waters. We are in the 'bay of cocoa-nut palms,' as it is called. For us there is a homelike air about the dull, unsightly shore of the hilly and wooded cape of St. James, where one of the rivers that fertilise Cochin-China falls into the sea. Our officers declare that the dreary aspect of the neighbourhood recalls the entrance to Vladivostok. Two powers, politically gravitating towards each other, seem to have agreed, *tacito consensu*, to set foot almost at the same time on outwardly similar points of the coast of Eastern Asia.

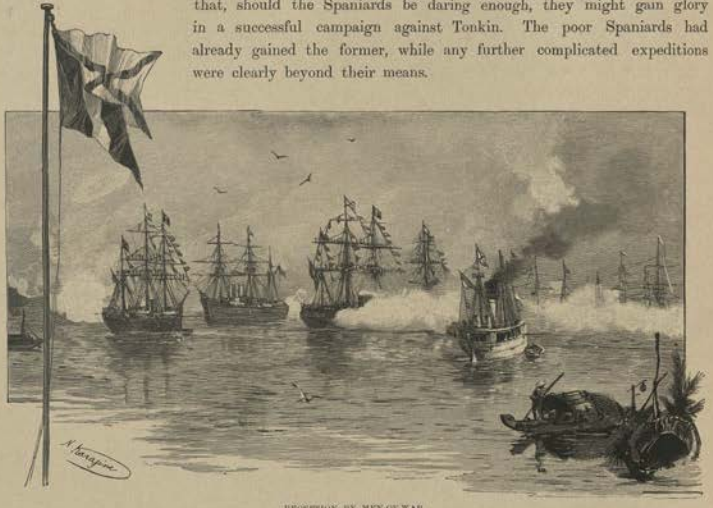
The tide being in, and the pilots on board, the *Pamiat Azova* and the *Vladimir Monomakh* enter the narrow channel of the deep and winding Dong-naï, which our consorts, the *Manchjur*

VESSEL ON SEA. RIVER SCENE, TOWER IN BACKGROUND.

and the *Koreyets*, have already done, having been sent on from Bangkok. Monotonous marshes and jungle close in on us on all sides. Amidst the low dense brushwood one may espy the dwellings of the natives. Softly sighing and plashing, the disturbed waters of the river part before us. We must steam along these bends and curves some sixty miles before we reach Saigon. It would be difficult to select a more impregnable capital for the Indo-Chinese Empire; Singapore sinks into insignificance before it from a military point of view.

Cochin-China was discovered by the Portuguese Andrada in 1516. A century later his countryman, the missionary Carvalho, first began to preach the Gospel in this land, endeavouring to influence the Japanese merchants and adventurers who came hither. It was just about this time that the 'land of the rising sun' expelled the Catholic missionaries and cruelly persecuted their disciples. In their struggle with each other, the European colonisers strove in turn to establish relations with the flourishing lands lying between Annam (properly 'the subdued south' from the Chinese point of view) and Siam, thirsting for a wider sphere of influence. In this it was 'royal Paris' that was most successful; and had not the Revolution broken out, these connections would certainly have led to brilliant results even in the eighteenth century. Events in Europe, however, only postponed the inevitable: Saigon became French in 1859, only when

Napoleon III., along with the Spanish Government, instituted a sort of crusade against heathen Indo-China, where under the yellow banner of the 'children of the celestial King,' as the Annamese styled themselves, the native Christians often had a sorry time of it. The struggle entailed considerable loss of life, on account of the courage and steadiness of the local troops, who defended themselves behind fortifications erected many years before by French engineers who had been brought out here. On gaining the victory along with Spain, France required the latter to evacuate Cochin-China, basing her demand on the fact that, should the Spaniards be daring enough, they might gain glory in a successful campaign against Tonkin. The poor Spaniards had already gained the former, while any further complicated expeditions were clearly beyond their means.



RECEPTION BY MEN-OF-WAR.

The French Government does not yet realise sufficiently the value to it of its Indo-Chinese possessions. There is in Paris a considerable number of politicians who condemn the colonial policy of the Government. Meanwhile, the French, were their statesmen more far-seeing, might, if they wished, play a far more important part in the Pacific and in Southern Asia than has hitherto fallen to the share of this great nation. As long ago as 1682, her energetic sons pointed out the economic and strategic importance of the Straits of Malacca, near what is now Singapore, an importance which the British grasped only in the present century. But no one undertook the realisation of this brilliant idea. Instead of idly escorting the Siamese embassy of 1686 all over France, including Flanders, and making it pass its time with the ladies of the court, the French should have studied the nature of her possible and desirable relations with Asia, and have instituted a genuine friendship with its nations. This they failed to do. The useful 'Compagnie des Indes' was ruined. A whole series of blunders led to the Siamese attacking the French

troops sent out for the honorary occupation of Bangkok. The final result of this policy was that the skilful diplomatist Montigny, despatched by Napoleon III. to Siam, was offered a letter of introduction to King Mongkut by the English.

For at least three or four hours we have been slowly steaming up the winding Dong-naï. Its navigation is not without its dangers, owing to the shoals, whose removal has long since been advisable and technically possible.

The brick-red water glistens with a metallic sheen. The monotonous horizon is boundless, or, rather, formless. Innumerable canals (*arroyos*) intersect the surrounding marshy plain. It is a time of drought, and the vegetation wears a very forlorn aspect. Palms and banana-trees sparsely decorate the dreary landscape, and yellowish-grey huts peep out from behind hedges. Clumsy dark-skinned buffaloes now and then plod away from these huts, and plunge with delight into the mud on the banks. The heat is intense; the atmosphere, saturated with vapour and poor in oxygen, is very oppressive to one's unaccustomed lungs. Immediately in front of us, to the right, to the left, and behind (according to the winding of the river), flit the heavy towers of the distant cathedral of Saigon, and the masts and funnels of the *Vladimir Monomakh*, which is but a little way distant from us. Gradually we begin to feel as if we were really motionless; while they, on the contrary, are moving round us in some incomprehensible manner.

SAIGON FROM THE RIVER.

On our way we meet the barrel-shaped boats of the natives (called *sampans*, meaning 'three boards,' a term which fully agrees with their primitive build). Copper-skinned rowers of both sexes, with broad-brimmed straw or lacquer hats covering knots of hair anointed with cocoa-nut oil, deliberately paddle in a standing posture, like gondoliers. They are clad in dirty-brown and blue cotton blouses (with buckles). The beardless men, the ugly women with betel-stained lips and black teeth, the boys, with small pig-tails depending from their shaven heads, gaze apathetically from their floating dwelling on the gigantic ironclad. Whole families live in these

sampans, a few mats, a kettle, an idol, a hammock for the babies, and a little platform constituting all their furniture.

This Mongoloid people, in whose veins runs much Indo-Malayan blood, did not at once lose its independence on the advance of the white man, but resisted as long as means and strength would allow. For six months and more the natives fought for every yard of land near to the sea, boldly advancing to the attack, and even fighting hand to hand with the Europeans, thus palpably exhibiting their preference for a bad native government to a just and skilful foreign one: such is the instinctive tendency of men to group themselves into a personality, even though it present an unformed mass, neither to lose their characteristic features nor to submit to moral slavery. One Annamese mandarin, being unable to defend the provinces committed to his charge, rejected here the generous offers of the French commander-in-chief and poisoned himself!

Past 4 P.M. The buildings of Saigon rise more clearly before our eyes; the pale turquoise-blue heavens gleam above its pink roofs, rising out of a forest of verdure. White-painted gunboats fire a salute. Beyond them, to the left, lies a decorated landing-place, with crowds of people flooding the quay. The strains of the Russian National Anthem mingle with those of the Marseillaise, which rise in answer from our ship. The Cesarewitch, standing in full uniform at the stern of the *Pamiat Azova*, salutes the French flag as our guns return the salute from the shore. So as to make a turn, we steam rapidly past the motley crowd gathered for the reception. The frigate runs its bows into the foliage on the soft steep bank and pauses. Meanwhile the current swings the ironclad round, the engines are backed, and then we steam on again. We are slowly borne towards Saigon, a portion of a friendly country, a corner of that Romance nation of the West, sympathetic to the Slavonic heart, which chivalrously plants civilisation in Asia in the same spirit as do the Russians. It is said that the material results of the Republican *régime* here are yet small; but it is not so much to them that importance is to be attached as to the power of retaining acquisitions by the bonds of mutual friendship and by simplicity of relations, which the French seem to possess in a great degree. If it is so, the future of the East belongs to them and to us. The one thing which harms them morally—their enmity with the weak kingdom of Siam, which might yet be of enormous political service to France—is such an easily reparable evil! Have not the colonisers of Cochin-China managed to keep on good terms with Norodom, the king of Cambodia? Does it jar on the ear to listen to the French sailors shouting 'Vive le Roi!' in honour of this nearly dethroned Asiatic monarch, while the Cambodians, brought up amidst the traditions of autocracy, respond with 'Vive la République!' It is both possible and necessary to find a far better *modus vivendi* with Bangkok: the Siamese would retain their independence; would have no disputes and collisions on the Franco-Annamese frontier; would see their enemy only in the conquerors of Burmah, and not in the north-west, where it is also time for the natives to identify their interests with the true needs of all the other Oriental nations, in hope of the evolution of a Russo-Chinese world. It is in this that the promise of power and prosperity lies hidden.

At half-past five, after landing in state, amidst the firing of guns, music, and the shouts of the crews (the deafening salute fired by the vessels near the shore at first drowned the shouts of 'Vive la Russie!' 'Vive le Cesarewitch!'), the illustrious travellers, who were received by the local authorities, enter the capital of French Indo-China. M. Jules-Georges Piquet, the Governor-General, who until 1889 was Administrator in India, greeted the Cesarewitch on board the *Pamiat*

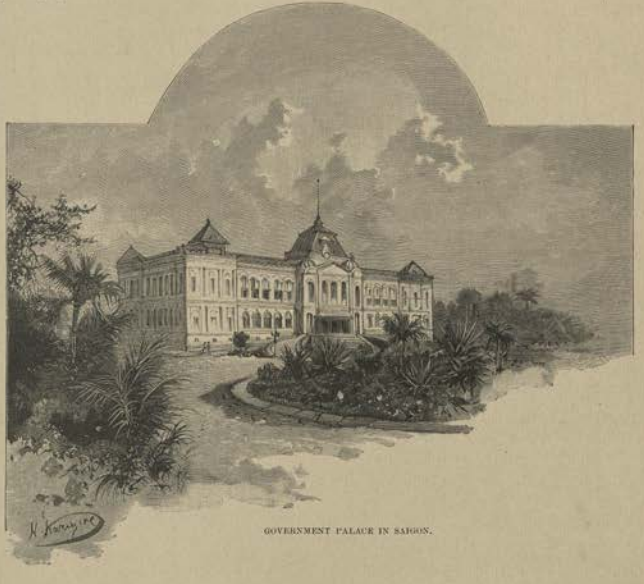
Azova. The Grand Duke's carriage is drawn by six white mules. There are but few white faces in the crowds of Orientals (among whom are Hindus from Pondicherry and Malays), on the broad shady boulevards, which run in straight lines across the space occupied at a comparatively recent period by the dirty native town, intersected, like Bangkok, by canals. The number of white men here is very small, though the sanitary conditions of life in Cochin-China are improving every year. Formerly the mortality here used to be terrific: various kinds of agues and gastric disorders rapidly undermined the soundest constitutions. It was a curious fact also that white natives of the French colonies in the tropics (even those with negro blood in their veins) suffered more from the climate than their countrymen of the north. Now, on the contrary, the capital of Cochin-China has become one of the healthiest. Owing to its distance from France, however, along with the widespread disinclination of the French to seek their fortune beyond the seas, the number of colonists who have come hither is comparatively small. Its present good state is owing principally, if not wholly, to the fact of its having at first been under the management of the naval authorities. A series of admirals (about twenty) wisely ruled over it until the country was handed over to the civil authorities, and, in spite of the merciless attacks of the Radical press, undoubtedly did it no less good than the military element has done, and still does, to a certain extent, in Russian Central Asia. Both here and there the introduction of very progressive and purely Western ideas and methods into the social system of the natives would only be prejudicial both to them and to the prestige of their guardians.

Apartments have been prepared for their Highnesses in the local European palace situated near the Boulevard Norodom. The large and imposing residence of the Governor-General is surrounded by a fine railing, while its private grounds adjoin a public park of very considerable dimensions, in which, as we are informed, a *grande fête* is to be organised to-night in honour of the Cesarewitch. The two-storied building, surmounted by a cupola, cost 12,000,000 francs, and must please the natives by its imposing proportions and by being situated somewhat aloof from the movement of the streets. The Governor-General receives 180,000 francs per annum as his salary and allowances. The expenses of the central administration being comparatively small, the French find it easy to support it quite as well as the British, who spend millions of native money on the same object.

At the state dinner given by M. Piquet, the band of the *Triomphante* plays a mazurka of Glinka's and fantasias from 'Carmen' and 'The Huguenots.' The French naval officers present at the dinner produce a charming impression. These are the knights of modern France, who of late years have created a whole kingdom in the far East; have investigated a whole region in the interests of science and civilisation; and have bought with their blood a footing on the borders of the Celestial Empire. In the Pacific the French Republic has the so-called 'Division navale de l'Extrême Orient,' at present commanded by Rear-Admiral Bernard. The flagship is the turreted armoured cruiser *Triomphante*, which formerly belonged to the famous squadron of the late Admiral Courbet. The Governor-General proposes the health of the Emperor of Russia, H.I. Highness the Cesarewitch expresses his thanks for the hospitable welcome he has received, and drinks to the French nation and its President, M. Carnot.

In the evening the illustrious travellers, along with their suite and the other guests, leave the dining-room to admire a splendid exhibition of fireworks, ordered by the authorities from the Batavian pyrotechnist, Gors. The heat is more tolerable, and there seems to be less electricity in the air.

A fine white marble staircase leads from the atrium to the upper verandah, whence one may obtain a view of the faintly lighted city of Saigon. All the more effective is the display of this 'feast of fire' because of the dark, almost formless background. The European colony, moreover, has decided to organise a torchlight procession, which marches with remarkable stateliness past the palace doors, amidst enthusiastic shouts of welcome from the assembled European population.



GOVERNMENT PALACE IN SAIGON.

Somewhat later their Highnesses visit the little local theatre, where a very fair company, generously subsidised by the Government, gives a sympathetic rendering of 'Giroflé Girofla.'

As the Cesarewitch enters, the strains of the Russian National Anthem break out. Around the building in which the *spectacle de gala* is proceeding the boulevards and cafés are illuminated; a gay crowd moves about joyously; and this little nook of Paris transplanted into the wilds of Indo-China shows itself to the tourist in its best light.

SUNDAY, *March* 17/29.

Though it is past one o'clock in the morning, we drive back to the palace to look at a play which is being performed in its vicinity. From an elegant plot, sparkling with wit and accompanied by soft music, one immediately passes into a totally different world, void of all that is artistic, and full of purely Oriental cacophony.

PARADE IN SAIGON.

The theatre we enter scarcely deserves the name. It is nothing but a great barn with a long open platform for the spectators and another for the actors, a good-sized space being left vacant in the middle. Stage, strictly speaking, there is none. The platform on which the performance takes place has its walls draped with bright-coloured stuff, while the actors walk, run, and leap amid a disorderly jumble of tables and seats. All the parts are played by men. Effeminate-looking boys, in female attire, strive to speak and cry out in a high voice, imitating at the same time the slow and helpless gait of women with mutilated feet.

An inconceivable noise reigns in the theatre. The band in the depths of the building consists of tom-toms, shrill fiddles, and trumpets. The actors are in motley attire and unconscionably painted: the men wear false beards of considerable size, and their art seems to consist almost wholly in antics, turning somersaults, growling, raving, looking fierce, and so forth. They come on to the stage from behind curtained partitions, and vanish behind them at intervals, calmly leaving the stage vacant.

The methods in use for entertaining the public are very primitive. First, some one of the actors announces what the rude pantomime is intended to convey and where the action takes place. Next, the other performers begin clambering up a barricade of chairs, imitating the climbing of mountains; while dodging round the furniture is meant for the manœuvring of bodies of troops. The best of clowns might envy the intrepidity with which these Chinese actors throw themselves on the ground, leap on their comrades' heads and stomachs, fight with wooden swords, and so on.

While despising the profession and the caste of actors and tumblers, Orientals, nevertheless, are remarkably patient and persistent in the attendance and enjoyment of such spectacles, cheerfully spending days and nights in watching pieces which seem senseless to our eyes, and taking a childlike pleasure in the simple conceits of their actors. The East is not to be astonished by any length of a piece or by any trilogy: it would unhesitatingly accept Wagner as a perfectly normal phenomenon.

In the Saigon 'Jardin de Ville' all is prepared with purely French skill and taste for the reception of the Grand Duke and the welcome Russian visitors. The city has erected an elegantly furnished tea and supper pavilion. A whole ballroom has been improvised on a covered platform beneath the trees. The European merchants of the place have put up a number of refreshment tents, erected little booths, shooting-galleries, and so forth. The park is full of holiday-makers. Their Highnesses remain among them till past two o'clock in the morning, and having driven round all the avenues, retire to sleep.

An interesting sight awaits us to-day: a review of troops on the boulevard Bonnard, so named after an admiral who was formerly governor of Cochin-China.

The marines, with the artillery and the Annamese Rifles, among whom there is a certain percentage of European officers and non-commissioned officers, march past a special platform erected for the illustrious visitors. The review, led by Colonel Ortus, the commander of the little Cochin-China corps, is very successful. The more ardent patriots of the colony, however, are dissatisfied with one thing only, namely, that the troops, when defiling before the heir to the Russian throne, did not make a grand political demonstration. But as, according to the prearranged plan, the reception was based on a spirit of cordiality combined with caution, the introduction of politics into it would, of course, have been misplaced.

It is very interesting to see how quickly the French have utilised the natives as excellent raw material for the army. Indeed, the natives are easily amenable to discipline, recklessly brave, and devoted to their instructors, admirably adapted to the onerous conditions of warfare in the wilds of Indo-China, and, moreover, two or three times cheaper to keep than soldiers from the mother-country. Of course, a strange impression is at first produced by these short, woman-like warriors of a Mongol type, with their hair knotted up at the back of the head (the white instructors wear the ordinary uniform of the marines, while the natives are clad in blue-belted blouses and white trousers, the tops of their straw hats being sheathed in copper), but it is only thus, in fact, that they can retain their racial individuality, so important for further conquest in Asia, where the blood of sepoys, the courage of denationalised native mercenaries alone, has enabled colonising states to amass enormous and economically valuable colonial possessions. Just as in Algiers regiments of Arabs were raised with good results, so here the Annamese troops, drilled by Europeans, promise to give, and indeed have already given, brilliant proof of their value. Undoubtedly, if well led, they would uphold the honour of the French flag against both the Goorkhas and the Sikhs, in case of any complication arising in the direction of Burmah, a thing which is always possible. There is only one reproach to be made against these Annamese soldiers, who strive to learn the language of their officers quickly, and to remain as long as possible in the ranks they find so sympathetic; this is, that they are rapidly spoilt by comfortable living as soldiers, receiving pay which to them seems enormous (a louis-d'or per month). On being dismissed, they are unfitted for a life of labour, and usually prefer to join some band of pirates. The latter, consisting of Chinese adventurers (the so-called 'black flags' and 'yellow flags'), gladly welcome men who have an idea of the military art of the Europeans, and then, supported by the malcontents among the native population, carry on an endless and aimless partisan war, at ruinous cost to this young colonial empire. Within a short period Tonkin has cost its conquerors more than 700,000,000 francs, the covering of which annually absorbs a large share of the income of Cochin-China, that granary of the Indo-Chinese world. Nevertheless, it is better to arm and discipline the natives (even forming separate regiments of Tagals from the Philippine Islands, of Burmese, Japanese, and Zulus, as has been advised by some) than to place any great reliance on the foreign legion, a body of troops bearing but a sorry reputation, and recruited from among the most suspicious and unreliable elements of European and American society. It is to this legion, a large part of which consists of Germans, that the defence and peace of the frontiers are intrusted! Now Germany, which ever since 1871 has attentively watched the position of the French on the Pacific coast, and dreams, in case of new military triumphs, of inheriting these very same tempting possessions of their antagonists, cannot but take into consideration the origin of the legionaries, of whom physical endurance is the only thing required, and whose past is deliberately ignored by the authorities who hire them.

Saigon, built in European style on the site of the former city, which was burned down by the natives themselves in their defence of it, presents nothing very remarkable. The most noteworthy objects in it are the cathedral, which cost about £100,000, and which is partly built of stone brought from the quarries near Paris, and the monuments (by Falguière and Nöel) erected in memory of men who form the pride of their nation. Such are the monuments to the brave admiral, Rigault de Genouilly, who conquered the land; to Gambetta, that ardent partisan of a bold colonial policy; to the chief of the Mekong expedition, Doudart de Lagrée, who fought

against us in the Crimean War, who personally studied the antiquities of the Khmer period, penetrating from Indo-China to Yunnan; and to Francis Garnier, a gifted traveller, who was slain here in the flower of his age.

It makes one's heart rejoice to see how people here appreciate and, supported from Paris, at once immortalise all prominent actors in the scientific and popular world, as soon as their work begins to bear fruit. Such a ready acknowledgment of their services to their fatherland bears witness to the penetration and firmness of those to whom the interests of Indo-Chinese France are confided.

At eventide all Saigon comes out to drive about the environs. After six o'clock a long series of one- and two-horse open carriages (*isidores*) with Malay coachmen drives along the beautiful roads surrounding the city. The Governor-General likewise invites their Highnesses to drive with him in the fresh country air before dinner. Part of the way our road lies through the so-called 'plain of graves,' long regarded by the natives as especially holy ground, where they bury their dead, often bringing them here from great distances. The worship of ancestors and of the dead is widely spread in this country. Some of the tombs, as far as one may judge by a passing glance, are of elegant architecture, and resemble miniature pagodas. The Chinese tombs scattered among them are far simpler, many being of horseshoe shape. The Annamese like to place rudely carved figures of saddled horses on their tombs; for what reason I could not discover.

The most remarkable object in this place reverently devoted to the dead (reverence is shown even to the slabs placed over the hollows in which, by means of magic spells, the souls of some of the dead are caused to abide) is the grave of the enlightened Pigneau de Béhaine, who in the eighteenth century devoted himself to missionary work in Annam, and very cleverly attempted, not without some degree of success, to acquaint the rulers of the land with Christian civilisation, and to establish a political connection with Paris. We drive past the mausoleum erected in honour of this preacher.

The character and work of this French priest really seem to have something in common with those of Schwartz, the missionary of southern India, of whom I spoke in the chapter on Tanjore.

The death of the pious bishop was an important event in Cochin-China. The King himself visited the dying man, sent him the best of the native physicians, and ordered the corpse to be covered with robes of silk, and solemnly laid in state during a period of two months, so that the people might do it reverence. The young Prince Kanh wore the deepest of mourning for his teacher, and watched night and day by his coffin. Mandarins came from all parts of the country to look for the last time on the dead man. At the funeral the procession was headed by a great cross and six artistically carved niches containing images of the Virgin, St. Peter, and St. Paul, lists of the titles of honour won by the deceased, and so forth. The coffin, covered with cloth of gold, was borne by eighty men. At the sides of the procession marched one hundred and twenty war elephants. The whole of the royal family followed the bishop to his grave, while thousands of torches fantastically illuminated the way. Finally, Gialong made a touching speech over the body. A permanent guard of honour was stationed at the tomb. Evidently these heathen Asiatics both could and would be tolerant and grateful. It is enough to say that on the site of the present barracks of the native Rifles in Saigon once stood a

special pagoda, a sort of pantheon with memorial tablets in honour of such citizens as had been of value to their country. Among them were the names of the Frenchmen who had served the Annamese.

Right opposite the principal entrance, the atrium, which has been turned into a refreshment room, is adjoined by a stately ballroom, large enough to hold at least a thousand people. There is to be a brilliant ball given there to-night. Dancing is to begin at ten o'clock.

Amidst all this familiar splendour and animation the eye involuntarily pauses on the strange, motionless figure of an Asiatic standing near one of the pillars. This is the Burmese prince, Myn-goon-min, to whom a certain kind of fame attaches as the unfortunate exiled claimant of the Burmese throne.

For the last quarter of a century he has led a most troubled life. First as an enemy to the evil counsellors of his weak-willed father, then as the guest and soon after (without any reason whatever) as the prisoner of the British, who kept him in a cage, like a wild beast. From Benares he fled to the French in Chandernagore, made his way, amidst many dangers, through Calcutta on board a steamer of the Messageries Maritimes, and so on to Pondicherry. After a life of much trouble, with the sword of Damocles hanging over him, he at last found shelter and some material support in Indo-China. The authorities tolerate the prince, on condition of his abstaining from politics, but suffering Burmah waits for him, and her patriots, the dacoits, with the Buddhist priesthood, armed out of love for their native land, at their head, would be ready to swear allegiance to him at once. Sparks of rebellion flash out in the country every day. The brave Burmese, who sometimes capitulate after an unequal struggle, are mercilessly and faithlessly shot by the English authorities. It is reported that but lately a rising, serious in its unanimity, took place in the semi-Brahman state of Manipur on the Indo-Burmese frontier, in consequence of treachery towards the reigning family.

How unstable is the position of the strangers here is shown by the fact, for instance, that they have agreed, while holding Burmah, to pay the Emperor of China what is really traditional tribute (once in ten years), though it is called 'friendly gifts.' The native element cannot but cause its white masters uneasiness, if only by that indifference to death which it has always exhibited. How is fear to be aroused in their minds when they, though sentenced to death, look most apathetically on the execution of their mates, and suddenly, on seeing that a bullet has carried away a portion of a companion's skull, begin to laugh most heartily, and continue laughing even at the very moment when it is their turn to stand up before the rifles of the firing-party?

Resolution of a similarly elemental character is expressed in the Malayo-Chinese features of the thoughtful and taciturn Prince Myn-goon-min. In an orange-coloured turban, with precious rings on his fingers and clad in an elegant robe of silk, he gazes absently on the ballroom, slowly fanning himself with a coloured handkerchief. Who knows what the future may have in store for this much-suffering man?

MONDAY, *March* 18/30.

To-day, in welcoming the Cesarewitch, the unofficial press of Saigon expressed itself in a style peculiarly its own. Without flattery, without any empty phrases of politeness, it spoke in a dignified manner of the significance of the friendship between France and Russia, a friendship binding on the colonists of Cochin-China as a patriotic duty. It laid especial stress on the

political importance of the Cesarewitch's survey of Asia, where the great empire of the North has vital problems to solve, not only on the so-called 'scientific frontier' of the Afghan-Turkestan borders, which so troubles the English, but beyond the Himalayas as well.

Our third day with our cordial hosts promises to be more interesting even than its predecessors. In the morning we take a four-mile drive to the neighbouring town of Cholon to see a very original sight—the natives and the Chinese bearing in solemn procession the sea-unicorn (the emblem of peace) and the dragon (the emblem of the supreme earthly sovereign).

Dragons, personifying celestial wisdom, are regarded as the ancestors of the Annamese. According to popular belief, the remains of these wondrous and colossal creatures lie buried in the bowels of the earth, sometimes very near to the surface. Whoever builds his house near them may hope for much prosperity; but it is needful to know where the back of the unseen supernatural creature lies, and where its paws and its scales; only the claws of these legendary forebears of the native race are to be avoided. In Indo-China there is a river named the Red River, said to be so named because when a certain ruler ordered some rocks which hindered the current to be blown up, the waters suddenly became tinged with the blood of a dragon which lay hidden beneath them.

The name Saigon was formerly applied to the whole of this neighbourhood, including the native city now called Cholon (*i.e.* 'great market'). The derivation of the former name is still uncertain. Some divide it into the Chinese *sai*, tree, and the Annamese *gon*, cotton, as in ancient days the inhabitants of Cambodia used to plant cotton round their fortifications; but this interpretation is more than doubtful. Before the days of Gialong there was nothing but a village here, though in 1680 it was temporarily of some administrative importance. In those days the land was gradually overrun by Northerners: the descendants, or rather the successors, of the Khmers were being driven out of Cochin-China. Chinese generals, supporters of the Ming dynasty, which had been defeated by the Manjurs, came hither with the remnants of their armies. Nevertheless, until 1789, Saigon was not a strategically important point. It was only then that the Government raised it to the degree of a base of operation.

The Cholon road—along the celebrated 'plain of graves' through which we are driving—became a military road for expeditions against foes from the land, consisting principally of constantly advancing stern strangers from the depths of Annam. The French Government has improved this road, the nearest to the capital, by widening it and paving it with stone. It is a curious coincidence that the track of the road itself was laid out in the last century by Olivier, a French engineer, brought out here as instructor to the natives.

On arriving at Cholon we find it to be a comparatively well-ordered town, more populous than Saigon, containing several tens of thousands of inhabitants. The order which reigns here, at least externally, is the work of F. Garnier, afterwards celebrated as a traveller, who spent a short time here as Governor.

The inhabitants are almost all emigrants from the Celestial Empire. They drive a brisk trade: enormous quantities of rice pass through their hands annually; the disposition of the citizens is quiet rather than unruly, but still there is a certain degree of national spirit in them which is not without its dangers for the new government of the country.

It is difficult to say what may be expected in the future from this yellow pigtailed race, so averse from any assimilation; but there are certain facts which require consideration. A little while before our arrival Saigon was visited by Admiral Ting with four men-of-war. The Chinese

merchants and coolies were so filled with enthusiasm at the sight of their native flag as to raise an involuntary feeling of distrust in the French who witnessed it, especially in consideration of the stubbornness with which the coolies in Hong-kong refused to load the vessels of the Republic during her late war with China. In those born into her civilisation there is undoubtedly a wonderful love for their world, their native land, and for their own people, regarded as an incarnation of patriarchal family virtue.

The distinguished travellers look from the verandah of one of the European buildings of Cholon on the winding procession of the dragon as it approaches amidst a tremendous noise and the firing off of crackers. Of considerable length, it consists of banners and weapons, musical instruments, and enormous puppets, which, mounted on thrones along with gaily dressed little children, are borne by members of the procession. At the head of it walk old men in motley caps which completely cover the back of the head. Next come women in red and green, dark violet and black silken robes. Strange-looking men attired as devils entertain the crowd gazing on the procession. It is said that one of the small turrets carried in its train holds a little girl, personifying the fabulous captive serpent, Bach-xa, which for a certain period became a woman on the shores of the southern ocean. Before that time, for a period of five hundred years, she had sought perfection and striven to conquer her own monstrous nature. On being reincarnated, she married a student, and was happy until he discovered who his wife was, when he incontinently died of terror. The widow implored heaven to restore him to life, and shortly after bore a son, who was destined to attain to the highest degrees of learning. While he was seeking them, certain spirits gave his mother a magic potion, which caused a great iron cage to spring up around her, wherein she was kept captive until her son had gained celebrity.

The procession passing before us, which contains many young people with garlands of jasmine crossed on their breasts, is intended, we are told, to show certain phases of this legend; but one is only vaguely convinced of this. The noise and rattling increase. A group of people haul along a monstrous, wriggling dragon, a sort of fantastic lizard composed of coloured cloth, bamboo, and paper. Its mouth is open, its tongue and jaws move, its scaly back undulates convulsively, and its horrible horned head, armed with long feelers, wildly wags from side to side, the monster being supported from below by a man who leaps and prances. It seems to be ready to fly at and swallow its foe, here represented by a globe (the orb of light) affixed to the end of a pole, and dangled in front of it by a Chinaman.

One of the objects of the procession is to appease and remove marine and other monsters: a similar custom in spring-time has existed for centuries, ever since the days when such creatures wrought havoc among the fishermen of Cochin-China. At that mythical period the natives used to build their ships in the form of dragons, so as to deceive the monsters of the deep, and furnished them, as they do to the present day, with eyes painted on the bows (according to an Assyro-Babylonian custom), while on the other hand they tattoed themselves so as to gain some resemblance to the submarine *devas*.

One leaves Cholon without any especial feeling of satisfaction, for the character of the procession appeals too little to the imagination. Among the guests to-day there were many Russian officers from our squadron, who had come from Saigon by train. The railway which joins the two cities and carries nearly a million passengers annually is called by the natives 'The Fiery Steed.'

About five o'clock in the afternoon we go out of town to the races, the chief interest of which lies in the amusing trotting-bullocks, a cross between the farm-bred and the wild species. They are carefully trained, and, harnessed into carts, are as fast and enduring as the native ponies, however hard and bad the roads may be.

The grand-stand is prettily decorated. First come two-mile races for native horses that are of a small but very enduring breed. The racers are led by their gaily-attired jockeys. The prizes are given by municipalities, by banks, by the river steamboat company, and by the Governor-General.

Our farewell evening promises to be especially brilliant. An anonymous printed appeal, couched in the warmest language, has been distributed broadcast, reminding the European population of the necessity of showing their respect towards their distinguished guest for the last time by gathering in front of the palace at 10 P.M., so as to accompany his carriage to the quay when he goes to the ball on board the *Loire*. 'May this exhibition of feeling, proceeding from the bottom of our hearts,' says the circular, 'express to his Imperial Highness, in a delicate form, our gratitude for his visit to Cochin-China, that is, to France.'

This was accompanied by a long dialogue in verse between two sailors of these friendly nationalities. This was written by M. Ricquebourg. It opens thus:—

'Nous voici tous les deux loin du pays natal;
En frère, reçois donc mon salut amical.'

Though Russian thought and feeling are painted in the verses with the most incredible inaccuracy, as was only to be expected from a Westerner, there is so much sincere sympathy contained in the poem, and such a wish to idealise us, that one only smiles on reading this harmless misrepresentation.

A number of people responded to the call. The procession wound its way along illuminated streets and under triumphal arches. In answer to the warm greetings of the crowd surrounding his carriage, the Grand Duke rose to his feet on passing the cathedral, and exclaimed: 'Vive la France!'

TUESDAY, *March* 19/31.

The officers of the colony quite outdid themselves yesterday in their hospitality. The gigantic old troopship *Loire*, moored near the shore next the *Pamiat Azova*, was decorated with rare taste, and even magnificence. The deck was transformed into a great ballroom. The dancing, in which H.I. Highness took part, was kept up till five o'clock in the morning. Positively we have never yet seen such exuberant gaiety and unaffected animation. It was Midshipman Prince A. A. Golitzin, half-French by birth, and a gifted leader in the dance, who was the initiator and creator of its success. The belles of the ball were the wife of a captain of marines, Madame Bauche (who narrowly escaped a severe accident on her way to the ball, her horses having bolted) and Mademoiselle Revilliod, a young lady of fourteen. It will be long before Saigon forgets the festival on this night of our fraternal interchange of thoughts and good wishes!

The importance of Cochin-China and the lands administratively subordinated to it became remarkably clear to all of us who in our conversations there had taken an interest in the latest data concerning their economic and political system. The best of opinions were expressed as to the capacities and docility of the Annamese. Moreover, the most encouraging facts were

imparted to us concerning the inexhaustible wealth of the country and the bright future awaiting the young empire.

The first place was assigned to its natural resources. They were said to be equal to those which have made Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Bengal famous. European cereals and fruit-trees are easily acclimatised here. Rice of the highest quality, which is exported at present not by French capitalists, but by the well-known German firm of Rickmers in Bremen, maize, cotton, indigo, betel, tobacco, violet sugar-cane, coffee, tea, fruit and vegetables of all kinds (especially melons), various spices and vegetable drugs, ebony and ironwood, timber, silk, ivory, buffalo horns, hides, salt, and fish are among the articles shipped from Saigon. The produce of Cochin-China is grouped in the Parisian and chief provincial commercial museums of France. At the agricultural and industrial exhibitions of Cochin-China, which were first instituted in 1866, the natives received no small number of gold, silver, and bronze medals for the excellent work sent in by them. The *Société d'Acclimatation de Paris* awarded the highest honour to the Colonial Government for its labours in this direction. It has also received prizes at Amsterdam and Calcutta. The first strong impulse has been given, and its results will not fail to appear now that such practical people as the French have become full masters here.

Labour (even in Saigon itself) is tolerably cheap. The natives make good artisans, and machinery is gradually being imported. Should the influx of intelligent emigrants from China increase, and should they decide to settle permanently in the country, the latter will be the better for it. A witty writer on the Far East once said that colonists there always have the Chinamen whom they deserve. If properly managed, without being permitted to form secret societies of an aggressive character, it would be difficult to find more docile or more useful subjects. It is all the more necessary and timely to determine a *modus vivendi* inasmuch as the southern provinces of the Celestial Empire frequently send forth emigrants inclined to stir up the Annamese population against the Europeans.

The bold 'doc Ngu' (chief of the Tonkin border patriots), who is privately backed up by them, lately, at the head of a small band of followers, sustained a seven hours' battle with a body of the regular troops of the Republic, and retreated fighting for every yard of ground, and carrying off his dead and wounded. The number of such heroes of national self-defence scattered over the north of the colony is insignificant. Yet the war against them costs enormous sums of money, and leads to no results. Are there no means of avoiding it, and the fruitless outlay connected with it?

Instead of carrying on a ruthless and costly struggle with unruly natives, who when driven to desperation are sometimes capable of the most refined barbarity (a French officer, taken prisoner in the forest, was carefully disembowelled, smeared with honey to attract the ants, and left to die a slow and agonising death), prudence requires that the grounds for such antagonism should be removed once for all. This would be comparatively easy to do by living in peace with the Chinese and attracting them to the country by kindness. Already the pigtailed Cholonese are gaining a permanent footing in Cochin-China, becoming French citizens, entering into near commercial relations with other French colonies, and rapidly becoming habituated to French laws, customs, language, and manners. A wise attempt having been made (at the suggestion of the discerning and cultured Catholic missionaries) to simplify the native ideographic system of writing by the introduction of a Roman transcription of it into schools—a measure

which indirectly leads the young generation to a knowledge of European writing and of the French language, which it learns so easily—a new era is beginning in the spiritual life of the country. Patriotic preachers from France, whose predecessors in the last century took thought for the regeneration of Annam (by the making of good roads, the encouraging of industry, the home manufacture of matchlocks, the creation of a large fleet of small vessels capable of skilful manœuvring, the publishing of comprehensible treatises on tactics for native officers, and so on), will in the future doubtless be equal to their task of preaching the Gospel and of instructing the ignorant indigenous population as well. Studying the drugs and simples of the land, the Fathers have discovered the poisonous liana, 'hoang-nan' (*Strychnos gautheriana*), which cures leprosy and hydrophobia, diseases almost incurable by European medicine. The same dangerous qualities lurk in the heart of the Indo-Chinese native. When their essence is mastered and its expression rendered harmless, then it may become, in the end, a source of good. God grant that the devoted missionaries from the West may speedily soften and ennoble the spirit of these natives, so easily receptive of good, by a knowledge of Christianity!

It is often asked whether there is any probability of France retaining permanent possession of so distant a colony. At present one may answer in the affirmative, outward circumstances fully justifying this verdict.

Its base is ensured against any attack from without, as well as from incidental rebellions in the neighbourhood. Saigon possesses an excellent arsenal with one floating dock and two dry ones, of which one is a copy of that at Toulon. Its beds of excellent Tonkin coal, which is of a quality capable of seriously damaging the Pacific trade in Cardiff, Newcastle, Austrian and Japanese coal, are said by competent engineers to be practically boundless.

Possessing its own treasury of 'black diamonds,' French Indo-China must sooner or later become invulnerable, and may even become a serious rival to England within a very extensive region. Yet, by the irony of fate, the successful working of these mines was accomplished by the aid of the capitalists of Hong-kong! It now remains for the French to work energetically at the conquest of new markets in the comparatively near and flourishing province of Yunnan, which will entail enormous loss to British trade, now penetrating in a roundabout way into that country. It remains also for them to direct their commercial navy towards the Far East and prevent the supremacy of the German commerce in those waters. Finally, the French must settle in the land as thoroughly as we have settled in Central Asia.

The Cesarewitch has invited the local authorities (M. Piquet and the Governor of Cochin-China, Admiral Bernard and Captain Artus) to lunch with him to-day on board the *Pamiat Azova*. He requests them in the most cordial language to thank the inhabitants of Saigon for the hospitable reception which had made the colony seem like home to the Russians. The Governor hastened to reply that these gracious and highly flattering words of the Grand Duke would without delay be communicated to the people by the official journal of the place. The guests left the frigate at two o'clock.

After this, their Imperial Highnesses were informed of the unexpected arrival of a small native deputation bringing gifts from the neighbouring village of Fookeoo in the Toodaoomot district. There, according to the programme, we were to have witnessed an Annamese hunt. The peasants here are remarkably courageous, and go tiger-hunting armed with nothing but spears. Great preparations had been made in the forest adjoining this village for receiving the

Cesarewitch in a manner befitting the son of the White Tsar. When the poor villagers heard that his visit to their native wilds could not take place on account of want of time, they were much disappointed, and despatched several priests (from the Balua temple) and elders to express their sincere and respectful good wishes to the traveller from the sovereign North (the magic land of the 'black tiger'), who had but lately visited India, the country held so sacred by Buddhists.

The natives, who were accompanied by M. Outrey, a sympathetic young gentleman who has charge of them as 'administrateur des affaires indigènes,' brought with them two live panthers, a small, red lacquer throne, with gilded dragons carved on the arms and the seat (such thrones are commonly assigned to stellar divinities in the temples of Annam), and an enormous wooden idol representing the god of hunting. This image is striped all over, and has a somewhat crooked body. The back and belly are covered with the skins of beasts of prey; one leg is that of an elephant, the other that of a rhinoceros. The feet are furnished with claws of different kinds, and the repulsive painted face is crowned with two pairs of supernatural horns, while the terrible jaws expose a row of grinning teeth and a pair of tusks. The monster—a personification of the extremest ugliness and the wildest flights of fancy—rests on a gigantic spear. A tail with a flower at its tip protrudes from beneath its cloak of skins.

ANNAMESE THRONE-CHAIR.

The natives, too, who have come on board the frigate to greet the Cesarewitch, are interesting enough in their way. The gaily attired priests, who in Cochin-China enjoy the title of 'luc sang,' wear tiaras (*moo*); the yellow-patterned robes are distinguished from those of the laity by the length and breadth of the sleeves, and are worn open. The elders accompanying these typical priests (Buddhism is more powerful than Confucianism and the creed of Lao-Tse in French Indo-China) look with reverence on the Grand Duke as he comes out to receive their greetings. He receives the deputation on the quarter-deck in the presence of the officers and the crew.

According to ancient custom, the natives bow down four times before H.I. Highness. With folded hands raised to their heads, they slowly sink on their knees, gravely rising again, as with great dignity they perform the ceremony of doing reverence according to all the rules of Oriental etiquette. It is thus that the sovereign of Annam has to pray to Heaven.

The members of the deputation have teeth as black as those of all the lower classes we have seen since leaving Singapore. In the case of the Annamese this is not caused by betel, but by a special substance used firstly to improve their appearance ('We are not dogs,' they say, 'that our teeth should be white'), and secondly, to preserve them from decay. For this purpose they fill the mouth with a pungent acid mixed with honey, and add a handful of banana leaves, that the process of thus anointing and cleansing the mouth should not be hindered by any current of fresh air.

The good-humoured faces of the priests clearly show the harmlessness of their views of life. There is no fanaticism in them: the scenes of bloodshed in the past history of the country owed their origin partly to the Malayan Mussulman element. The Buddhist priesthood itself never opposed Christianity. All the persecution proceeded directly from the Government, on

THE GENIUS OF HUNTING.

account of the enmity felt towards suspicious preachers coming from the dangerous West. Both here and in Siam the servants of Buddha were forbidden, under pain of severe punishment, to speak evil of the foreign creed or to rouse their flock against it.

The warm-hearted Annamese leave the *Pamiat Azova*, bearing with them generous gifts of money.

Before our departure the Secretary-General, M. Fourès, with rare courtesy and attention, supplies me with all necessary information, in the shape of books and pamphlets, concerning the possessions of the French in this part of the globe. In this mass of printed matter the greatest value attaches to certain well-edited works of an archæological character, on the artistic and religious sides of the ancient culture of the country, when Siva and Vishnu reigned over it. Northern Indo-China, when governed by Brahministic kings, was repeatedly attacked by the Malays and the Javanese. These sovereigns, whose hands, to use the figurative language of the chronicle, scorched the northern tribes like the sun, were probably sprung from that same daring southern race of islanders *par excellence*. To reduce to order the chaos of most interesting information about that important epoch will be, it is to be hoped, the fruitful task of the near future.

Four o'clock in the afternoon. We are leaving Saigon. For the last time the eye dwells on the buildings of this miniature Indo-Chinese Paris, where within a short period of time we have met with so much hospitality and friendly feeling. Dense crowds of spectators gather to bid farewell to the departing squadron. Strictly speaking, the town has always lain on the right bank of the river only; on the opposite bank, during the reign of King Gialong, lay the so-called 'Xóm tàu ô,' the quarter of the 'black junks,' that is, the home of the piratic Chinese mercenaries who defended the seaboard of Cochin-China. Now there is scarcely a single dwelling to be seen there.

Clumsy *sampans* slip across our bows so as to gain the shore without delay. Tiny-handed women, wearing bracelets of amber or coal, tug energetically at the oars. Blue cotton fillets and low conical hats of rice straw surmount the flat, dull-eyed, dark-brown faces of the men, with lips red and swollen from betel-chewing.

A striking peculiarity of these people, nowadays, is their passion for carrying umbrellas; but a little while ago these articles were regarded as an attribute and privilege of authority, while at the present time every one is free to carry them, a privilege which highly pleases the simple natives. Like all Asiatics as yet untouched by Western civilisation, they are remarkable for a childlike artlessness and simplicity of mind.

Amidst the strains of the Russian Anthem the *Pamiat Azova* steams past the *Triomphante*, whence the music proceeds. The French flag is hoisted at our masthead. The stormy 'Marseillaise' bursts forth from our band. Farewell, Saigon!

Our journey now enters a new and very interesting phase. In less than a week the world of Canton will open out before us. Hitherto it has been a comparatively strange side of things that has presented itself to the view; abstract judgments have been formed on quantities comparatively well defined in their political relations; conclusions drawn concerning matters which are in indirect touch only with the vital interests of Russia. On drawing near to the boundaries of the Celestial Empire, the point of view undergoes a radical change. While we were visiting Greece the mind reposed in contemplation of the divine beauty of the relics of ancient Art. In the welcome given on the Nile to the Russian name and the Russian flag, there might be heard the

protest of the Greek, the Copt, and the Arab-Fellah against the rude egotism of the Anglo-Saxon and his impulse to rule over weaker races. India rose up before us in enchanting pictures of the internal harmony of its parts, a harmony which has survived in spite of the extremely burdensome conditions of its existence. Its spiritual kinship with us; a certain likeness between its historic life and ours; the undoubted awakening and the bright future which may await this unfortunate but cultured land—all these points attracted the attention and gave occasions for thoughtfulness. Our acquaintance with the Malayan and Siamese world, in its turn, enriched us with a store of unexpectedly brilliant impressions and conceptions of the vital powers of these lands. But far more important and more original in its instructiveness will be every little detail of the Chinese world, so closely bound up with the various questions concerning the power and prosperity awaiting Russia in the vast Asiatic continent.

The colonies and kingdoms we have visited hitherto really have but few bonds of union with us, and naturally cannot excite any excessive interest in us. The Indian Empire only, taken as a whole, arouses, apart from the halo of poetry surrounding it, an especial amount of attention on account of the necessity we are under of coming into contact all the world over with the restless and suspicious British lion. England cherishes a rooted, though totally unfounded, conviction that the Russians are consciously drawn to the Indus and the Ganges, and that Cossack women lull their children to sleep with melodious songs about Agra and the Dekkan. What calls up a smile on our lips appears a real threat to Albion, and to some extent is of advantage to us. Of course, we do not need the sympathetic and motley land of India with its conglomerate of races and creeds; but we are, and must be, supported by the mythical idea of an ever possible advance of the irresistible North over the Hindu-Kush. However skilfully and sagaciously the diplomats and strategists of England may strive to prove the impracticability of such an advance, history shows the contrary. The English themselves are convinced of the inevitability of such a campaign, while the thousand-tongued rumour of the bazaars loves to weave its variegated tale on the same theme. So much the worse for those who have reason to fear it.

Matters are totally different with regard to the Chinese. Great in its laboriousness and patience, this nation, which gave birth to that wise statesman, Confucius, and was itself transfigured by him; which produced such a deep thinker as Lao-Tsze; which has cultivated in such an exalted degree the spirit of reverence for its monarch and the worship of ancestors who are worthy of immortality in their native land, is our most convenient and most accommodating neighbour. The primitive character of our relations with it and our views of it is so apparent, that, while forcing ourselves to speak more or less definitely of our sympathies and antipathies towards one nation or another, we really become confused when the talk turns on China. This apparently impenetrable mass of four hundred million souls seems to us a living danger in the future, and at the same time a sort of complete *quantité negligeable*. Every Russian agrees *a priori* with Przevalsky's opinion, that a handful of our troops would be enough to conquer the whole Celestial Empire, while shrinking at the same time from the very idea of a deep plunge into the mire of the social life of the yellow race, where perhaps a lingering death may await the comparative youth and energy, the ideals and the creative power, of Russia. Yet more ominous still to us is the hypothesis of a speedy, though only an external victory of Western principles over the prehistoric world of China. The mere fact of her permitting foreigners from beyond the sea ('foreign devils') to penetrate into the heart of the land, to exploit (with the best of intentions!) the enormous natural wealth of the inland provinces, to wake and rouse to a merciless

struggle for life (according to the latest scientific data) the countless communal units of this gigantic sleeping empire, so long lying petrified, as it were, among the incalculable treasures of their native land—this fact alone should be more pregnant with consequences than a ten-times-repeated victory of our armies over the Chinese, or even than a careless government of them by us. Should the Europeans (I mean especially the English) firmly establish their rule over the Celestial Empire, politically aged but economically in its childhood, they might easily transform it into another India, far more suited for exploiting, and inexhaustible in its resources. As for the yellow-skinned native, with his inherited contempt for the bonds of earthly life, there is no reason why he should not become as useful a soldier for the colonisers, as blind an executant of their will as are the sepoys, with their self-sacrificing spirit and devotion to their regimental flag. What the 'black man,' obedient to his military instructors, has become, to the misfortune of his countrymen, in southern Asia, that will the 'yellow man' become also, and no less speedily. Our principle task in the 'yellow' East should consist mainly in guarding against such possibilities, so that afterwards we should not have to shed Russian blood in vain, nor to waste enormous sums of money in fighting against calamities which foresight should have prevented.

For the purpose of acting more consciously in Eastern Asia, we must make clear to ourselves our historical and I may boldly say our 'fore-ordained' position on the borders of two opposed systems of civilisation. The West disciplines us intellectually, but on the whole is but dimly reflected in the surface of our national life. The depths below the surface have their being in an atmosphere of deeply Oriental views and beliefs; are filled with a thirst for the highest forms of being, and with broad, humane tendencies of a totally different character from the spirit of the average modern European, stifled as it is by a radical materialism. Countless times has Asia flooded Russia with her hordes, crushed her with her attack, transforming her into something akin to Persia and Turkestan, India and China. To the present day, beyond the Caspian, the Altai Mountains and Lake Baikal, we cannot find a clearly defined border, a naturally accurate line of demarcation, beyond which our rightful land ceases to be. The shades of transition, especially between Russia and China, are so impalpable as to be quite inexpressible. In our central provinces, for instance, among the Cossacks of the Don and of the Ural, we have Buddhist Cossacks, of the same race as the nomad tributaries of Pekin. On the banks of the Manych River, in the steppes of southern Russia, near the Caucasus, one finds lamas attired in exactly the same robes as those amid the heights of Tibet. The priests of northern Buddhism freely travel from Calcutta to Siberia, and even as far as our capital. The grand panorama presented by the scenery of our Siberian borders corresponds completely to that which developed the characters of Tchenghiz-Khan, that son of the Trans-Baikal, so little understood by historians; which produced remarkable Buddhist seers and ascetics, Mongol by blood, but purely Indian in mode of thought; and which developed the Cossack conquerors of the East, those incarnations of Russo-Turanic power and daring. He who has seen and who knows that grim and majestic wilderness, sternly guarding in the bowels of the earth untouched and countless riches, must understand at once how here the human spirit has always experienced either a desire for the deepest self-introspection or a mighty impulse to action. Such a thinker will understand why the human race in this part of the world has wished to overcome the greatest obstacles in its way and to be satisfied only with reaching, so to speak, the unattainable, with realising the impossible. We are the incarnation of the resistance, both warlike and peaceful, of the Christian West to the chaotic Asiatic worlds with their undoubtedly civilised past and, at the same time,

their effeteness proceeding from insufficient internal creative action, which depends exclusively on active faith. Through Russia the races of the East will learn to understand and value such faith, which gives peace to the heart (in no less a degree than Buddhism with its calming action on the unruly will) and a joyous regenerating light to mankind. This perfect union of peace and faith is wanting, or, rather, lies too deeply hidden, in the sorrowful creed of the princely sage, in the narrow rationalism of Confucius, in the dry reflection of monotheistic truths given by Islam. Here is the explanation of our success, unique as to its historical dimensions, in conquering kingdom after kingdom, not by the sword alone, but by the spirit of meekness also; not only by open enmity and warlike prowess, but by the secret power of friendly feeling as well, and by the ineradicable tendency to find in every reasonable creature, of any creed of any race whatsoever, a younger brother and comrade, an equal in the sight of God and of the Tsar.

The Mongols, who form the connecting-link between us and the Chinese, have finally and thoroughly adopted this view of Russia and her sovereign, who is in their eyes an incarnation of the merciful Tsagan-Dara-ekhe (one of the radiant manifestations of Buddha himself). The Tibetans, who keep up very near relations with our Buriats, are gradually but deeply imbibing identical ideas. The remaining subjects of the Emperor of China form an inert mass, valuing above all things its peace, its savings hidden away in the ground from robbers, its fields and gardens, in which lie mouldering the bones of its ancestors. It wants governors to support and justify the law; it desires a state of matters in which the artisan and the agriculturist may peacefully follow their traditional occupations without bearing the burden of military service. Can the artificial awakening of the Celestial Empire, casting it into the terrible whirl of universal politics, bring to its sons the realisation of such idyllic ideals? Will not the licence-breeding culture of the West bring the chill of cruel discord and torment into the soul of the native Chinaman, who for thousands of years has lived in happy ignorance of what is called 'progress'?

CHAPTER XXXIII

SATURDAY, *March* 23 (*April* 4).

WE have run a distance of about nine hundred miles from Saigon. These figures become more eloquent when we remember that from here to Bangkok it is fourteen hundred and fifty-four miles, and to Vladivostock only sixteen hundred and seventy. In reality, how near we are to home! It is perceptibly cooler, and the attire of the tropics seems at times to be quite out of place. While causing a slight shiver, the air of the North is very refreshing after a prolonged sojourn in the torrid zone, where our busy programme caused us too frequently to miss the midday rest so necessary to Europeans in that climate.

Owing to the cloudiness of the morning the approach to the island of Hong-kong presents no æsthetic interest. The rocky, yellowish-gray banks of the somewhat narrow canal through which we steam are dreary and deserted. The town of Victoria itself is not yet visible, but the smoke of foundries rises in the distance. The surrounding hills (with the principal summit on which waves the British flag, and whence a gun is fired to announce every steamer appearing on the horizon) are still hidden in the mist. The scenery as observed in the dull morning light harmonises completely with what is known of this place as an ancient refuge for adventurers of all sorts.

The southern Chinese waters have long borne an evil name on account of the pirate fleets with which they were infested. In former days their savage attacks were constantly taking place, and the Europeans here had great difficulty in even partially suppressing this evil. The seas about Hong-kong, however, are not free from pirates to the present day. It is not an uncommon practice for them to take their passage in some steamer and make their attack on the way, marking down the Europeans on board for especial attention. It is scarcely three months ago that the British ship *Namoa* was thus captured by pirates, who slew the captain and several other men, and, having signalled some junks which were cruising about the place, transferred their booty to them, and disappeared.

Now the city rises clearer in the distance. The morning air quivers with the smoke and

thunder of the salutes. A swiftly steaming Japanese gunboat of imposing dimensions meets our squadron, saluting it as it passes. The vessels in the harbour are decorated with flags. Besides British men-of-war, we see those of France, Germany, and China. If we add five of our own vessels, Hong-kong at first sight might well be taken for a regular naval port.

The three gentlemen appointed to accompany the Cesarewitch in China come on board the *Pamiat Azova*: Staff-Colonel D. V. Pootiata, and, as dragomans, the two young Chinese scholars, A. S. Vakovitch and D. D. Pokotiloff, members of the Russian Legation at Pekin. The first named is our military agent in China. He is possessed of a thorough knowledge of the supposed military power of the Celestial Empire; has seen service in Turkestan, and has, therefore, passed through a splendid school; knows and understands Asia; generally lives in Tien-tsin, where the government of the province, based on progressive principles, is centred in the hands of Li-Hung-Chang; and travels about the country whenever possible.

Hong-kong, that creation of Western energy in the seas of the Far East, presents a combination of luxury on shore with an unusual animation in the harbour. Along the shore runs a line, nearly five miles long, of splendid granite mansions and warehouses; above them, in the dense verdure of the slopes intersected by roads, lie comfortable and picturesquely situated villas, while the town itself, with its amphitheatre of rising streets, is full of busy life and movement. Beyond the banks and shops of the European quarter begins the native town, the home of the pigtailed adventurers who gather together here, attracted by the hope of gain. Dozens of ironclads and great steamers, hundreds of steam-launches and thousands of boats inhabited by the poorer Chinese, throng the waters of the harbour. Opposite the island, on the stony strip of mainland running out towards it, lies, at a distance of less than six hundred yards, the suburb of Kowloon or Kaulung ('the nine dragons'), with its docks and innumerable houses. It is enough to say that the annual commercial transactions of the place amount to forty-five million pounds sterling, while more than half of the vessels that come here fly the British flag. The income of the colony is increasing, not daily, but hourly.

COMMON CHINAMAN.

Half a century ago the rocky island of Hong-kong was but rarely visited by European vessels, and contained only some two or three villages of fishermen and workmen from the quarries. Since 1841 the number of its inhabitants has risen from 7500 to more than 220,000. Among its population the Chinese greatly preponderate; they first came here either to escape the punishment their crimes had merited, or to carry out some new piratical scheme. At that time Europeans never slept in the city unarmed; money and valuable merchandise were placed under guard for the night on board the ships in the harbour; and even the natives feared to bring their women and children with them on to the island. But what changes will not time, skill, and habit produce?

As the Celestial Empire woke up to life, nearer relations between it and foreign countries became a matter of necessity. No wonder that energetic, industrial England was the first to fasten on China and exploit her natural riches in all ways, being much helped by her comparatively long-standing connections with the principal commercial nations of the East. Among the notable citizens of this colony one may find wealthy Jews of Bagdad, Armenians of Calcutta, and Parsees from Bombay.

ROADSTEAD OF HONG-KONG.

Though the commercial houses of the whole world are free to carry on business in Hong-kong, yet it is only its clever and masterful founders that hold economic sway in it. If we except the Chinese merchant shipping, there is four times as much material imported and exported annually under the British flag as under the flags of all the other nations taken together.

In view of the fact that the animation of these seas is insignificant compared to what it really should be and soon will be, it is surprising that the colonial authorities of French Indo-

COURT OF JUSTICE.

China do not extract more profit from the vast demand for coal—a demand which is ever increasing. Investigations made at Oxford into the respective merits of Tonkin and Japanese coal have proved the almost complete identity of the former with Cardiff coal. It depends on the French alone to gain all the markets from Colombo to Shanghai for their mineral fuel. Whatever power makes this region, one of extraordinary political importance, dependent on it for coal, will *de facto* occupy the first place in the south-west regions of the Pacific. Why should not France work in this direction?

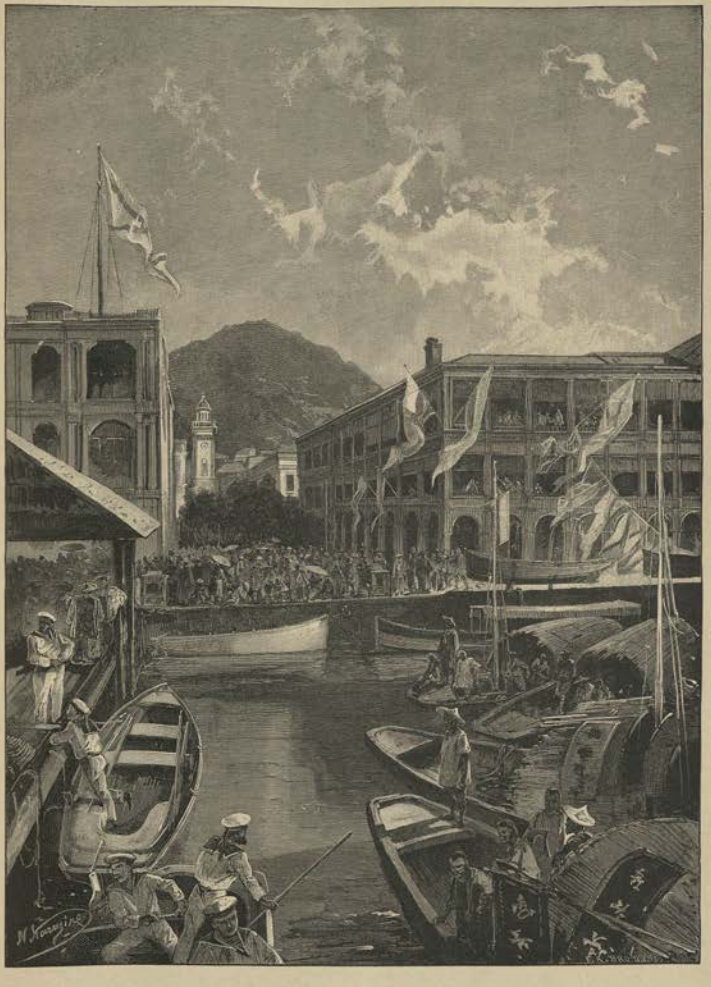
The English are much concerned about the defence of Hong-kong, that Gibraltar of the East, where the garrison alone consists of four thousand men. Some £400,000 have been spent on it

during the last few years. This is not a great sum, in reality, if one considers the commercial and political value of this centre, lying so near to the most important provinces of southern China. In case of war, reliance is placed principally on the powerful British squadron in these waters. British men-of-war can at all times depend on the naval yard of Hong-kong, specially constructed for them, with its model wharf and arsenal. The entrance into the harbour is considered impregnable, but on the south side danger is always to be expected from an enemy's landing-party. Yet more grim, in the eyes of the authorities, is the idea of an attack or rising *en masse* of the Chinese: should the latter so wish, the European inhabitants of Victoria might easily be poisoned or starved. Probably this will take place sooner or later. Attempts in that direction are quite within the limits of possibility. The vicinity of the Celestial Empire has been of great advantage to the English, but it may very well become fatal. The Chinese of Hong-kong are a very unruly element. A large proportion of them are vagrants and criminals, who have found it convenient to take shelter under the protection of foreign laws from prosecution on their native soil. When, in spite of all, they are in danger of being discovered and given up, some of them immediately commit some small misdemeanour and get a short term in prison, where they are safe from all pursuit. The extradition of fugitives from the mainland is surrounded with a number of formalities. Knowing the cruelty of the mandarins in dealing with the lower classes of Canton, the officials of Hong-kong generally require *prima facie* proof of the guilt and the identity of the accused. Naturally this is a very difficult thing to do, and the mandarins prefer, in such cases, to drop the pursuit. Under the protection of the stern white men the yellow outlaws soon become accustomed to civil liberty, and not infrequently begin their old pranks, before losing their former taste for bloodshed. This is why the police, for instance, carefully watch the harbour at night to see that no boat should take passengers without showing its number and marks, for there have been too many sudden attacks and brutal murders committed for purposes of robbery by rowers taking careless foreigners on board steamers. The Sikh policemen are armed with carbines after dark, and severely question every Chinaman they meet as to who he is and whence he comes.

It has long been rare for natives to come into open and bloody collision with the police in the streets of Victoria, but the fire is still smouldering under the ashes, and may easily break into a flame. It is not without reason that the troops are quartered in the unhealthy town itself, and not on the heights.

The enmity between the Chinese and the Europeans, fostered by the authorities of Canton, used at one time to exhibit itself in a very marked form. What, to some extent, conduced to this was the unfortunate condition of the coolies, who were mercilessly exported from here to America. Something in this direction was due also to the lax state of discipline among the soldiers of the Hong-kong garrison, who, when riotous, did not hesitate to fight the English police and desert in numbers on board whalers. In 1859 the British authorities had to execute two Europeans in Hong-kong for the outrageous murder of a Chinese servant. No wonder if the natives repay the hated strangers in the same coin. Not long before this the native bakers nearly succeeded in poisoning all the Europeans. The lower classes of Canton were constantly threatening and recalling their countrymen from the foreign town, despatching robbers and incendiaries to it, daringly attacking foreigners in the harbour itself, skilfully undermining the Indian bank, and so on.

Happily the authorities decided on calling in the aid of several hundred energetic and



HARBOUR OF HONG-KONG.

devoted Sikhs, and on introducing police-boats for the pursuit of criminals and smugglers. The Chinese authorities, in their turn, strive to intensify their watch over the latter; but what is the vigilance of a few units opposed to the pertinacity and knowledge of many thousands of antagonists?

Sir Charles de Vœux, Governor of Hong-kong, and General Barker, commanding the garrison, pay their calls on board the *Pamiat Azova*, as do the commanders of two gunboats detached from Li-Hung-Chang's squadron in the north to convoy the Cesarewitch.

PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA (AS A SITTING CHILD) AND HIS FATHER AND BROTHER.

The sailors on board the Chinese men-of-war are recruited from among the natural seamen of the islands and of the continental coast (especially from the Chu-san Archipelago and the province of Fu-kiang), who are excellent raw material. Unfortunately there is no special naval department for the empire as a whole, its functions being divided among four provincial viceroys, quite unconnected with each other, while the naval officers are unacquainted with European tactics and the scientific requirements of the times.

Though the sailors manœuvre well, are clever with the sails and at the guns, keep the engines in good order, and are wonderfully enduring as stokers, yet the Chinese fleet is never likely to reach the standard of excellence attained by the navies of other powers, since it lacks good officers, glorious traditions, and a warlike spirit.

There are several arsenals already in the Celestial Empire, as at Tian-tzin, Shanghai, Nankin, and Canton. Cannon-foundries, small-arms works, powder-mills, and cartridge factories are beginning to work with more and more animation every year, though only under the management of foreigners! Thousands of Chinese labour cleverly and industriously both there and in the dockyards, where they are learning to build their own men-of-war; but, strange to say, a retrograde impulse in this quarter was temporarily given by a disastrous collision with a stronger power. The ultra-conservatives of China concluded that it was useless to aim at perfection according to European standards, when defeat followed all the same, and that it would perhaps be preferable to retain their almost prehistoric military system.

In its historic and cultural aspect the countless population of the Celestial Empire is one of the greatest of riddles.

This sphinx-like nation still clearly reflects, in all the forms of its being, the national life of ancient Egypt, of the Assyro-Babylonian civilisation, of, in a word, the most typical monarchies of the Eastern world. What does the 'son of heaven' care for Western progress, when before his spiritual eye he ever sees the wise and majestic figures of his ancestors, those archaic and autocratic sovereigns in whom the idea of national welfare was closely connected with the possibility of realising it, and of granting help to all who required it? What reason can the sovereigns of China have, or ever could have had, to seek for popularity (in the wide sense of the term) as understood and greedily sought after in the leading spheres of Western Europe? They have ever stood so close to their people, and yet so immeasurably above them, that a similar state of matters arose and still exists in Russia alone. Thanks to its advantageous geographical situation, the Celestial Empire found it comparatively easy to assume the first place on the Pacific coast of Asia, and towards the beginning of the present century it began to sink into the sleep of peaceful stagnation. The 'yellow man' of the continent is naturally indisposed for bloodshed and intense effort; he has an instinctive aversion from warfare—an aversion which, of course, developed in him, along with a certain carelessness about military affairs, as he realised how helpless before him were his bravest and most turbulent neighbours. This gigantic nation either annihilated them as 'rebels,' or, more frequently, assimilated them with imperceptible moral power. When brought into contact with its new and very dangerous foes, the Europeans, then its relaxed state of will and feeling prevented the self-sufficient Chinese Government from seeing the truth concerning its own stagnation. It continued, and continues, to look on itself as the centre of the earth, and is still unprepared to bear the punishment awaiting such a touching blindness.

OLD FEMALE CHINESE WORTHY.

The Emperor sits upon the 'dragon' throne. To see him is to see the 'dragon' itself. Formerly, in his days of power, the 'supreme father and leader' of China was more accessible both to his own people and to his tributaries, and even to ambassadors from unknown foreign lands. Now that the empire is politically fallen, the sovereign is surrounded by the mystery of strict etiquette, and is concealed more and more carefully from the indiscreet gaze of the white foreigners. No photographer dares to photograph the 'son of heaven.' No portraits of the present

Emperor are to be had anywhere. A single portrait of him (taken in childhood, when it was yet unknown who was to be heir to the late childless Emperor) I got quite by chance.

I have no doubt that had H.I. Highness wished to see Pekin, the Chinese court, through diplomatic intercourse, would have understood the advantage of an interview between the young Manjur monarch and the Grand Duke, for between us and China there should be no barriers of a narrow, formal character; but in view of local prejudice and the shortness of the time to which our excursions are limited, such a combination is no more than a dream. The land of Confucius has much to learn before daylight peeps in at its slowly opening gates.

SUNDAY, *March* 24 (*April* 5).

Yesterday, about midday, their Highnesses went on shore to call on the Governor, being received by a guard of honour furnished by the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and escorted to Government House by a convoy of Sikhs.

Before eight o'clock this morning we are ferried over by a large paddle-steamer, the *Kiang Kwan*, belonging to the China Merchant Steam Navigation Company. A large landing-party is taken from our squadron, commanded by Flag-Captain Bauer, and accompanied by the band of the *Pamiat Azova*.

The day promises to be cloudless but rather cool. The *Kiang Kwan* begins to plough the still waters of the lake-like bay. At last we shall be able, having passed the 'English gates,' to look on the world of China all untouched by the ages.

Rocky islets rise up before us out of the blue waters and sink again in the distance. The sunlight gilds the charming scene before us more and more brilliantly and beautifully. The clumsy paddle-wheels revolve rapidly, as we steam through the pleasant watery expanse. Looking on it, one understands how it was just here that Camoens was inspired with some of the best of his verse.

A little way off from here lies Macao, a Portuguese colony on the Chinese coast, to the present day possessing no territorial rights. Of course the authorities of Canton are powerless now to expel even this handful of Europeans from the province, but it is a fact that, from a legal point of view, the latter occupy their land only by the permission of the Chinese Government. A proof of this may be found in the fact that since the seventeenth century the Portuguese have been obliged, at the desire of the emperors of China, to receive the ships of their hated European rivals in their harbour without exhibiting any enmity towards them. Moreover, they have been allowed to despatch trading-vessels to Japan, for instance, only with the consent of the mandarins. In 1802 the British sent a body of troops to aid the citizens of Macao against the French, but the Chinese at once insisted on their departure.

Even while Goa retained its importance in India, the Portuguese flag enjoyed no prestige in the Far East: reports of the outrages committed by the pioneers of Western influence in southern Asia spread with winged speed before their enterprising seamen and leaders. The yellow-skinned races at first flatly refused to hold communication with them on any pretext whatever. The Portuguese who disregarded their refusal were starved and quartered in Canton; their ships were destroyed, and even native junks laden with merchandise from Malacca, which had been conquered by the Portuguese, were confiscated by the Chinese authorities.

For a long time, evidently, they had full reason to distrust the adventurers from the shores of Portugal, since the latter were no better than a crew of blackguards sent abroad from out of the prisons of their native land; while their descendants by marriages with Malay, Chinese, and Japanese women, who were, in all probability, of the worst kind also, were distinguished for similar qualities. The growth and development of Macao so near the richest city of the south of the empire might reasonably inspire no small uneasiness in the rulers of the latter. No less pessimistic were the views held on this point by the Arabs, Persians, and Gujeratis, to say nothing of the more eastern Asiatics. All these feared the piracy of the Europeans on the principal routes to Canton. It was only about 1660 that the Siamese ventured to send their goods for sale to the Portuguese factories at Macao.

Knowing these historical details, one really cannot judge the Chinese harshly for their so-called 'barbarity' and 'stagnation.' When Europeans themselves have brought, and continue to bring, discord into the life of Asiatic states, it becomes impossible to judge the latter from a purely Western and progressive point of view. In former days, also, the Celestial Empire was a matter for the astonishment of strangers from the shores of the Indian Ocean, but these travellers, being sober and in no way conceited observers, did not condemn another people's social system for its unlikeness to their own. If my memory does not fail me, Frehn, in his introduction to 'Ibn-Fozlan's Report,' has a remarkable ancient Arabic saying: 'Seek knowledge even in China.' It was thus that one of the 'faithful' (of the first exalted epoch of the Koran) could speak openly of the land of hated heathen beliefs. Are there many in our day, even among the most liberally educated, who are capable of rising to the height of this simple truth? China is regarded as a sort of strange pariah among the nations, and, therefore, deserving of condemnation.

We are accompanied in our visit to Canton by two Chinese scholars and some officers acquainted with the land of the 'son of heaven.' As the conversation gradually illuminates this theme, it becomes clearer and clearer to me which side is right.

There is scarcely any country that has given rise to such duality of opinion as China. The whole of its national system is full of the most vivid interest for Europe, especially in consideration of the fact that the vast expanse of the Celestial Empire is the home of nearly one-third of the human race, a portion of it, too, that is distinguished by extreme originality. No historian, no moralist, should ignore the destinies of so countless a people—a people which has long ago developed many sides of civilised life—a people in whose character, moreover, there is room for the most striking contradictions; for brilliant qualities along with the most disgusting failings.

German philosophers, following Hegel, generally despise the Celestial Empire, regarding it as the prototype of stagnation. In China, according to them, the Mongol race has reached the highest level possible for it, and cannot, in its very nature, rise a single step higher, remaining as a withered branch on the verdant tree of history.

Whence has such a negative view arisen? Can it be only that, unlike the modern Japanese, who are somewhat insincere and scarcely conscious, by the bye, of what they are doing, the Chinese have been unable to develop a sudden and indescribable enthusiasm for the enlightened state of Europe and America?

Like the Greeks, to whom for a long time all that was foreign was barbarous, the Chinese,

as a whole, look on the West with supreme contempt, and regard their social system and the results of their ancient civilisation as a model for the whole world. 'Chung-kooeh ('Jung-ho,' the 'middle kingdom') is the name they give their native land. The same name, by the way, was applied to their own countries by the ancient Hindus and Iranians.

Are we justified in holding to a similarly narrow point of view and acknowledging our own modern culture as the only healthy and fruitful one? There can scarcely be two answers to the question.

Herder looked on the Celestial Empire as an embalmed mummy, adorned with hieroglyphics and wrapped in silk. Other thinkers, seeing nothing in this vast kingdom but sleep and stagnation, compared it to a marsh, and foretold its speedy decomposition and ruin. 'It is astonishing,' exclaims the Orientalist Vasilyeff, in one of his works, 'that the nations of the Far East, living over the same round of things again and again for thousands of years, have not died out from sheer monotony!' But have they really lived on in a state of incomprehensible stagnation, or have they lived a rich internal life of their own, in no way inferior to that of Europe? In our age an Italian writer, Ferrari, has undertaken the defence of the Celestial Empire. In his book, *China and Europe*, he attempts to prove that its evolution has proceeded on parallel lines with that of the West; that it has experienced the same revolutions in its intellectual and moral spheres. 'Its philosophers taught their doctrines in the days of Pythagoras; its conquerors earned fame at the same time as Alexander the Great and the Romans; it was attacked by barbarians at the same time as they were breaking up the civilisation of the Cæsars; the Imperial authority was invested with the sacerdotal dignity in the times of Pope Gregory the Great; Chinese science flourished during the epoch of Abelard and St. Thomas Aquinas; dramatic art had reached a certain degree of perfection when the *Divine Comedy* was written in Italy; the best poets of the Celestial Empire, the age of its Renaissance and the study of its antiquities, are near to the days of Petrarch and Boccaccio, and correspond to the awakening of the classical world. The Peace of Westphalia and the French Revolution have their counterparts in the history of China. During the first two-thirds of its real existence it was a whole generation ahead of Europe. In the Middle Ages the most remarkable dates in either country coincide with such astounding accuracy as to border on the miraculous. Beginning with 1400, China commences to fall behind by some thirty years.' In other words, there seems to be a mysterious bond between distant countries; a psychic process of similar intensity seems to take place in the depths of humanity. The hasty conclusion, therefore, that the land of Confucius is inhabited (according to Tocqueville) by a weak-minded and barbarous people is altogether unjust, as is our self-sufficient conviction of our undoubted superiority over it in everything. The Chinese have lived, and continue to live, after a very normal fashion, guided by the firm and long-established principles which inspire the whole of their national organism: there is no sign of retrogression or senility to be seen in them. On coming into contact with the West, China was at first confounded by its material power; but as she herself had always turned her attention almost exclusively to earthly things, caring especially for prosperity in this life, educating many millions of positivists and holding strictly utilitarian views of things, the sons of the Celestial Empire, without either depreciating or overestimating the advantages of foreign civilisation, gradually began to assimilate it, in so far as it was capable of varying the conveniences of their life and was applicable to the natural conditions of the land. The details of Western life are a matter of indifference to the Chinese: they are too proud of their civilisa-

tion to grasp blindly and unconsideringly at everything that is foreign, but at the same time they are too practical not to borrow all that they find suitable. Their first and successful step was to become necessary to the foreigners, and, in certain respects, to bind them hand and foot. No practical man from the West can do without the help and mediation of the natives, and, therefore, he is never really full master of any business whatever. They are the best cooks; they form the whole staff of household servants; become clever artisans, according to Western standards; distinguish themselves as musicians, photographers, and so forth. A model hotel on the island of Hong-kong is kept by Chinese. The retail trade in European and American goods is in the hands of the natives. It is enough for one to go along the streets of any well-ordered town on the west coast of the Pacific to see that the shops dealing in imported goods belong to natives. In Shanghai, it is said, one may buy Manchester cotton goods cheaper of a Chinaman than of an Englishman.

Being without rivals in the sphere of commercial common-sense, the native merchants are gradually crowding foreigners out of their territory, and the time can scarcely be far distant when the whole of the import, and even of the export, trade will be in the hands of the Chinese. As far back as 1881 the ship *Mey-foo* took a cargo of tea (32,500 chests) and of straw goods to England. If the sons of the Celestial Empire are no strangers to the idea of themselves supplying the European market with their goods, they will soon themselves buy in foreign lands whatever they may require. Energy, skill, and capital enough will be found for this. Before 1873 the Chinese did not possess a single steamer, while now, having them in considerable numbers, they have almost quite ousted foreigners from the coasting trade, and are striving to institute goods and passenger communication of their own with Europe and America. That they may not be dependent on foreign countries, the Chinese are cautiously opening foundries, mills, and factories at home, knowing that their native land abounds in silk, cotton, wool, iron, and coal. Soon the commerce of the West will have to reduce its operations and cede a considerable portion of its profits to the Chinese, whose industry is exemplary, who learn everything easily, and master every business.

The telegraph has been started by the Government. In principle it has decided to build lines of railway, but puts off building them, not having enough of its own engineers, and not wishing to give its railways into the hands of foreigners. But in some fifteen years the first obstacle will be removed, as many young natives are assiduously studying modern subjects. Edkins, the Chinese scholar, is unceasingly translating European scientific works into Chinese. The intellectual forces of the country are growing and developing with every year, and their superabundance is involuntarily promoting colonisation, the currents of which are directed to Central and to South America, to the islands of the Pacific, to Singapore, and to the Ussurian district in Siberia. The Confucian principle of intense respect for learning, the tendency of the people to study wisdom, without regard to the age of the scholar—all this guarantees the development in Asia of an immense civilised people.

To the scoffing European the life of the Chinese may appear a caricature; the Chinese may be contemptuously called 'fanatics of order,' and almost be regarded as images of the native toys carved in ivory; but from a critical point of view such haughtiness is unjustifiable, and may some day be rudely avenged on those who so rashly deny another nation's spiritual power.

In view of the striking religious tolerance of the Chinese Government and of the people in general, some superficial observers are inclined to believe that the natives are indifferent to

religion, and, in a word, do not value any form of worship in particular. But it is not so in reality.

The worship of ancestors has for ages played the principal part both in the life of the individual and in that of the whole society. No destructive philosophical theories have been able to shake this form of worship or to destroy the character of the ceremonial connected with it. On leaving his prison of flesh, a man, according to the belief of the Chinese, continues to live on as before, experiencing his usual joys and sorrows, needing the love and care of his neighbours, and pining in solitude. The sorrowful and dissatisfied state of mind of the departed acts unfavourably on the life of the living, considerably disturbing the latter. It was necessary, therefore, to please the dead, to gain their favour, to reverence them. At first the acts of worship were performed on the grave, but afterwards circumstances made it necessary to erect private temples for this worship, and to place in them, in special little cases, tablets with the names of the unforgotten dead. Daily the head of the family would go there to reverence them, would burn incense, offer sacrifices at fixed times, inform the unseen guardians of the hearth of all the details concerning the prosperity of the family, and so forth. To complete the connection with the unseen world, the living had recourse to divination, mediumism, and other processes. The will of the ancestor guided the actions of his posterity, which of itself would not and could not live without the instruction of the past. He gave no advice but what was good; he stirred the hearts of his descendants by the recapitulation of brilliant examples of virtue, and threatened them with severe punishment for neglecting the traditions of their forefathers. Ancestor-worship gained the stronger hold on the Chinese inasmuch as nowhere else are parents so respected by their children. The young generation is filled with the idea of the respect due to their elders. Striving to teach every one from childhood to do that which in principle is regarded as a duty, no one looks with leniency on capriciousness, self-will, obstinacy, disobedience, selfishness, and falsehood, but strives to eradicate all bad qualities. To influence the desires of children by the use of dainties, or by so-called innocent deception, is not considered permissible. Parents require not only a theoretical knowledge of ethics, but their practice as well. At the same time they do without punishments, teaching their children from the cradle to obey and to control themselves. Kindred families form a whole, and for the common good arrange meetings, where the

CHINESE YOUTH.

young people read aloud out of instructive books. After the reading, each one present is called on to confess openly whether he is in any worldly difficulties, whether he has any debts, arrears, or lawsuits; everything is talked over; some solution is found for every difficulty, and if possible, money is collected to assist the member of the family requiring aid. Such an order of things prevents the spread of beggary, in the first place (there are few beggars in China, and it is difficult for a man to become a real pauper, unless he has broken away from his blood-relations), and, in the second, often restrains men from crime.

Woman occupies a high place as wife and mother, but the life of the family is guarded against all outer influence and temptation. Marriages are arranged by the parents, after consultation with their ancestors: free love-affairs are not sanctioned by custom, yet the young people often marry happily.

From the peasant to the monarch every one is filled with the impulse to commemorate the doings of their ancestors and to serve them by constantly feeling their dependence on their spirits. In ancient times the objects of sacrifice were never purchased, but always prepared by the worshippers themselves. Later, this became impossible, but eminent men still adhere to this tradition of antiquity in their ceremonial. Every year the Emperor ploughs up the ground himself in the capital; the more important officials do the same in the provinces; while the Empress feeds the silkworms. In Europe it is supposed that the authorities, in behaving thus, wish to encourage the people to work. This is not quite the case: the Emperor and the Empress do indeed set an example, not of industry itself, but rather of the filial respect required by the worship of their ancestors, the result of which is industry.

The care for the welfare of the departed is, of course, sometimes exaggerated. For instance, if a boy dies, it is thought that he must not be left single for ever, lest he would feel lonely; so his parents find the name of a girl, the days of whose birth and death coincide with those of the boy's. A posthumous marriage is then arranged. At the appointed time a doll representing the bridegroom is carried to the house of the fictitious bride, whence it is brought back with another, representing the girl selected, along with her temple tablet. The wedding is celebrated as if two people were really united in matrimony, and then the tablet of the bride is placed in the temple of the bridegroom's ancestors. Children during the lifetime of their parents present them with strong coffins as a sign of love and devotion.

The sons of the Celestial Empire are inclined to see the presence and the influence of spirits everywhere. The descendants of many of them, anxious for their peace, strive to preserve the family from extinction. Still, there remains a countless number of long-forgotten men, executed or dead without issue. Lest they should bring misfortune on the land, all China does honour to them once a year. Paper clothing and gold and silver paper, representing money, are burned as a gift to them. In the evening, boats float about the rivers, from which similar burning objects are cast into the waters, along with vegetables and rice, as a sacrifice to the drowned. That they, while wandering in the darkness, may find the sacrifices more easily, thousands of lamps in earthenware pots are set afloat in the water. Meanwhile, the dreary sound of gongs and the chanting of prayers to the dead are heard far and wide in the darkness of the night.

From Hong-kong to Canton is eighty-five nautical miles. It will soon be midday. The

current assumes a clay-brown tint. Before the mouth of the 'Pearl' River (Chu-kiang), on which Canton is situated, lies the so-called 'Tiger's mouth' (or rather 'Tiger gates'), the Portuguese 'Boca tigris,' converted by the English into the Bogue, the Chinese Hu-mun. It has received this name partly because vessels here have to pass through a narrow branch of the river skirting 'Tiger Island' at the beginning of the delta, but principally, as seems probable, because

李鴻章

LI-HUNG-CHANG, WITH FACSIMILE OF HIS WRITING.

in days of old the fortifications on each side were considered extremely terrible and impregnable. About the middle of this century, however, the guns of the Europeans did them great and repeated damage. A prominent part in this was played by the mariners of England, who had previously studied the branches of the Chu-tzian and the weak points of the fortifications.

The scenery becomes more majestic, owing to the comparative proximity of the lofty banks, along which the newly-built forts run in a star-shaped pattern. From these powerful defences the thunder of salutes now proceeds. The broad river assumes the aspect of a lake studded with rice-sown islets. The more prominent points and the slopes of the hills are occupied by

soldiers with floating banners. Batteries occupy the rocky shores of the river: Krupp's and Armstrong's guns have found their way hither! On the horizon the first seven-storied pagoda stands up boldly. According to popular belief, pagodas bring prosperity to the land they overshadow.

On our way up the river we meet with little vessels flying the naval flag. The Canton squadron consists of seventeen gunboats, whose principal work lies in pursuing the pirates that lurk among the numerous islands of the southern China seas. There is also a fleet of twenty torpedo-boats on the Pearl River.

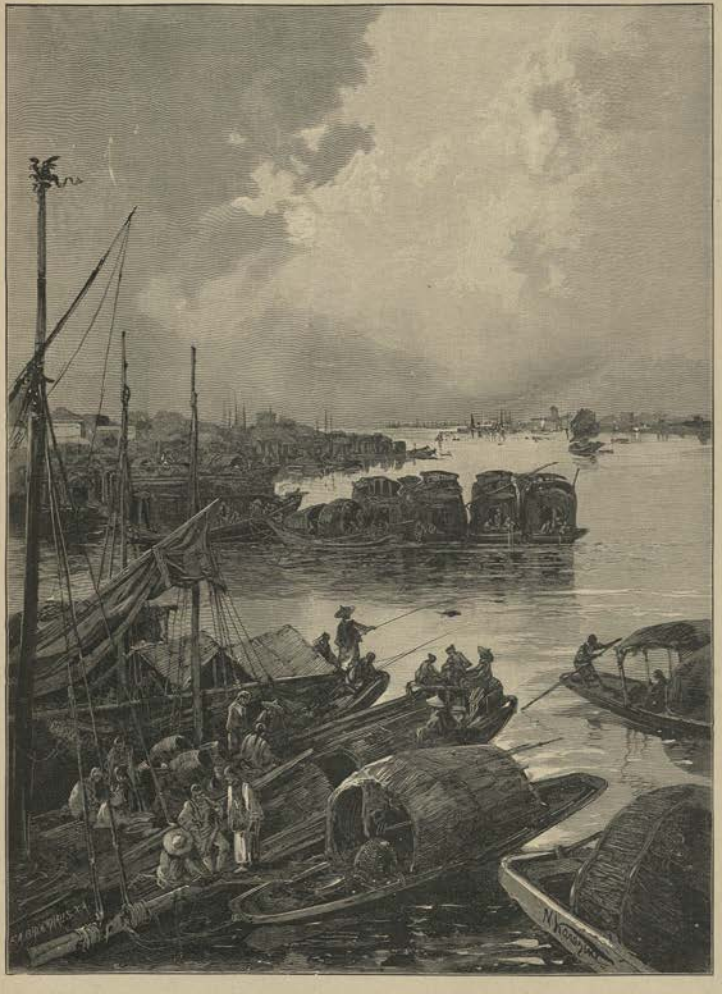
The refreshing air imparts an extraordinary charm to our journey from the city of Victoria. Everything is full of novelty for us, framed as it is in a picturesque and almost grand scenery.

The pale-purple fortified heights (without a sign of vegetation) which line the mouth of the river give way to fields with rare clumps of bamboos and fruit-trees. All around us we catch glimpses of canals. The steamer passes the piles which bar the channel, by whose means, together with the boat-loads of sand and stones to be sunk between them, the Chinese hope to prevent foreign men-of-war from reaching Canton. They quite forget that an attacking force could land at any unprotected spot on the coast and pass round these simple obstacles. Any other nation would have applied all the resources of modern military engineering to the defence of 'Tiger mouth,' but the Chinese are simple enough not to see the necessity of spending money on what seems to them an idle fancy. Sooner or later the Cantonese may have to pay heavily for it.

At Wampoa the Cesarewitch is greeted by the adjutant of the Viceroy and by the French consul, M. Imbault-Huart, an eminent Chinese scholar, who has been placed by his Government at the service of the Grand Duke.

The summits of the city walls and pagodas now appear in the distance. As Canton assumes a more definite shape, the impression produced by this formless grey mass of low, unsightly houses, with numerous towers rising above it, wherein the inhabitants store up in pawn the property they do not happen to require for a time, is of a somewhat negative character. Were it not for the white front of the unfinished Catholic cathedral rising above the dreary, monotonous crowd of buildings, which appear not even to be connected by streets, it would be even worse. The Christian church of the little community of native converts has been built partly out of the contribution levied on the Chinese by the French and English forces some thirty years ago, and, of course, cannot be pleasing to the really tolerant but conservative and patriotic populace. The church is built on the site of the residence of the former viceroy, captured by the British. The Empress Eugénie contributed largely to its cost.

Kwang-chu-fu, corrupted by Europeans into Canton, is the capital of the two enormous provinces of Kwang-dun and Kwang-si, with a population of over 50,000,000 souls. At one time it was a splendid commercial city, the centre of communication for the Empire with the West. It was also the principal, or rather the only, point for the importation of foreign goods. This is but natural, in view of the development of the neighbouring coast-line and of the branching of the waterways in the delta of the Chu-tzian, whose basin reaches northward as far as the hills forming the watershed of the Yang-tzy-tzian, and westward to the heights of Yunnan. In this flourishing region the energy of its industrious population is developed to the full. The coal



RIVER VIEW IN CANTON.

and the iron found here promise an interesting industrial future for the land. Unfortunately, however, the natives are too slow in seeing what is to their advantage.

The historical life of Canton, according to the native chronicles, dates from the fourth century before our era, when a certain town in this locality appears as an important fortified centre of the south of the empire, repeatedly changing its site in this region, as well as its name. At that time the land, inhabited by non-Chinese aborigines, was far from being an organic portion of the Chinese world, and not infrequently even rose against it in bloody rebellion. Moreover, the sovereigns of Indo-China used to invade it with a view of conquering the delta of the Chu-tzian, or, at least, of drawing away its trade to the shores of Cochin-China. The ancient Cantonese, however, when opportunity served, used to reply by savage inroads. The population of this region was always noted for its turbulency, and all Governments (even one which boiled unruly subjects alive in a caldron, or roasted them over a slow fire) found it difficult to restrain the mob. Their insane luxury, severely repressed by the authorities, according to orders from the capital, along with the racial antagonism between north and south, was the cause of repeated stubborn risings on the Chu-kiang.

The last and most bitter rebellion broke forth on the accession of the Manju dynasty. The districts bordering on Indo-China absolutely declined to submit to it. The new masters of the land took Canton by storm after a siege of eleven months, flooded it with blood, nearly destroyed it, and only spared, on selfish grounds, a portion of the cleverest native artisans, whose fame rang throughout Asia and Europe. On the day of the storming, some seven hundred thousand corpses lay scattered in the streets of the town. Though two hundred and fifty years have passed away since then, the inhabitants of the city have not forgotten the terrible retribution meted out to the rebels, and are far from well-disposed towards the court at Pekin. The inflammable native element still causes much trouble and much vexation to the ministers of the capital. The principal disastrous wars of the Celestial Empire with the European powers have always sprung from outbreaks of popular wrath on the banks of the Chu-kiang. But, on the other hand, the Europeans have wreaked their will to the full on the half-defenceless populace, almost ignorant of the art of real warfare.

As before, Canton is still inimically disposed towards the representatives of the West. To receive them with honour, according to the laws of hospitality; to give the hated foreigners a civil and cordial welcome here (in the city which has suffered so much from them!), is all but unthinkable for a Chinese patriot. One of the Bonaparte princes, who lately visited the delta of the Chu-tzian, was not even granted an audience by the Viceroy. Vice-Admiral Hamilton met with a similar refusal at the same time. The captain of the Austrian man-of-war *Nautilus* (in April 1886) tried to see the governor of the land, knowing that the latter could have nothing against the flag of Austria, but the Viceroy sent his apologies and declined seeing him, pleading a press of business as his excuse. What reception may we expect?

The population of Canton is estimated by those who know it at about one million five hundred thousand, of whom at least one-quarter pass all their lives on the water, making themselves at home on it in as primitive a manner as the river population of Bangkok. Whole generations live and die in their floating dwellings, which have little rush-plaited cabins, covered with matting, at the bows, while at the stern the cooking is carried on, children play, clothes are dried, and sometimes even vegetables are grown. Such boats, looking more like a great

fifteen-foot shoe than anything else, flit constantly about the river. Muscular women (with high grease-anointed chignons and curious earrings of silver) work the powerful stern-oar and steer boldly, in spite of the crowded state of the river and the swiftness of the current. Pleasant-faced girls with flowing hair paddle gracefully about in light canoes. The animation of the scene is beyond all description. Yet people talk of Asiatic somnolence! It is wonderful how amidst the ceaseless ringing of bells and whistling from our steamer the busy river population which hampers its movements escapes being run down. Accidents, however, are said to be not at all uncommon. Whenever a catastrophe occurs, the sufferers (who are really the only ones to blame) immediately claim damages from the steamboat company, which generally compensates them for their loss.

ELEGANT YOUNG CHINAMAN.

There is especial danger in this mad whirl for the little river-children when, being past the age for hanging in a sling at their mothers' backs, they are practically left to themselves. To lessen their chances of a watery grave, broad pieces of some light wood are often fastened to their bodies, so as to serve, at least for a time, as a sort of life-belt.

Looking on the good-natured faces of the famous 'turbulent' Canton mob (it is on the Chu-kiang that the hungry and poverty-stricken populace is most bitterly opposed to the white element!), one cannot but ask oneself whether the native outbreaks of dissatisfaction are really so terrible as they are said to be, and whether the reports of them may not be purposely exaggerated. It is not the Chinese who stand in need of the foreigners, but the latter who seek the natural riches of the Celestial Empire. The local population has no reason to value adventurers who acknowledge little beyond threats and violence. It is not at all amiss to remind them sometimes that though they are in a foreign land, yet they behave here with far less ceremony than they would be allowed to do even at home.

Direct communication between the comparatively distant West and the 'yellow' East was first opened up by the wealthy merchants of Syria. The mediæval Arab factories which next sprang up at Canton were probably in many respects like those founded by the Europeans at a much later period. The strangers succeeded in obtaining ex-territorial rights, and, on occasions, used to attack the natives boldly; in 1758, for instance, some mariners from the Gulf of Persia set fire to Canton, which was trading with them in a friendly way, and escaped in their swift vessels. The natives then could already realise the truth of the classic 'Timeo Danaos.' Doubtless, similar collisions used to take place in after-years, but certainly the inhabitants of Kwang-dun must have suffered most from members of the Saxon race. How else are we to explain the term 'red-haired devil' as the favourite appellation for a foreigner? At first it was the swarthy Portuguese who came hither—men who never stopped short at anything. Yet it was not to them that the palm of victory fell; they were not those who produced the worst impression on the Chinese lower classes, that are far from being over-sensitive and spoilt by fate. Is not this characteristic? It is enough to remember that in 1816 the English frigate *Alceste* was received

at the 'Tiger's mouth' with a salute (so, at least, said the mandarins afterwards!), and replied by a broadside of shot.

The first iron steamer to round the Cape of Good Hope (the *Nemesis*) bore the British flag, and was of especial service in defeating China in 1841. For this reason the natives called it the 'devil-ship.' Before Canton was really opened to the trade of the world, foreign merchants not uncommonly settled in its suburbs, or else much nearer the mouth of the river, on the long island of Wampoa or Wampoo, the birthplace of the wealthy Chinese of the same name in Singapore. Now, thanks to their cannon and bayonets, the Europeans possess a comfortable

LI-HANG-CHANG.

quarter of their own in this wealthy city; yet the last popular disorders, some seven years ago, were caused by a drunken Englishman firing his revolver in the streets and wounding a child. The idea of civilised superiority is very strangely understood and practised by the civilised nations of the present day!

In the West, few know (though it should be widely known, in the name of pure justice) how much India pays the English Government for things which have not even an indirect connection with her real wants. For instance, some six or seven thousand pounds per annum go towards supporting the embassy in Persia, while considerably more than £10,000 go towards the embassy and consulates in China. If within the boundaries of their own empire the English colonising Asia decide on taking money from the lean and submissive Hindus to support their officials on the shores of the Pacific, the less will they act on ceremony with the Chinese as objects of exploitation. How then can one expect and require the Chinese to like and trust such a stern foe?

When the authorities of Canton, submitting to superior force, ceded Hong-kong to the British, the Emperor of China, being greatly incensed, refused to ratify the treaty. Since then the helplessness of the central government in this gigantic empire has become even more marked, as may be seen in every collision or dispute with the European powers. Western Europe has made a terrible breach in the figurative Great Wall. Who and what can save China as a whole from dismemberment and a foreign yoke? Russia alone, I am inclined to think!

Four o'clock. Our great white flat-bottomed steamer stops at the fancifully ornamented 'mandarin' landing-place, where the aged Viceroy, or rather, Governor-General, Li-Hang-Chang, elder brother of the famous Li-Hung-Chang, is to visit H.I. Highness.

ENTRANCE TO CHINESE YAMEN, FROM A CHINESE DRAWING.

A salute is fired from the Chinese gunboats. A loud, discordant burst of music announces that the governor has entered his palanquin to proceed to the quay, the whole of which, as far as one can see, is thronged with a dense mass of sunburnt, black-haired, bare-headed people. This curious, and, from a European point of view, half-savage crowd of human beings talking to one another in low voices is so matchlessly disciplined as not to require strict police control. On the contrary, the behaviour of the crowd gathered to admire this new and unheard-of spectacle is full of tact. Indeed, it might serve as an example for the populace of any Western city, and gives rise to unexpectedly pleasant feelings. If the populace in the very centre of enmity to all that is European can exhibit such self-control and decency, does it not prove its internal stability and power? Does it not bear irrefragable witness to the traditional habit of the natives of blindly obeying its governors and of regarding all authority, even though it spring from a foreign origin, with deep respect, so long as it is acknowledged by the Emperor? In the Celestial Empire every citizen takes an interest in questions of a social character, and zealously strives to preserve

the ancient and beneficent principles which form the basis of the nation's life. With higher politics, in our sense of the word, no one has any concern: the indifference of the Chinese in this respect might well deserve the envy of the most confirmed cosmopolites of the age!

Several policemen walk up and down the landing-place, more for ornament than for use. Were the vast mass of people to move forward, if only by accident, they would be swept before them into the water. But the throng is imperturbably calm, requires no barriers, and is full of self-restraint and order.

According to etiquette, the Viceroy's great red visiting-card is sent on board the *Kiang-kwan* before him, and then comes the procession. Li-Hang-Chang is accompanied by the provincial treasurer and a whole staff of officials.

MANDARIN IN STATE ROBES.

After the Viceroy's call, the *Kiang-kwan* leaves the landing-place amidst the shouts of the populace, and anchors some way up the river at the island of Shamin, which for the last thirty years has been the special European quarter of Canton. Though it is connected with the town by two bridges of stone, yet at night they are closed to all passengers, a special guard being posted at strong gates, to prevent native criminals from crossing. The foreigners themselves, however, are not allowed to cross after dark. It was in just the same way that in 1573 the Portuguese in Macao were protected, the authorities of Canton having full reason to fear for the safety of the foreigners' lives and property.

Evening draws near. Before dinner their Highnesses cross incognito in a boat to the island of Ho-nam, the southern suburb of the city, in order to visit the remarkable Buddhist monastery of Hai-hwang-sze ('the ocean banner'), founded at an unknown date, but in any case an ancient one, though it gained fame only in the second half of the seventeenth century, when an eminent ecclesiastic built the principal temple building on the site of what then was an enormous and flourishing garden.

The monks have benefited the local populace in no small degree, having, among other things, miraculously saved it from the vengeance of the Manjus when they were ravaging the country with fire and sword.

From the poor and dirty landing-place we proceed to the narrow, unsightly gates, beyond which lies a long courtyard, surrounded by lofty walls. The smooth, stone-paved path running down the middle of the court is lined on either side with evergreen and spreading banyan-trees. A sweet calm breathes on those crossing the threshold of the 'house of Buddha.'

At the very entrance the attention is attracted by two glaringly painted clay figures of imposing dimensions, placed in niches, behind iron gratings: these are the 'Chinese generals,' who guard the entrance from the powers of evil, and are intended to inspire all passers-by with reverence for the holy place.

PROTECTING DEITY.

On one side of the porch there are said to be a number of empty coffins, prepared by well-to-do townsfolk for the elder members of their families. Such objects of filial reverence are commonly given as birthday presents to parents when they have reached an advanced age. Instead of keeping these reminders of mortality at home, they keep them in the temple until they are required. Further on, one may see inscriptions expounding in language comprehensible to the Chinese heart the great significance of the commandment: 'Honour thy father and thy mother.'

Before approaching the first 'real' temple visited in the Celestial Empire, we see upon the walls of another portico four twenty-foot images of the 'diamond celestial maharajahs,' the chiefs of a throng of supernatural beings, sovereigns of the universe, presenting a reflection of Hinduism. One of them (of a green colour) bears a sword as his attribute, holding it with an air of silent warning. This royal spirit, the guardian of the Orient, is said by the priests to rule the black storm-spirits. The second, the 'red-faced,' bears a lute, for the calming of the elements. He personifies the fiery element, and is regarded as the sovereign of the south.

The third, the 'white-faced guardian of the West,' bears a pearl-studded umbrella. The rains fall at the pleasure of this powerful genius; his anger is followed by a drought; he spreads his wondrous canopy over the earth, and the nations are shielded from all misfortune; he lowers it in his wrath, and terrible calamities ensue, such as eclipses, disturbances, and the awakening of chaos. The fourth, 'the dark maharajah,' the ruler of the mysterious North, holds in his left hand a strange creature, not unlike a serpent, capable, according to the faithful, of developing into an invincible dragon. How much hidden meaning and poetry there is in these images created in prehistoric times by the fancy of the far-seeing Asiatic! It is a curious fact that the Chinese women who flock hither in crowds to bow down before the four mighty idols, and to fasten to their pedestals strips of red paper inscribed with prayers for the welfare of their children, are said by competent observers to open their hearts most frequently to the 'King of the North.' One may well say that the East, in general, lives in a world of presentiments of a

character to astound and disturb the Western mind. I remember, for instance, our poet, A. N. Maikoff, relating how he questioned the educated Kirghiz sultan, Valikhanoff, whose name is well known to those who follow the course of events in Russian Asia, about his philosophy of history. This son of Turan paused for a moment, and then said with animation: 'The Almighty gave the sovereignty of the world to my ancestor, Genghiz Khan: for their sins it has been taken from his posterity and given to the White Tsar. That is my philosophy of history!'

The illustrious travellers approach the central Ho-nam temple, at once noticing the reptilian curves of its roof, which is covered with green glazed tiles, and its walls of red, that prove it to have been built with the consent of the emperor. Inside of the temple, too, the eye is first of all struck by the stately varnished pillars of the same colour. In the mysterious twilight there sit, above a wooden altar, the Buddhas of the present, the past, and the future, along with the sixteen so-called *lohans* (the 'holy miracle-workers') placed along the sides of the building. The figures of those preachers of Buddhism throughout the boundless regions of the Asiatic world (from the borders of the Nile to Japan) seemed filled with an untroubled joy and peace. Each preacher and sage has his own most typical physiognomy, his own halo of legends, his own traditionally reverenced name. One, for instance (Nagasena), sits on a fragment of rock with his hands folded in prayer; he has a monstrous head, with a large mouth, thick eyebrows, long beard and moustaches, earrings in his ears. From beyond the Hindu-Kush many zealous missionaries like him brought the 'glad tidings of Buddhism' into the depth of China!

MONASTERY IN HAI-HWANG-SZE.

When one thinks of the expanse separating it from India, one cannot but marvel at these followers of the most exalted of all the doctrines which have risen into being on the banks of the Ganges. Well may we wonder at these men who so long ago decided to start on the dangerous, the all but unknown road through Afghanistan, the Pamirs, and the basin of the Tarim, for the purpose of converting to the truth stranger races of a totally different cast of mind, to whom Buddhism must at first have seemed unfounded, fantastic, and unprofitable.

The religion of Sakya-Muni attaches great weight to the cultus of the monarch. To revere the sovereign and all charitable princes has ever been one of the duties of its ascetics.

The emperors of China, of whom some have at times wandered from the paths of religious tolerance and have even persecuted it for its too passive relations towards the narrow, practical

interests of the state, have on the whole been lenient towards the creed and priesthood of Buddha from the moment when one of them saw in a dream a 'wondrous man from the west,' and when from the west (from Kabul) there really did come to the Celestial Empire certain wise Indian preachers, endowed with supernatural powers and mounted on white horses.

In the middle of the altar of the Ho-nam temple (where, before three more than life-size idols, stands a fourth and smaller one), among little vases of artificial flowers, among a variety of sacrifices, principally of consecrated rice, which is afterwards thrown to the birds, rises a little red board bearing in large gold letters the inscription: 'May the reign of the sovereign last ten thousand times ten thousand years!' Was it not thus that in ancient Iran the king was greeted by his subjects with the cry, 'Live for ever, O king!'

TWO CELESTIAL GENERALS.

The Chinaman, with small sympathy for any stormy expression of feeling, is content with a simple inscription expressing a sincere wish for long life to his monarch, among whose titles is that of 'Wan Sui Yeh,' the ruler of a period of ten thousand years. The Emperor is now regarded as the reflection of Manjushri, the god of wisdom. Native Mohammedans are obliged to have a similar board in their mosques, though this is against the principles of Islam, which cherishes an especial objection to all anthropolatrous tendencies.

In the principal temple we are shown the drum used at noisy services, and a remarkably sweet-toned bell, presented to the temple by some private individuals in 1662; this the priests ring daily, at dawn and sunset, 108 times. The number 108 is sacred in the eyes of the Buddhists: certain prayers are repeated as many times; the most precious rosaries consist of 108 beads, and it is frequently the number of penitential prostrations.

We pass out of the principal temple by another door. Right before it, with its back to the partition separating the three Buddhas from the rest of the sanctuary, stands a statue of Amitaba (O-mi-to-foh or Amida), of the boundless light ruling over the mansions of Paradise, which are built of silver, corals, amber, and turquoise, in the unknown lands of the setting sun. There the righteous who have hungered for the truth inherit unfailing bliss, changing their corruptible garment of flesh for a radiant body of light. They sink into a state of blissful contemplation of the gods who sit on thrones of lotuses and shed a soft caressing light on their

CHINESE DEITY.

THE 'VENERABLE.'

CHINESE DEITY.

FROM THE CHINESE BUDDHIST PANTHEON.

CHINESE BUDDHA.

kingdom, stretching forth their hands towards the imperfect, the suffering, and those who pray. It must be remarked that Buddhism owed its victory over the inimical heathen creeds of many lands of Eastern Asia partly to the fact that it introduced into its teaching not only the abstract idea of rest in Nirvana, but also these brilliant pictures of the magic world of Amitaba. The sensuous fancy of the peoples of the Orient requires to be fed, calls for concrete ideas, and does not tolerate abstractions. The new Indian creed owed much of its success to the development of a splendid ceremonial and to the importation into China, along with the books of the law, of images carved with rare skill by foreign artists. It is not without reason that all true Buddhists pray that incarnations of the 'master,' or of others like him, may gradually spread their faith all over the world by appearing wherever it is unknown. The images were followed by real 'regenerates'; personifications and reflections of the all-knowing Buddhas. In the sixth century of our era a great mystic and preacher (the twenty-eighth in the succession of patriarchs), the Brahmin Bodidharma, came by sea from Southern India to the Celestial Empire. The West has ever been regarded by the Chinese as the land of their ancestors, who gradually migrated eastward through Tibet (perhaps from Mesopotamia or Chaldea, as Chinese scholars are beginning to suspect!), with the purpose of planting civilisation in the virgin land on the coast of the Pacific.

BUDDHIST APOSTLE.

At the end of the courtyard stands the so-called 'mansion' of the goddess Kwan-yin, the genius of meekness and mercy (the Sanskrit Avalokites'wara). The purely Oriental legend about her is full of touching details, which deserve reproduction, if only in a few words. The childless wife of a harsh old prince belonging to a little principality bordering on Northern India, having prayed much for offspring, bore a daughter who astounded the world by her virtues. Her parents would not allow her to become a nun, but she persuaded them to let her follow the guidance of her heart. In the convent she was forced to do menial work, but found unexpected assistants: the monkeys helped her to gather vegetables; the birds, to gather tea-leaves; and a white tiger, to carry fagots from the forest. Her father, angered by her piety, had the convent set on fire, but she miraculously arrested the flames. He then ordered his daughter to be executed for her supposed disobedience, but she preferred to take the sin on herself and strangled herself. Then a

wild beast appeared in the palace and bore away her corpse into the mountains, where Kwan-yin came to life again.

The heavenly spirits took her down to hell to show her the sufferings of the wicked. This ideal girl was horrified by their torments, but even more by their ignorance of good. The power of her love and compassion was so great that a shower of blossoms fell on her, and the denizens of hell suddenly felt themselves in the heaven of Amida.

Kwan-yin's favourite abode was the island of Puto in the Chusan Archipelago, the Potalu of the Hindus and Tibetans. For the former it is the mythical island of the southern seas, or the ancient harbour at the mouth of the Indus, or a part of the Neilgherry hills in the presidency of Madras; for the latter it is the principal sanctuary of Lhassa, where dwells the Dalai-lama.

TEMPLE GUARDIAN.

Kwan-yin can assume any shape for the purpose of doing good to people. Once she appeared on earth as a Chinese princess. She is, or rather was, sometimes represented as a man. More frequently, however, she is represented as a goddess with a thousand hands, or as holding a child in her arms. Because of this she has repeatedly been compared by Europeans to the Madonna, especially as she is worshipped by mothers and sailors. Pilgrims come to her island from afar off, sometimes even from Tibet. Many other places also are sacred to her, as, for instance, a majestic cavern (about one hundred and twenty miles from Canton) where faithful worshippers feed large numbers of white pigeons.

TEMPLE GUARDIAN.

Here she stands before us, tall, stately, gilded, and smiling mysteriously above the simple wooden altar draped with red cloth. The altar cloth is embroidered with the names of female members of the influential and wealthy local family of the How-kwas, which had a difficult part to play in Canton, when the latter was yet all but quite closed to foreigners. Direct communication

between them and the natives was forbidden. The intermediaries in commercial and many other transactions were Chinese merchants (*hong* merchants) appointed by the authorities, and responsible to their Government for the very behaviour of the Western strangers. In the first place, they gained enormous wealth, owing to their exclusive position, and, furthermore, became necessary both to their countrymen and to the white merchants. To gain the favour of their own people they freely gave money for the defence of their native city. One of the Wampoa forts, for instance, was built at their expense. On the other hand, they valued their European connections. When Canton was attacked by the English, the How-kwas, at the head of the

CONFUCIAN TEMPLE.

other 'hong' merchants, came on board the admiral's ship to treat for peace, to explain misunderstandings, and even to give warning of the intentions of the exasperated mob. When the British, after an easy victory over their unarmed foe, took possession of the Viceroy's residence, settled down in it (to the wrath of the populace), and began cutting off their prisoners' pigtails and using them to decorate their boats, the Cantonese intended poisoning the food and drink of the 'foreign barbarians.' Discovering this plot, the How-kwas thought it their duty to warn the latter of the danger threatening them.

Is it not strange to speak of all this at the very pedestal of Kwan-yin's statue? The pungent smell of the incense makes one's head swim, and carries one away into a region of

dreams. The interior of the pagoda seems to widen out in the gloom of the bluish smoke-wreaths. The carven goddess seems to grow larger and larger.

The joss-sticks lighted by the worshippers before the 'personification of compassion' are afterwards carried away by them to their altars at home. Pinches of tea wrapped in paper, after being perfumed by this smoke, are sometimes used as medicine.

KWAN-YIN.

Before leaving the Ho-nam monastery their Highnesses examine one more building within the walls, containing a splendid rectangular 'dagoba,' a Buddhist monument with a seven-storied umbrella or spire above it, and wonderfully skilful carvings of Buddha along the sides. The god is seated on a lion, or on an elephant with six tusks, or, clad as a Chinese woman, on another fantastic animal, and finally on a lotus which serves him as a throne. This white marble monument is supposed to contain some relics of the holy Teacher. Before each of the carefully carved figures of the 'master' stands a bowl of clear water, as an emblem of the purity of those who have attained to the highest perfection.

We see none of the monks anywhere. In contrast to the lamas, who occupy a somewhat privileged position in China, the native priests (*he shan*), who in life and ceremonial are nearer to their Japanese and Annamese brethren than to the Tibetans and Mongolians, play a very secondary part among their countrymen. Perhaps that is why they do not show themselves to-day. The local authorities stand on little ceremony with them. For example, when Lord Amherst's embassy passed by here in 1816, he and his suite were accommodated in the Ho-nam temple, even the principal idols being sent away across the river. In the sixth decade of the century, also, during a time of riot and disturbances, a body of Chinese troops was once quartered in it.

The temple buildings we have just seen are identical in type with a number of other Buddhist sanctuaries in China, and give a tolerably clear idea of the worship of Fo (Sakya-Muni) in the Celestial Empire.

In the suburb of Ho-nam, next to the temple, stand the houses of the How-kwas, those wealthy Canton merchants. Their Highnesses visit them so as to gain some idea, if only a

superficial one, of a well-to-do Chinaman's home-life. The entrance is plain and narrow. Crossing the threshold of the strong-walled dwelling of these rich traders, one seems to be entering a prison. At first sight neither doors nor windows are to be seen in the front of the building. This is so arranged in order that evil spirits, frightened by the grim dead blankness of the wall, may abstain from looking into the wicket-gate. The art of driving them away forms a separate branch of knowledge among the Chinese.

We turn the corners of a somewhat neglected and gradually widening courtyard until there opens out to our left a stone-paved foot-path along the bank of the pond which is to be found in all houses with any pretensions to luxury. To the right is the reception-room, or,

PORCELAIN AND NEPHRITE VASES BROUGHT FROM THE EAST BY H.I.M.

rather, the verandah, whence one may admire the original and even amusing native imitations of nature. Tiny bare rocks rise above the water; they are joined by little arched bridges and planted with dwarf trees. In the middle of this 'romantic' landscape, on a little hillock, stands a small glass summer-house of a size suited to the scene, where the master and his guests may sit and admire the water, in which little fish with glittering scales swim to and fro.

The principal hall, where the representative of the How-kwas (a modest little man) welcomes the illustrious travellers with delight, has nothing remarkable about it. The eminent citizens of the empire care but little for outward show: simplicity in everything pervades the manners and habits of the middle and upper classes of society.

The carven furniture is of ebony. The clumsy stools (unlike other Orientals, the Chinese acknowledge the convenience of seats), as well as two or three massive tables and the stands for several old vases of porcelain and bronze, are covered with slabs of Canton or Yunnan marble. It is cold and uncomfortable to sit on. The walls are of blue, white-bordered tiles.

We are served with unsweetened aromatic tea with the leaves floating in it: little saucers

cover the cups, so as to preserve the delicate aroma. To drink this incomparable native beverage, it is necessary to put aside the lid ever so slightly. Conversation there is none, for well-bred Chinese, according to custom, receive and treat illustrious guests in silence.

The women of the family are not to be seen: only on the path outside there stands a group of painted young servant- or slave-girls; so liberally is the paint applied, they actually seem to have masks instead of faces.

In the second inner court, nearer to the exit, the How-kwa opens the door of his private shrine before us. Such an apartment is the holy of holies of every fair-sized Chinese dwelling. It must be remarked that within the bounds of a group of dwelling-houses the members of a family, numbering with their wives and children several hundred souls, sometimes form a united whole, after the fashion of a clan.

MANDARIN IN SUMMER CLOTHES.

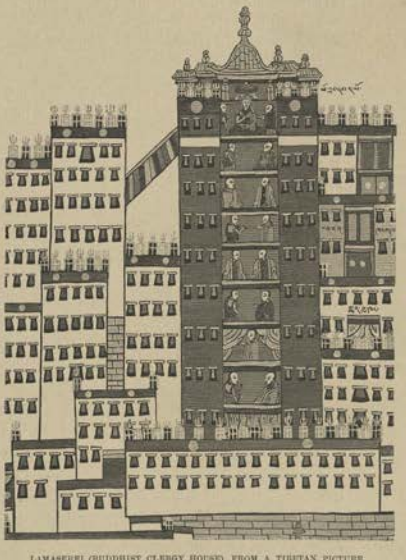
Before the altar of their ancestors, where may be seen upright memorial tablets, bearing their names, rank, and the dates of their birth and death, as well as lamps for use on solemn occasions, men of the same blood gather at times to settle in council such questions as concern their common honour or welfare; to mitigate quarrels; to pass stern judgment on disrespectful daughters-in-law; to make division of property; and to give divorces. According to law, unfaithful wives are mercilessly expelled from the home they have despised, while husbands who protest against the punishment of their faithless spouses are beaten with bamboos. Such councils are more important and practically more effectual than the measures taken and the punishments imposed by the Government.

As if overshadowing with their presence the active thought and reasonable will of the living, portraits of some of the departed hang upon the walls, while down the latter, commencing from the ceiling, run perpendicular inscriptions in golden letters on a red ground commemorating the literary and political services of certain of the more eminent members of the family. Right opposite the entrance the How-kwa points out to their Highnesses the portrait of his late and deeply regretted mother. Such objects of worship, which, according to the traditional belief of the Chinese, are willingly selected as an abode by the departed, are to be found in every respectable house. The artists who receive the order (often during the lifetime of the parent so blindly reverenced by the younger generation) take great pains to make the portrait a good likeness. It is always painted full face, never in profile. It is carried in a place of honour in the funeral procession, and is then placed in the family temple. The ancient Romans treated their *imagines majorum* in somewhat the same fashion.

Thanks to the kindness of M. Imbaut-Huart, the French consul, I have been able to group together certain facts about Canton which to some extent may be new and interesting to Russians. We still know so very little of the greatest of our neighbour states!

This ancient commercial centre on the Chu-kiang is losing its former importance, which is passing over to Hong-kong. The English are beginning to triumph over the Cantonese in their own sphere, though, according to the figures of the *Bulletin Consulaire*, the import and export for France amount to two hundred and fifty million francs. Though the Europeans living on the island of Shamin cannot boast of the dimensions of their transactions, those dwelling in the city of Victoria can justly do so. The first place still belongs to the export of silk and tea from the neighbouring delta so richly endowed by nature. There, in a small expanse, lying in the direction of Macao, amid a labyrinth of canals, dwells a most industrious population, which produces large quantities of the best raw silk. It is also the home of skilful weavers, who supply the market of the world with inimitable embroidered silks. The embroidered robes of the mandarins are considered a speciality of these factories.

When one remembers that this article of commerce has for ages formed the link connecting the domains of the 'Son of Heaven' with India and Asia Minor, with the foreign barbarians of all races, and with civilised stranger states, one can understand the feeling of the Chinese who regard the silkworm as something miraculous. The threads it spun, which were valued in Rome some nineteen centuries ago at their weight in gold, seem to have served as bonds of friendship and mutual knowledge for the leading nations of antiquity, separated as they were by distance and destiny.



LAMASERAI (BUDDHIST CLERGY HOUSE), FROM A TIBETAN PICTURE.

About the beginning of our era the population of the northern districts of China, engrossed in the disposal of its silk in the West, had an idea, though a vague one enough, of the ways leading thither, especially by dry land. Their caravans journeyed to the Oxus, to the land of the Parthians, when governed by the dynasty of the Arsacides, to Merv (Mulu in Chinese), and so on to the Red Sea and Antioch in Syria. In those days the East was not broken up into mutually inimical political units. On the contrary, mankind then had not elaborated the mercilessly refined principles of that national egotism which is now an object of worship, and in spite of the historically developed exclusiveness of many social organisms, were far more cordially disposed towards outer influences from other races, foreign in blood, in creed, and in spirit. Who can say how many fruitful ideas may not have been brought home by the Chinese merchants and pilgrims who visited the banks

of the Ganges before our era, or by the Christian monks who acquainted Byzantium with the silkworm?

In our day, in China as in Europe, it was stricken by a disease. When this took place in Japan, it was speedily localised. The Chinese, on the other hand, were indifferent to it, or, rather, helpless before it, and lost a great deal by their negligence, for, naturally, a growing demand sprang up for the silk prepared by their progressive neighbours in Japan, even though it was of a somewhat lower quality.

The Chinese authorities should pay especial attention to the danger threatening their most valuable industry: the empire annually exports from seven to seven and a half million pounds' worth of raw and manufactured silk alone. Only the tea trade is carried on under even more favourable conditions; the value of the other exports, taken together, is exceedingly small, amounting to some five million pounds sterling only. What would happen should the Chinese allow the disease to spread? Last year the export of silk was below that of 1889 by some fifteen hundred tons.

TIBETAN SOOTHSAYER AND DOCTOR WITH PUPILS.

The province of Kuang-tung produces an immense amount of corn, rice, and sugar-cane. Yet this produce is barely enough for the wants of the natives. The Chinese only make preserves out of fruits for export to England: the most famous are their preserved ginger, pine-apples, and bamboo shoots.

Painting on china is in high favour in this province. Unfortunately of late years this fine art, like so many others, has been decaying. It is said that some of the secrets of the colours have been lost, and that the chance of recovering them is small.

Connoisseurs may pick up many rarities in Canton, rarities which are priceless in the West. Such treasures are most easily to be found in the towers where the citizens pawn whatever they do not happen to require.

Silk, as I have said, is one of the principal articles of trade in Canton. No less than two-thirds of it is bought up for Lyons, but, owing to some strange want of enterprise, this business (to the amount of fifty million francs per annum) is carried on through Germans and Englishmen. One firm only (Cozon et Giraud) manage to do without them. The French Government has hitherto done so very little here, that even the land ceded to it on the island of Shamin practically lies vacant, while the tiny British colony by its side has grown and developed; the French have spent nothing yet on the necessary measures against inundations—the consul himself, until a few months ago, had neither a proper dwelling nor a police-guard of his own. Now that the energetic M. Imbaut-Huart has been appointed to this post, the prestige of his native land is rapidly increasing. The year before last all the land of the French concession was disposed of, the purchasers binding themselves to build houses on it as soon as possible.

RECEPTION IN CANTON.

MONDAY, *March* 25 (*April* 6).

To-day H.I. Highness, escorted by a body of our sailors, will pass through the streets of Canton to the residence of Li-Hang-Chang, with whom he is to lunch. It is only as a sign of the most friendly feelings that the Chinese authorities of Canton consent to armed Europeans appearing within the walls of the city. One of the occasions on which they permitted this was, I believe, in 1598, in respect to the Spanish expedition from Manilla, which tried, in spite of the bitter opposition of the Portuguese of Macao, to establish friendly relations with the Celestial Empire. In 1866 the ambassador of the United States, Colonel Demby, received the Viceroy in the Shamin quarter, in the presence of a landing-party from an American corvette. But what are such facts compared with the unheard-of honours shown to the Cesarewitch? For him has been prepared the yellow litter (the colour sacred in the eyes of the Buddhists), which is the exclusive prerogative of the Emperor and of the Dowager-Empress, who has hitherto been the real ruler of China. The relatively all-powerful viceroys are not entitled to appear in public in this superlative pomp. Not a single illustrious foreigner has the populace ever seen yet placed openly on an equal footing with the supreme earthly sovereign.

BURIATIC LAMA.

The extraordinary news of the event will be spread throughout the whole of this nation of four hundred million souls. It really seems as if it were not without reason that the hieroglyphic 'Hwang-ti' (supreme sovereign), that is, the hereditary title of the emperors of China, contains the idea of 'the White Prince, Tsagan-khan, the White Tsar!' English scholars explain this to be a later corruption of a word originally meaning 'he who is able to rule himself.' But is it not all the same, when at this precise moment the meaning is so eloquent?

About midday we proceed in a special steamer from the *Kiang-kwan* to the Mandarin landing-place.

The Chu-kiang is full of an even greater animation than yesterday. The discordant sounds of the guttural southern dialect blend into an indescribable hubbub. It is with great difficulty that the steamer steers its way among the river population, which is completely engrossed in its daily business.

When one has attained to a certain degree of unconscious observation, the life around us

becomes more and more interesting and original. One notices things at once, on which hitherto the eye never even paused, overborne by the multitude of new impressions.

Black barges carry heavy cargoes of salt. Others again are floating fish-stores. Vessels of an antediluvian type, with paddles driven by the feet of coolies, who work manfully at their task, move noisily down the stream, crammed full of passengers, who are but little troubled by the small speed developed by this simple machinery, and perhaps even rejoice at the absence of the 'devilish' element of steam. After such arks, which move along amidst the countless floating river-dwellings, come great boats containing ducks and geese by the thousand. Sometimes the owners fasten their boats to the bank, and then let their livestock feed on shore. When called home for the night, the well-trained birds hasten back on board, knowing that laggards will be severely punished. In the distance one may catch glimpses of the so-called 'flower-boats,' which form a marked contrast to the poor sampans around them. They are richly finished, furnished with carved ebony furniture, embroidered curtains, mirrors, and lamps. There the well-to-do element of Canton enjoys itself in the evenings.

MONGOLIAN 'REGENERATE.

Under the awning of the landing-place, where the Viceroy received the Cesarewitch yesterday, stands a Russian landing-party. H.I. Highness greets the guard of honour which is commanded by Lieutenant N. A. Crown, flag-officer to Admiral Basargin. A whole string of palanquins, with that of the Grand Duke at the head (crowned by a golden ball of considerable size) is in waiting a little way off from the bank. The suite is furnished with mandarins' litters of a green colour.

When the Cesarewitch arrives, Li-Hang-Chang hastens down to the quay amid the silvery sound of gongs. This reception of the Cesarewitch will leave an indelible impression on the minds both of us, the participators in this notable procession, and of the Cantonese who have gathered to witness it. Nothing like it can possibly be imagined!

The procession stretches out a long way in a broken line. The way lies, not through streets, in the Western sense of the word, but through a series of purely Oriental narrow lanes.

The strains of the band of the *Pamiat Azova* now swell triumphantly, now die away, in accordance with the frequent turns made by the middle of the procession. The bearers now hasten forward to avoid delaying the Chinese officials, musicians, and guards, who scarcely manage to proceed under the weight of our heavy palanquins. What one notices along the route is beyond all description. Here is none of the picturesque disorder of the Mussulman East, nothing of the

AMAZONS IN TRANSBAIKALIA.

primitiveness which stamps the lands of the South, where each commonplace detail is enlivened by the brilliancy of the scenery and the sun. Here the refined and ritualistically petrified life of a nation with a past of thousands of years has assumed strange and clearly defined forms. The stamp of its civilisation lies on every face, on every object around. Properly speaking, we are moving, not through a city with an unruly population of more than a million souls, but through a good-humouredly surprised throng, to whom their own rulers have told the truth about their Northern guest, and the truth about the mutual attraction between Russia and China. They have also pointed out the necessity for showing Western Europe whom it is that the Government of the Celestial Empire is able sincerely to respect and acknowledge. The visit of the Cesarewitch to Canton will be written in characters of fire on the tables of the history of the Far East.

KALMUCK LAMA.

Streets, as I have said, there are none. Horses are scarcely ever used even in Hong-kong, where people content themselves with the muscles of coolies; much less, then, are these animals available in the narrow lanes of Canton. No equipage could drive between buildings, the people in which could, with a little exertion, shake hands with one another across the street. This fact all the more emphasises the feeling that the strange throng around us has but to close up for it to crush us. But it has been instructed how to behave, and the spectators are penetrated through and through with a feeling of discipline.

The pavement is of blocks of granite, with holes in it for the rain and filth to run off. We see low brick houses with matting or glass roofs thrown across from one to the other, with motley signs, all without exception hanging vertically. Furthermore, there are lanterns painted with brilliant butterflies and birds and landscapes at the entrance to shops, in the depths of which are little altars with gilded figures representing the divinities of good fortune. Most curious, according to our interpreters, are the verbal signs above the native shops: 'Endless success!' 'Unceasing happiness!' 'Heavenly prosperity!' In fancifulness and originality they can only be rivalled by the lanes of the city, which bear such names as 'The street of peace,' 'The street of light clouds,' 'The street of long life,' 'The street of everlasting love,' 'The street of the thousand grandsons,' 'The street of breezes,' 'The street of many blessings,' 'The street of the reposing dragon,' 'The street of golden profits,' and many others.

We emerge from the labyrinth of unsightly bazaars and poverty-stricken dwellings. Before us, guarded by native warriors, lies the gate of the Kwong Nga school, where their Highnesses have accepted the Viceroy's invitation to lunch. The people, full of growing curiosity and impatience to examine our armed sailors, and especially the scarlet-clad Cossack of the Imperial Guard who follows the Cesarewitch, are ready to pour after the palanquins into the court of the school. By order of the wise Viceroy, as I discovered afterwards, the entrance is closed, and, lest the populace should attempt to scale the wall, and by disturbing the guests lead to some

collision with them, the wall is smeared with tar. The experience of two or three bold spirits who spoil their clothes is enough to keep the throng in bounds. This characteristic detail deserves attention.

If I mistake not, the college building prepared for the reception is used once in every three years for the examination of a great number of provincial students, who by means of this strict ordeal seek to show their capacities and knowledge. There is not a country in the world where knowledge is so highly prized as in China. It is enough to remember that Confucius gradually

BURIATES.

rose to royal dignities; that temples have been erected to him for his deep knowledge; that the man who gains a diploma for his intellectual labours forms the pride of the whole of his native district, to say nothing of the town or village of his birth. Triumphal arches are sometimes erected to those who have taken a high degree.

Literature and writing, in general, are held in unusual respect. Those who have studied and understood the works of true sages gradually attain to high honours. Every scrap of paper bearing written characters is respected by the Chinese. In Canton and in Shanghai (probably in other cities as well) there are societies which hire men to walk the streets in search of cast-away scraps of writing, which are then burnt, lest any one should defile such a sacred thing as writing—that writing which was invented by the eminent guides and teachers of the Chinese

TIBETAN DEITY.

A FOLLOWER OF THE FUTURE BUDDHA.

THE GREEN DARA.

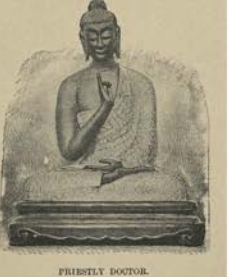
CHINESE BUDDHA.

VAJRADHARA.

THE GREAT EMPEROR OF THE SOUTH SEA.

ONE OF THE SEVEN WISE MEN.

A GREAT LAMA.



PRIESTLY DOCTOR.

people. Some zealots, not satisfied with this, bury the ashes in earthenware pots or cast them into the river. Of course, as the Chinese come into closer relations with Europeans, this almost superstitious fear dies out, but the custom in itself is so full of meaning, that as yet one can only regret its decay. A certain tourist in China relates how one day he sat by the roadside reading an English novel. Two native *savants* came up to him, unceremoniously thrust their heads between him and the book, studied the page for a long time, to the great interest of the crowd that had been quick to assemble, and finally announced with comical astonishment: 'We cannot make out a single letter,' whereupon the tourist calmly replied in Chinese: 'Then your

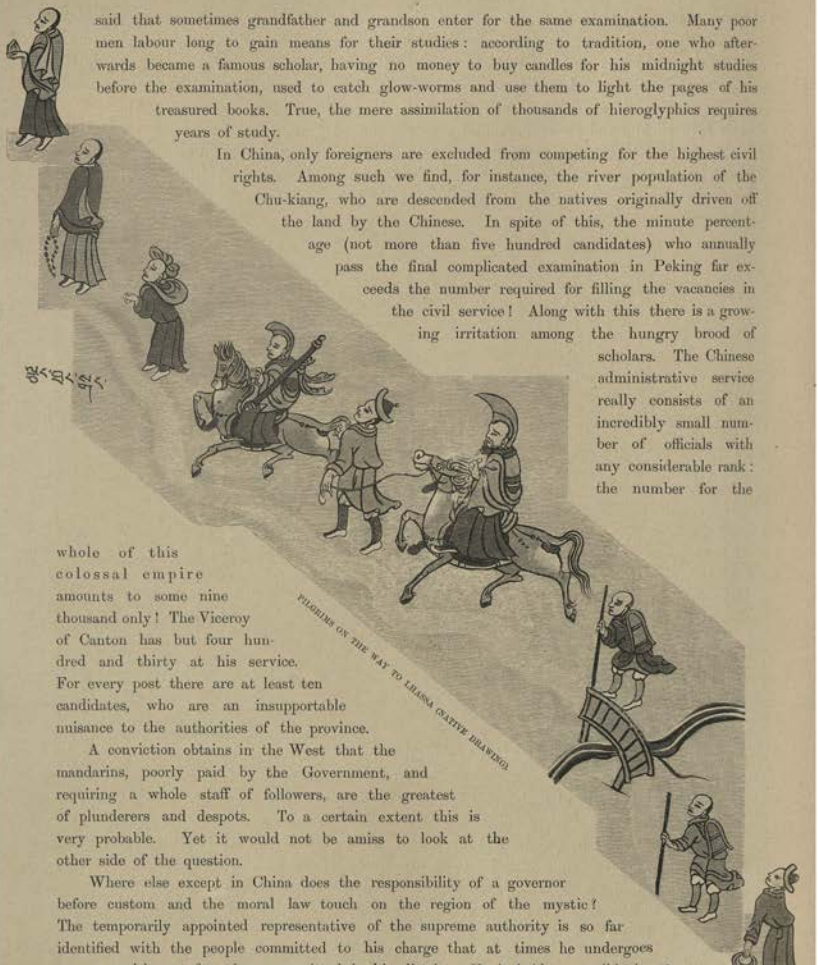
THE COUNTRY OF THE LAMAS.

knowledge must be very limited!' A general burst of laughter greeted the confusion of the simple scholars.

A Chinese is ready to study with incredible application up to an advanced age, overcoming the greatest obstacles. State offices, according to the examination passed, are open to every citizen, excepting actors, gaolers, and executioners, and their immediate posterity. The respect of the people and the authorities for those who have exhibited especial industry and comprehension in their studies extends not only to the students themselves, but likewise to the parents who have educated such sons. According to the official *Peking Gazette*, in 1889, at the autumn examinations in Fu-chow, nine candidates above eighty years of age and two above ninety tried their fate, their papers proving successful and their handwriting firm. Yet we in Europe are astonished at the courage of Cato in taking up the study of Greek when he was sixty. It is

said that sometimes grandfather and grandson enter for the same examination. Many poor men labour long to gain means for their studies: according to tradition, one who afterwards became a famous scholar, having no money to buy candles for his midnight studies before the examination, used to catch glow-worms and use them to light the pages of his treasured books. True, the mere assimilation of thousands of hieroglyphics requires years of study.

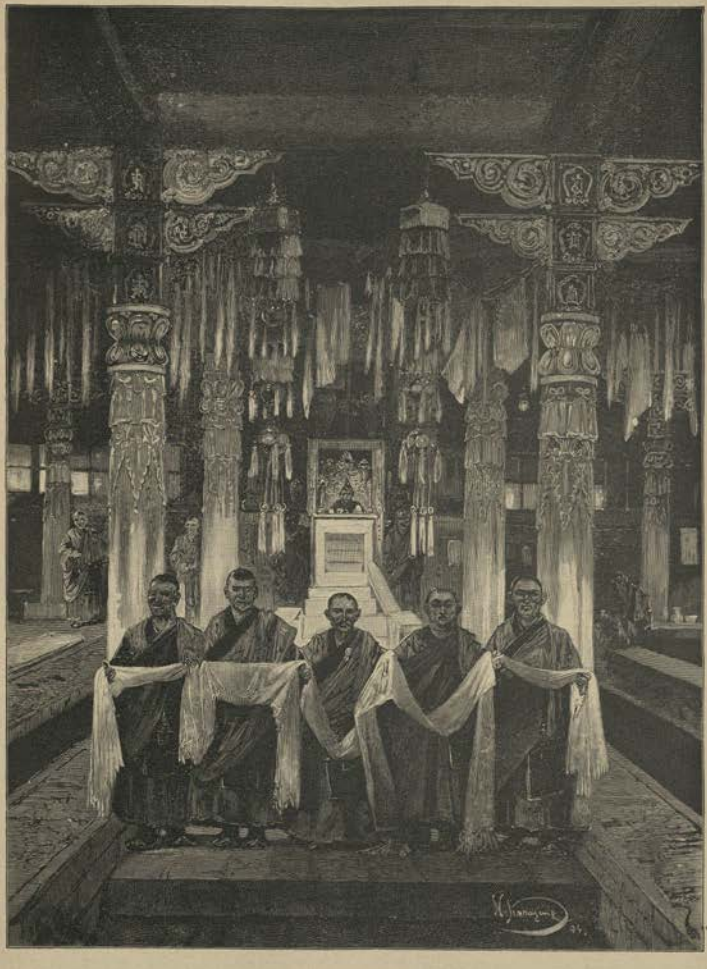
In China, only foreigners are excluded from competing for the highest civil rights. Among such we find, for instance, the river population of the Chu-kiang, who are descended from the natives originally driven off the land by the Chinese. In spite of this, the minute percentage (not more than five hundred candidates) who annually pass the final complicated examination in Peking far exceeds the number required for filling the vacancies in the civil service! Along with this there is a growing irritation among the hungry brood of scholars. The Chinese administrative service really consists of an incredibly small number of officials with any considerable rank: the number for the whole of this colossal empire amounts to some nine thousand only! The Viceroy of Canton has but four hundred and thirty at his service. For every post there are at least ten candidates, who are an insupportable nuisance to the authorities of the province.



PILGRIMS ON THE WAY TO LHASSA (NATIVE DRAWING)

A conviction obtains in the West that the mandarins, poorly paid by the Government, and requiring a whole staff of followers, are the greatest of plunderers and despots. To a certain extent this is very probable. Yet it would not be amiss to look at the other side of the question.

Where else except in China does the responsibility of a governor before custom and the moral law touch on the region of the mystic? The temporarily appointed representative of the supreme authority is so far identified with the people committed to his charge that at times he undergoes severe punishment for crimes committed in his district. He is held responsible by the



GREETING WITH CHADARS.

Emperor even for inundations and droughts, for famines, fires, and other calamities of an elemental character. For beating his mother a certain Chinaman was condemned to death by the sovereign, who, moreover, ordered the house in which the crime had been committed to be destroyed, the village to be regarded as plague-stricken, the officials degraded, and the local students to be debarred from examination. Zealous officials themselves pray the Emperor not to overlook their faults and errors.

Should the traveller in this thorny path be distinguished for immaculate conduct, then

EXTERIOR OF A TEMPLE OF LAMAS.

there is no expressing the love and boundless gratitude of the people towards him. On bidding farewell to such a chief (administrators are changed somewhat frequently!) he is presented with a many-coloured robe of honour and silken umbrellas; crowds of people and a string of palanquins follow him; tables with food and burning incense are placed along his way. The road is adorned with arches bearing such inscriptions as 'To our father and friend,' 'To the bright star of the province,' and so on. The shoes of such a general favourite are treasured up after his departure.

When the stern and pitiless Viceroy Yeh, who had been taken away into captivity by the English, was brought back dead, the Cantonese received him with solemn sorrow and erected a temple to his memory.

Before leading his Imperial guest into the luncheon-room, the aged Li-Hang-Chang invites their Highnesses to sit down and rest. The conversation begins with questions as to how the illustrious travellers passed the preceding afternoon. On hearing of their visit to the Ho-nam monastery (which he must have known of already), the Viceroy inquires whether Buddhism exists in Russia, and appears to be somewhat surprised (as were many other educated Chinese with whom I had occasion to speak) on hearing that there are several hundred thousand followers of

LAMA MONASTERY, IN EASTERN SIBERIA.

Sakya-Muni in the Russian Empire. The ignorance of the Chinese in this respect is the more peculiar in that its Government has repeatedly taken note of the naturalisation in Russia of Mongol tribes professing the Lamaite creed and united by the bonds of religion with Tibet, which has always been highly esteemed in Peking, especially for the last few centuries. The sovereigns of China have been much exercised about this desertion of the spiritual children of the Dalai-lama to another political centre. The birth of its power near Urga in Khalka; the migrations of the Kalmucks to the banks of the Yaïk and the Don; the attraction the Russians had for the warlike populace of Zungaria, thirsting for an independent existence—all these things aroused, two centuries ago, a vague alarm at the Chinese court. It found it necessary to destroy

A 'PATRON OF LEARNING.'

THE GUARDIAN OF TIBET.

KUBERA, GOD OF RICHES.

FROM THE LAMA PANTHEON.

THE GREAT MAGICIAN DAMDSCHIN.

A BODHISATVA.

GOD OF MAGIC.

YAMA, GOD OF THE DEAD, WITH CHILD'S SKELETON AS A CLUB.

VAJRAPANI, WIELDER OF THUNDERBOLTS

radically (even at the price of great sacrifices) the somewhat independent principalities on the borders of Siberia; it strove by means of embassies, carelessly allowed by the Russian Government to pass into the encampments of native chiefs in our steppes, to persuade the Torgout khans about the Volga to return to the land of their fathers; and it took advantage of the influence of Lhassa over the simple emigrants into Russia to bring them back again. After all this, the Chinese might have some idea of the Lamaites in Russia! Every year thousands of them go on pilgrimages to Mongolia and to the centres of Tibetan learning. Pioneers of Russian trade and Russian good fame, representatives of the Russian name in the depths of the 'yellow' East, are these simple little men in their worn garments, with their shaggy little horses and their camels. These nameless natives march on to the Kookoo-Nor, which is scarcely accessible for a European traveller, to Amdo and Tsaidam, to the mysterious Dashi-lhunbo and the highlands adjoining India, with as much ease and briskness as we do in our suburban excursions. Everywhere this intelligent element, so much at one with its surroundings (as polar beasts and birds resemble the snowy waste in colour), quietly bears into this Asiatic wilderness ideas of the White Tsar, and of the Muscovite people that now is grown into a giant empire, which has attracted its subjects of non-Slavonic blood not by cruelty, but by kindness. These sturdy travellers bear also the idea, vague as yet, that the Christian West is called on to regenerate through us the effete civilisation of the East.

THE CHIEF LAMA-GOD OF THE MONGOLS.

Scarce any one in Russia guesses as yet what a valuable work is being carried on by the modest Russian Lamaites at a distance of hundreds of miles from the Siberian frontier. Its true historic value will be perceived and appreciated only by the generations to come.

The Viceroy's question, however, is not the only peculiar one. Somehow or other, information was received here that Prince Kochubey (a descendant of Genghiz-Khan?) was in the suite of the Cesarewitch, and that, as the lawful heir of the Yuan dynasty, dethroned five hundred years ago, it was not without a purpose that the Russian fleet had brought him into Chinese waters. Probably for the purpose of finding out whether he was a Mongol, and what sort of a man he was, one of the younger mandarins comes up to him and begins to talk about their supposed common origin. 'I too am a Mongol,' says Li-Hang-Chang's official to Prince Kochubey, through an interpreter.

Whoever knows anything of the troubled state of this richly endowed country will find

nothing strange in the alarm of the Chinese. It has long been time to introduce a better administration, one less burdensome for the people. It has long been time to utilise its natural conditions for the development of cattle-breeding on the largest scale! The nomads are dissatisfied with the Chinese yoke. The slightest hint of agitation among them, even without any apparent cause, excites suspicion in the capital of the Celestial Empire.

Even though centuries have passed, Peking cannot forget the frequent devastating raids of the dashing Mongol cavalry on China proper, which was all but incapable of defending itself. Pursuit of the raiders in the depths of the steppes was rarely attended with absolute success, and, in any case, cost the Government dear. Some enterprising prince would send round the encampments of his countrymen the 'message-arrows' inviting them to an advantageous war against the settled population, and immediately a joyous horde of adventurers would gather to his call from all sides, from the eastern oases of Turkestan to the boundaries of Korea. The mandarins strove to bribe the evasive foe, who attempted to organise a sort of Cossack population on their borders, who instituted fairs at which the Mongols might barter their horses and cattle for corn and beans, and other less attractive merchandise. But the nomads accepted the bribes, and regarded them as something very like tribute. There was no real fighting element, such as we had, for the creation of a useful border army of agriculturists, while from an economic point of view the Chinese Empire stood far more in need of the natural wealth of Mongolia than the latter of the civilised South which lay at its feet.

ELDEST MONGOL PRINCE.

The distinguished travellers lunch with the Viceroy in a special pavilion while the band of the *Pamiat Azova* plays piece after piece. Wealthy Chinamen are the most refined of *gourmands* and the politest hosts in the world. All the tales of what the people feed on; the accounts of the eating-houses of Canton, where they sell owls and lizards (for convalescents), horse-flesh, water-snakes, dried rats (for improving the hair and the hearing), cats and dogs of a specially fattened breed, whose flesh is supposed to be a protection against the exhaustion produced by heat—all these things prove nothing. Whoever can be so, is very dainty in his food. The cookery of the Celestial Empire is as good as that of Europe. One only has to get accustomed to a superabundance of oil, onions, and garlic. The most dainty European will find something to his taste in a good native dinner. A rich man's table is supplied from the Gulf of Persia, the Archipelago of the East, India, and Siam. Among the favourite dishes are salted chickens; roast ducks; fish in sweet sauce; sharks' fins, from Bombay, in chicken broth; stale

ON THE ONON, THE CRADLE OF GENGHIZ KHAN.

pigeons' eggs boiled hard; and birds'-nest soup. This extremely nourishing dish is valued by the Chinese at its weight in gold, as the gathering of the nests (which is carried on mainly by the Malays in the south-east of the Indian Ocean) entails enormous difficulties, and even risk of life.

Specimens of native cookery are served up to-day at Li-Hang-Chang's table, though half the lunch is in European style. Besides knives, forks, and spoons, we are supplied with ivory chop-sticks. The aged Viceroy treats their Highnesses with refined Eastern courtesy. The

SOJOTES ON THE MONGOLIAN FRONTIER.

brother of the famous Chinese chancellor shows so much dignity, and at the same time so much *savoir-faire* towards the Imperial stranger, that one can only express one's approval of Chinese etiquette and tact. But there are probably special racial features in the Viceroy of Canton. All his family (of purely native, non-Manjurian descent) are remarkable for their administrative powers. Though of lowly origin, its sons have independently risen to important offices. On this account, the women of China have a great respect for the mother who brought them up.

MARKET IN TIBET.

When Li-Hang-Chang was yet governor of the Hupeh province and lived on the Yang-tse-Kiang, he was visited by Count Béla Széczény's Tibetan expedition, upon which occasion he is said to have expressed his enmity towards Russia. If so, it is all the more pleasant to see him to-day raising his goblet with both hands and drinking to the health of the Emperor of Russia, whose title, according to treaty, is the same in Chinese as that of the Emperor of China—Shêng Chu Hwang-ti, 'sacred ruler and sovereign.' The Viceroy drinks to the firm and lasting friendship of the two great neighbouring states; to the prosperity of our nations; to the health of Prince George, and even to the little kingdom of Greece and its sovereign, all unknown as they are to

the Far East. The Cesarewitch replies by drinking the health of the Emperor of China and to the prosperity of the Celestial Empire. Mr. A. S. Vahovitch serves as interpreter. The lunch lasts until four o'clock.

TUESDAY, *March* 26 (*April* 7).

Last night the illustrious travellers, accompanied by M. Imbaut-Huart, witnessed the performance of a travelling Japanese circus on the French portion of the island of Shamin, which is as yet unoccupied by buildings. For some unknown reason or other the troupe from Tokio styles itself 'royal.' Its performance is really remarkable. Two Japanese girls, Sadakichi and Kikoo, are in no way behind any Western gymnasts.

This morning their Highnesses take a walk through the European quarter to the best shops, where, according to custom, we are treated to yellow tea and shown merchandise of wonderful quality, among which a prominent part is played by *cloisonné* enamel with purely Arabic ornamentation, brilliant silks, and porcelain. The grave merchants, in their blue jackets and baggy white breeches, with thick silk-bound pigtails, do not show by the slightest movement that they have any interest in the amount purchased.

On his way back, the Cesarewitch lunches at the French consul's residence. Once more we have the opportunity of looking on the island ceded by the Chinese to the Europeans who have settled so comfortably on this sandbank. The shady lawns of Shamin are intersected by paths paved with a sort of asphalt. The church, the houses, and offices are buried in a mass of verdure. One thing only weighs on the minds of the foreigners: the dull implacable enmity of the Cantonese. Though the latter are kept back at night by the watch on the bridges, yet the canals passing under the latter are so narrow, and so full of boats, that the mob could at any time cross *en masse* dryshod to the dwellings of the Europeans.

CHAPTER XXXIV

ONLY six weeks more and we shall be in Russian waters! How rapidly they will pass in interesting surveys of the interior of China and in the charming excursions planned in Japan!

By the desire of Li-Hang-Chang, our steamer, the *Kiang-kwan*, on its way back to Hong-kong, stops at the island of Wampoa to allow H.I. Highness to see the young Chinese who are learning to defend their native land by more perfect methods than those practised in the Middle Ages, when it was attacked by the Japanese and the Chinese pirates, who often made common cause. Unfortunately we have not time enough to visit Chi-foo, a gathering-point of some of the best troops in the hands of the powerful chancellor, and shall not see his great men-of-war. Of course it is difficult to judge of the results obtained for the Chinese Government by the attempts of the Cantonese to imitate what is being done in the north of the country.

The military and naval school stands on the site formerly occupied by the docks of a rich Hong-kong firm. The instruction is carried on by German officers, who teach the young Chinese tactics and torpedo work. Several torpedo-boats (built in Germany) are anchored near the school. The pupils can also study fortification practically in the delta at the mouth of the river. There, with the help of European engineers, as much as possible is being done to bring the channel under fire. Thanks to the persistent attempts of the 'outer barbarians' to break into the land, the inhabitants have realised that their antagonists must be repulsed with their own weapons.

Heavy chains formerly closed the famous 'Tiger's mouth.' It was in that simple epoch when the Chinese still believed themselves more educated and more powerful than any other nation. The white men who came here to trade certainly did not uphold the prestige of the Christian West. Their sailors, drunk with rice-spirit, behaved in the most outrageous manner at Wampoa, breaking even into the temples and insulting the idols.

The local authorities treated the ignorance of the 'wild' men with contemptuous patience. Finally the West became firmly convinced that the peaceable Chinese deserved nothing better than the rudest violence. When in course of time China tried to make a stand, it was at once informed that it was not to be considered as enjoying equal rights with politically youthful

states. Such injustice is very marked. Why, for instance, did the Government of the United States refuse, about 1878-1881, to receive Chinese pupils in American military and naval colleges, while Japanese youths were granted admission?

The royal travellers attentively examine the school and the classes, and watch the drill of the cadets. In all that concerns them one sees much goodwill and care, but there is a complete absence of military spirit. The sons of the Celestial Empire are so indisposed by nature and social life to militarism, that no instructors can inoculate them with it to any great extent.

The cadets are dressed in blue, and wear red and green breeches. Some of their caps bear feathers of a low class. The profession of a soldier is but little respected among the Chinese, and is ranked with the low-class trades. The majority of officers still receive com-

ARCHERY DRILL.

missions by favour, or simply by purchase, after having shown their physical strength and activity. For rising rapidly in the service, the principal requirements are good horsemanship, good archery, and the power of raising and throwing heavy stones. There was a time when the warriors of China marched victoriously through nearly the whole of Asia!

Our second stay at Hong-kong lasts two days. During this time, on the morning of March 29 (April 10), the illustrious travellers make an excursion incognito, accompanied by a few members of their suite, along the quay (Praya) to the picturesque 'Happy Valley' adjoining the eastern suburb of the city, where the Chinese village of Wong-nei-chong once stood. This space is now occupied by a racecourse and the white walls of several cemeteries, Christian, Mussulman, and Parsee, the fire-worshippers here not being allowed to expose their dead to be devoured by birds of prey.

Landing by means of the Cesarewitch's launch, we continue our journey in jinrickshas. The feeling produced by one's first ride in a man-drawn conveyance is one of extreme strangeness,

CHINESE GARDEN.

unpleasantness, even indecency. It is true that the yellow race has originated and developed this occupation itself, poor though the remuneration for it is. In the land of the rising sun it is considered even more desirable and suitable. In the streets of Hong-kong one may constantly see in such conveyances Portuguese ladies draped in black shawls, or brilliantly attired Japanese girls. Perhaps this method of locomotion may really be convenient, and fully consonant with native views; but one requires time to become accustomed to it. The Chinamen who draw the equipage at a pace of nearly seven miles an hour are sincerely to be pitied. Altogether, the life of the coolies is unenviable. Orientalists still dispute the origin of this word, some deriving it from the Kolis (an impoverished Rajpoot tribe in Gujerat); others from the Tamil 'kooli' (wages) in southern India; others, again, from its Turkish homonym signifying 'slave.' Would it not be simpler to content oneself with the eloquent Chinese characters 'koo' (bitterness) and 'li' (strength, tension)?

The golden-tinted road along the shore, which the Grand Duke has chosen for his drive, glistens in the brilliant sunlight like the Riviera in summer. All the more grateful seems the thick foliage of the parks planted by the authorities of the place. A little later we come to the bamboo-girdled course at the foot of the hills, where races take place between swift horses of the Mongol breed. The vegetation grows denser and denser. At one time Hong-kong was famed for its forests, but the British found it perceptibly denuded. Favourable circumstances enabled the colonisers to remedy this misfortune. The port and the suburbs of the town are supplied with excellent water from the Albany tanks situated half-way on the road to the picturesque Victoria peaks. The very name of the island in the Canton dialect (Heung-keung, *i.e.* sweet-smelling springs) answers for the quality of the water here. True, there is another possible translation—'good harbour,' but the former interpretation is perhaps the better.

CHINESE GENERAL.

Fine roads are laid down everywhere. The air is full of the perfume of the roses of which the people in Hong-kong are so proud. How well able are the British in foreign lands to surround themselves with all the good things of this life!

The 'Happy Valley' abounds in tombs. Not without reason was the colony formerly known as the 'Regiments' Grave,' for, on an average, few men can endure more than a stay of three years in this place. The climate (moist and hot on the fever-haunted coast, damp and cold on the heights), along with the cholera, mowed down the troops like grass. The crews of the ships were no better off. In 1873 the garrison of fifteen hundred men passed through the hospital five times. The white population suffered severely from fevers, caused by their badly built dwellings, which lay too near the ground, thus inviting the miasmatic effluvia from the red granite, all cracked by the burning heat of the sun. The Chinese foretold this melancholy result from their so-called superstitious signs.

There is a stately mysteriousness in the inscription on the principal cemetery gate: 'Hodie mihi, cras tibi.' This is not a reassuring reminder for the British who come here on an excursion. Fruit and refreshing drinks are sold at the entrance. For some reason or other,

natives are absolutely forbidden to enter the European cemetery. The songs of birds arise from the garden growing above the graves, behind which rises a grim wall of rocks.

At present the doctors battle successfully with malaria, treating their patients with arsenic or ice compresses. The mortality is no longer alarming. This, however, proves nothing: the sick simply hasten home sooner than before, but doubtless the number of those whose health is ruined is as great as formerly.

RICKSHAW.

The illustrious travellers return from the 'Happy Valley' to Victoria by another route, not by the shore-road, but by Queen Street.

Yesterday's excursion to the hill overlooking the town was far more interesting. Access to Victoria peak has been made much easier by the construction, in 1888, of a little mountain railway, worked by means of a wire cable. The ten minutes' journey is quite safe, for even should the cable break, the carriages could be stopped at once. The hill is furrowed all over with ravines, hollows, and gullies, down which the water rushes with such force in the rainy season that its destructive effects are averted only with difficulty.

There is an excellent hotel on the summit (about two thousand feet above the sea-level), where their Highnesses lunch while admiring the inimitable view of the human ant-hill below, and the yellow rocks of the archipelago, framed in the deep azure of the waves and the mist. Seen through a glass, the great vessels loading in the harbour seem so many hives surrounded with bees (sampans).

The well-to-do classes of Hong-kong often mount for rest and coolness to the summit of the peak. The hothouse temperature of the shore exhausts strangers only too rapidly. But the upper regions, too, have their shady side. The damp mist, which so often envelops the peak, covers things with mould, spoils paper and clothing, which require constant drying before the fire, and gives rise in Europeans to insufferable attacks of spleen.

The harbour, calm enough now, periodically suffers from terrible typhoons blowing from Formosa. These terrific gales chiefly break over Hong-kong, sparing, to some extent, the

neighbouring mainland. When the river population sees the signs of the approaching storm, it flies thither for shelter under the shadow of its native land.

The force and duration of these hurricanes are beyond anything one can imagine. The colony has repeatedly suffered as from a fearful bombardment.

Even the interiors of the houses are sometimes destroyed, mirrors and pictures being reduced to a formless mass. The shutters are generally torn off their hinges at the outset, so that at night thieves can easily enter the open windows of the 'white men's' mansions. At first neither joiner nor mason was to be had for love or money. Roof-tiles were sold at their weight in gold. On one occasion the roofs of the prison and of the governor's residence on the hill were blown off. The splendid tower-clock near the pier was spoilt. Numbers of trees were either torn up by the roots, or broken and stripped of their bark. Telegraph lines (including the submarine cable) were ruined. In a native temple the walls were blown in, but to every one's astonishment the idols remained seated on the altar.

In Macao the hurricane raged even more furiously. Thousands of the Chinese river population were thrown up on shore all mangled by the waves. A large steamer even was washed far up the beach.

CHINAMAN IN WINTER CLOTHES.

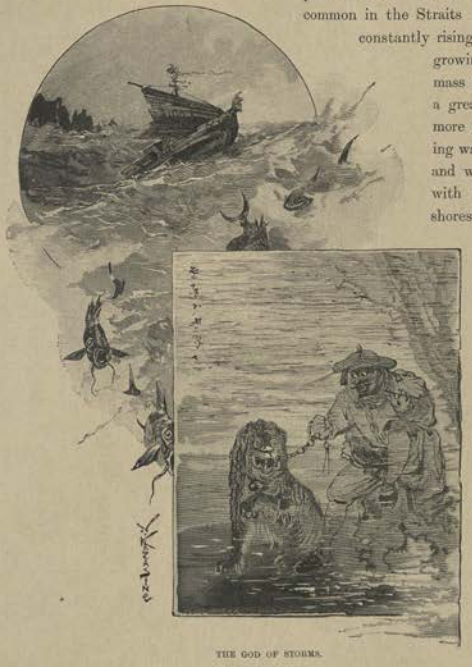
During our second stay at Hong-kong, H.I. Highness visits the local curiosity-shops situated in the principal street of the town, Queen's Road, along which run cool covered colonnades. In contrast to the shops of Canton, those of Hong-kong have glass windows. These protections are necessary, because the lower classes here consist to a large extent of some of the greatest thieves in the Celestial Empire. With remarkable skill they manage by means of long sticks to reach down the articles they have selected from among those hanging near the outer wall, and then vanish with their booty. The curiosities exhibited here are even more remarkable than those we saw in Canton. This may be owing to the enormous demand for these things among tourists.

It is a great æsthetic pleasure to look on this collection of precious filigree work, silver services, ivory fans adorned with tracery, chessmen, cupboards of all sizes, delicately carved furniture made of wood from Borneo, elegant flower-baskets, bronze censers, gigantic vases, embroidery of all colours, beautifully executed little models of ships, and many other tempting articles. Many of these things have been brought from Japan. Among the local work (pins, bracelets, brooches, and so on), the most original is what seems like a kind of enamel. This is, in reality, a material covered with coloured dust: after this has been done, bird of paradise feathers are gummed on the surface.

In the harbour of Hong-kong we again see one of those marvellously beautiful sunsets which have been so frequent during our journey. The magic combination of tints this evening was inimitably harmonious. From orange the sky turns a pearly silver. The ships and junks in the bay are wrapped in a transparent gloom. The peaks above the 'granite' city still flame for a time in a setting of ruby clouds. Then these tints begin to fade, melting into violet and yellow, blaze up for the last time in a pure gold, and die away.

On Friday, March 29 (April 10), the Russian squadron leaves Hong-kong. The Chinese in their junks bid us farewell with a ceaseless and deafening volley of crackers, intended to drive

away all misfortune from us during the journey, by terrifying the powers of evil. Our trip, however, is accompanied by such persistent fogs that our vessels cannot adhere to any formation, but have, for safety's sake, to separate and slowly make their way each by itself. Being accompanied, moreover, by a cross sea, our two or three days' journey this time is not a very pleasant one. These disadvantageous conditions are said to be common in the Straits of Formosa. A sort of white mist kept constantly rising above the water, spreading over it and growing thicker, turning into an enormous billowy mass which surrounded the *Pamiat Azova* with a great girdle of fog, and advancing more and more threateningly. All of a sudden the heaving wall around us would vanish into the ocean, and we could then see before us rocky islands with the grim surf breaking on their stony shores. Then again the picture would change as suddenly; the masses of fog would creep up imperceptibly, closing in and reducing the open space around the frigate.



THE GOD OF STORMS.

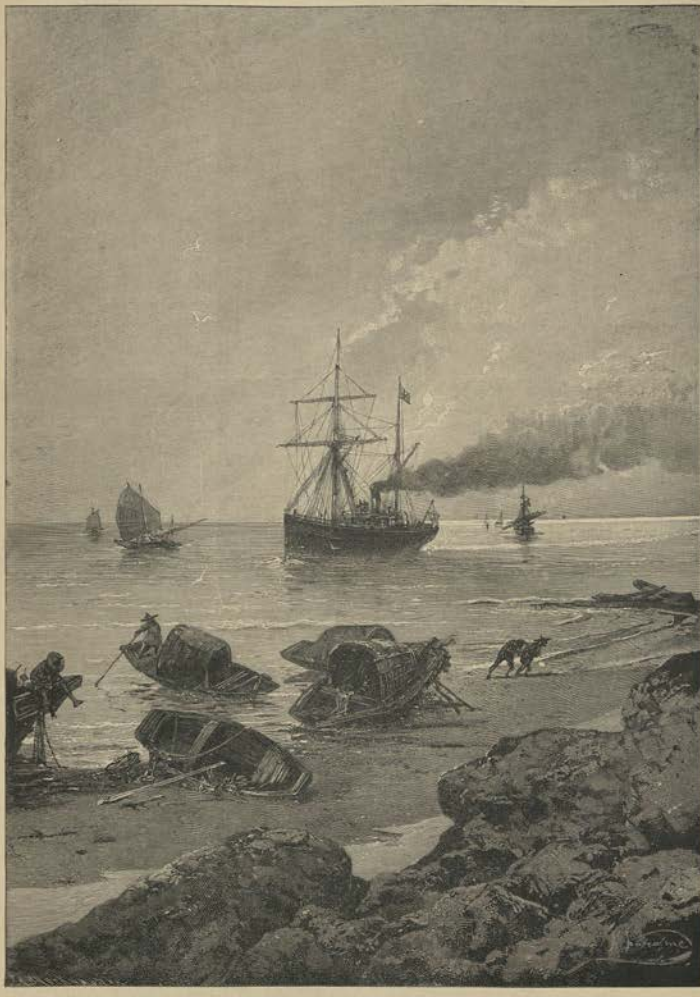
In consequence, the sirens of our ships sent forth their dreary heart-rending wail, and when this had died away one could hear the heavy breathing of the ocean beneath the colourless pall around us. At odd times the burning sun would try to break through the clouds, illuminating the roof of our prison without piercing it. It was surprising how the Chinese gunboats convoying us never lost us, doing without any whistles, sometimes buried up to the funnel in the heavy sea, yet steadily fulfilling the orders of Li-Hung-Chang.

WEDNESDAY, *April* 3/15.

Yesterday we anchored within a few miles of Shanghai, at the Saddle Islands. Here, on account of the low water in the Yang-tse-Kiang in spring, we must bid farewell for some ten days to our gigantic vessel, and ascend the river as far as Hankow in the *Vladivostok* of the Russian volunteer fleet, to which our luggage is already being transferred.

Scarcely any one in Russia knows that at the time of the late lawless occupation of Port Hamilton, the British laid down a submarine cable from that place to these islands. It still rests at the bottom of the sea. Who will finally take possession of it?

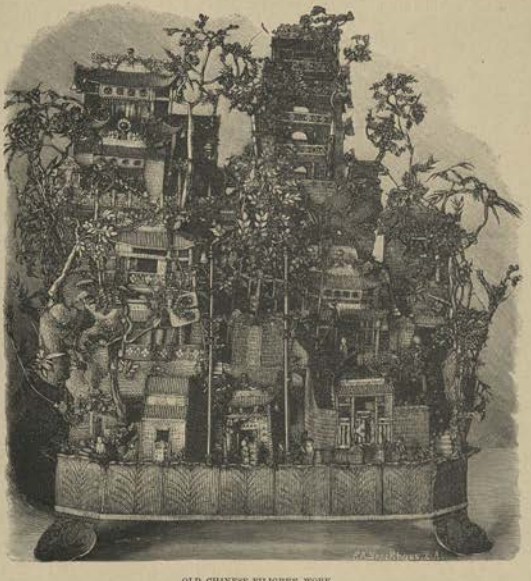
The dreary shores of the Saddle Islands are occupied exclusively by fishermen. Men-of-war rarely make their appearance in this out-of-the-way place.



THE 'VLADIVOSTOK' ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

At last we have managed to settle down in the narrow steamer. Even the Cesarewitch's cabin is very small and low. The inconveniences of the journey are redeemed, however, by the care and attention of the captain and officers. Not counting his suite, the Cesarewitch is accompanied by the commander of the squadron, along with his flag-officer, Lieutenant Klado, and Colonel Pootyata. The band of the *Pamiat Azova* also joins us. Two gunboats of the Siberian flotilla, the *Bobr* and the *Koreyets*, act as convoys.

There is a heavy swell at the vast mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang. The yellow-brown waters



OLD CHINESE FILIGREE WORK.

rise tumultuously about both the *Vladivostok* and our ironclads as they steam off towards Japan. They seem to be tossed about like playthings by the dark billows of the boundless deep. The shadows of the giants vanish rapidly in the distance, and the swell diminishes. The low-lying land begins to appear faintly before us. The muddy current, which for a distance of three thousand miles has borne the germs of fertility from the heights of Tibet towards the Pacific, gradually grows clearer and less turbulent.

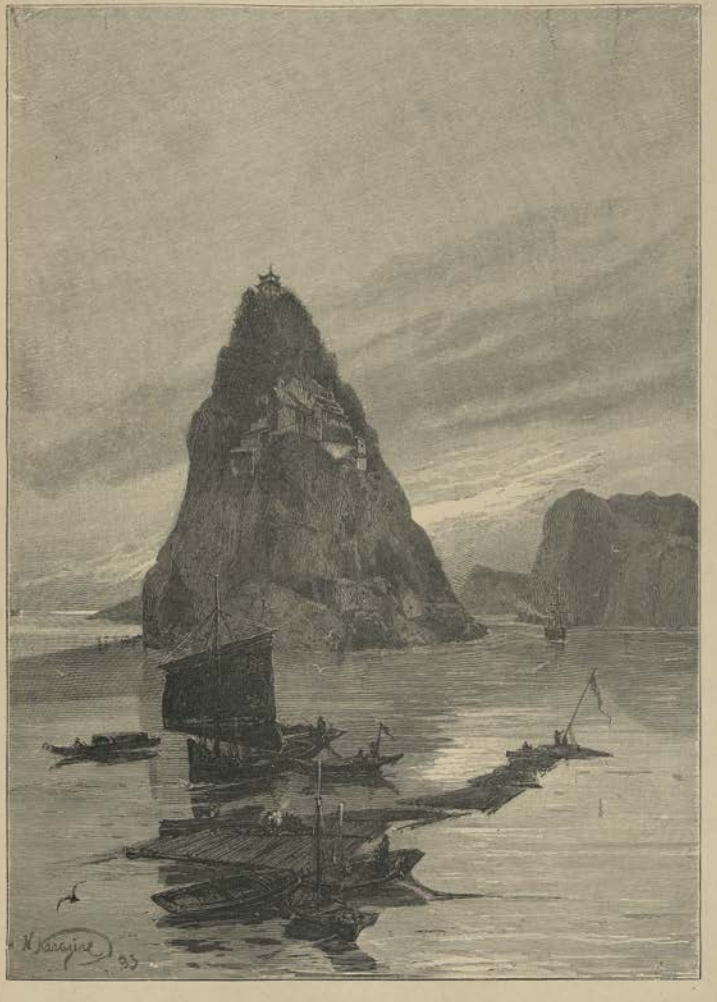
When, in days of old, Russian ambassadors were despatched to the East, they were ordered to

observe in every land 'what manner of warfare there is in it, and what commerce.' Nowadays all this is known down to the smallest detail. As regards the military organisation of the Chinese, which has progressed so slowly throughout many ages, even civilian Europeans can judge pessimistically. It is as clear as day that the people of Confucius do not understand the saying 'Si vis pacem, para bellum.' It wishes for the former, but is unable to prepare for the latter in the right fashion. A much more complicated answer awaits the question as to the economic development of the native element and the advantages presented by the possibility of more intimate relations between the West and the Celestial Empire. Where else but in its heart can one realise the resources of this gigantic state?

KIACHTA, TEA-TRADING CENTRE.

We learn and see much during our ten days' journey along this mighty Chinese river of commercially universal importance. One constantly meets with typical junks of various forms and sizes, flying red or variegated pennants and flags of the new square or old triangular shape, on which a blue dragon ramps in a yellow field. At a distance they really look like enormous floating boxes. The number of masts on vessels of the so-called Shanghai build varies from one to five. In Hankow, junks are built with two masts. Here on the river the most highly valued junks are those built of camphor-wood, which grows in the south of the Empire.

The bargemen make skilful use of their sails in going up and down the Yang-tse-Kiang. With a fair wind they sail so fast, even up-stream, that, though going at full speed, we can barely overtake them. The Government boats are armed with cannon for the pursuit of smugglers.



ROCK OF THE LITTLE ORPHAN ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

Besides junks, one finds many rafts (350 feet long by 70 feet broad) floating down-stream. European house-boats are to be met with, and the whistling little steam-launches of the officials. Some of the smaller vessels pass into the canals running through the neighbourhood, and not infrequently one may see a sail apparently moving along over the fields and at the foot of the hills far from the wide expanse of the river.

For about a hundred miles the scenery is very monotonous, field following on field. Little by little, however, picturesque heights begin to appear in the distance, and the natural beauties

TEA PACKING IN KIACHTA.

of the interior of China commence to unfold themselves before our eyes. The fanciful and majestic outlines of the bare mountain-ranges form an harmonious complement to the agricultural prosperity in the plains at their feet.

On its way to Hankow and back, the *Vladivostok* had to follow a winding channel: the capricious river, like our Amu-Daria, frequently leaves its original course, forms unexpected shoals, and threatens the villages on its banks with sudden onslaught. The stately pagodas alone, situated in the most picturesque spots in the landscape—frequently on rocky islands—remain aloof from this constant danger of devastation and ruin.

Flourishing districts line our watery path—a path celebrated by the great Marco Polo. What do we not find in them? In the days of Genghiz-Khan, for instance, we already have

the beginning of cotton-planting on a large scale. The cotton so largely grown in the valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang can bear comparison with that produced in America. The Chinese labourers soon learn the use of machinery. Nevertheless, the immense majority of the population still wear home-woven cotton goods. It is a very important question for the West, whether its manufactories will gain possession of the vast market of the Celestial Empire. Meanwhile, the enterprising citizens of this country realise the advantage of monopolising the industry of the land. In spite of the absence of cheap credit and palpably free capital (many of the

PACKING TEA (ON THE MONGOL FRONTIER)

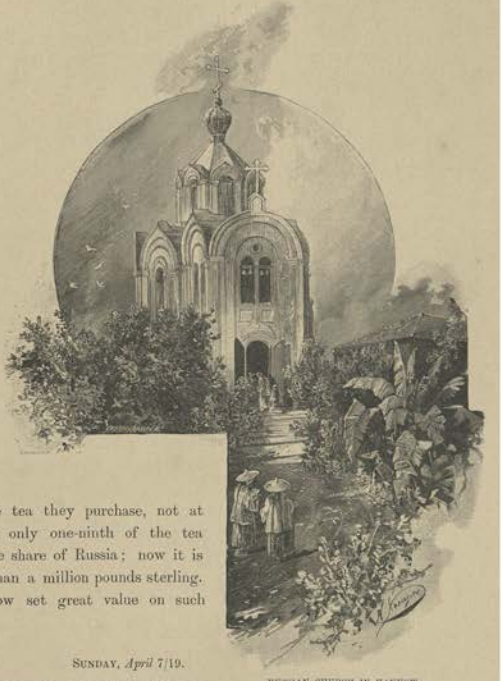
merchants are exorbitantly rich, but hide their money), a native company—the Cotton Cloth Company—has been formed in Shanghai for the purpose of flooding the home market with their own cotton goods. It has appointed an American as technical manager, and in the course of a single year has started twenty-one thousand spinning and five hundred and fifty weaving looms. Men are engaged at the rate of eightpence-halfpenny per diem, and women at sixpence. Even these low prices are unheard of for the natives, and are to be explained only by the proximity of the European element, along with the depravity among the working-classes proceeding from it!

Much Chinese cotton is now exported to Japan, whence it is brought back in a manufactured shape. Part of the population of the interior hopes thus to make good their heavy

FIREWORKS ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

losses in the struggle with the English in the tea-trade. The latter are neglecting it. The best purchasers left are principally Russian merchants. In the midst of this crisis, the visit of the Cesarewitch to Hankow becomes of still greater importance. H.I. Highness preferred to put aside, on account of want of time, the idea of visiting the interesting northern coast of China, that he might see and encourage by his presence our tiny colony on the Yang-tse-kiang, more than eight hundred miles from its mouth.

The tea-trade of China is on the eve of a terrible collapse. Nothing less than Government aid can delay or prevent it. The competition of India and Ceylon is killing the export of tea from China to London. Between 1881 and 1891 it has decreased by two-thirds. Though experts are inclined to think that this is only a temporary lapse in the taste of the consumers, and that the natural superiority of Chinese tea will undoubtedly cause its old prominence to be regained, yet the loss of an important market is an undeniable fact. Russia alone continues to prefer Hankow and Fu-chow teas to English tea. But we purchase less than England used to do. Her merchants, moreover, sell the greater part of the Chinese tea they purchase, not at home, but to Russia. In 1886 only one-ninth of the tea exported from Hankow fell to the share of Russia; now it is one-third, to the value of more than a million pounds sterling. Naturally, the Chinese must now set great value on such customers.



RUSSIAN CHURCH IN HANKOW.

SUNDAY, *April* 7/19.

A four days' unbroken journey up the Yang-tse-kiang gradually becomes very tedious. The bad weather contributes in no small degree to a feeling of weariness.

It is damp, cold, and windy. It is very dreary on the great river, much more so than at sea, where the shore does not tantalise one by its proximity. To-day, however, though misty and rainy in the morning, the weather promises to be fine.

Everywhere along the way the native authorities have greeted the Cesarewitch from afar off,

with honours unheard of by the natives: cannons have thundered, volleys been fired from rifles, troops have been drawn up in state with great banners in the hands of the soldiers, illuminations have sparkled at night. On Friday, for instance, the admiral reported to the Grand Duke that a whole flotilla near us was decorated with garlands of lamps, while trumpets were sounding a welcome out of the darkness.

Whenever we met a Chinese man-of-war the thunder of a salute rolled over the peaceful scene. Along the banks, especially where the waters flow swiftly in a narrow channel between lowering heights, we often saw fortifications of imposing dimensions. Here, evidently, the Chinese fully realise the necessity of repulsing the white strangers as firmly as possible in case of another unjust attack on their part. The question is whether they are strong enough to do so. The

CHANG-CHI-DUN.

squadron of the Yang-tse-kiang is small, consisting only of eleven vessels, but it is stronger in men and guns than that of Canton.

By the morning of April 6/18 the yellow waters of the river mingle with the blue streaks of the current from a neighbouring lake. We have reached one of the most beautiful spots on the river. We have already seen islands (Golden Island, Silver Island, and others) of very striking appearance, but the one now before our eyes completely eclipses them in the fanciful harmony of its outlines. It is simply peerless, and, according to tradition, is said to have sprung up on the spot where a poor fisherman's family perished during a storm. The youngest child struggled with the elements longer than did his parents, but was drowned at last. Popular fancy has adorned the scene of his death with many a detail. The steep granite 'rock of the little orphan,' so famed for its picturesqueness, is situated near the left bank in one of the narrow parts of the Yang-tse-kiang. The northern slopes are quite bare, while the southern are flooded with vegetation. A Buddhist monastery stands on their terraces.

It is near nine o'clock. Hankow appears in the distance. The flourishing and cultivated land around us begins to remind one of Central Europe.

RECEPTION AT HANKOW.

The *Vladivostok* with its convoy (two Russian and two Chinese gunboats) slowly draws up to the anchorage near the landing-place of the European quarter.

As an English gunboat, the *Rattler*, fires a salute (somewhat incautiously, at the moment of our passing), the wad from one of the guns scorches the chest of a sailor standing on the bridge of our vessel.

The first to greet the Cesarewitch on his arrival are the Russian *chargé d'affaires*, the first secretary of the Russian Embassy, our consul, and the foreign consuls. Next comes the Governor-General of Hu-kwang (Hu-kwang, meaning 'broad lakes,' includes the provinces of Hupeh and Hunan, with a population of sixty to seventy millions), the well-known Chinese writer, Chang-chi-

CHINESE PAGODA.

dun, Li-Hang-Chang's predecessor in Canton, who has sufficiently shown his enmity to the Europeans, in spite of his respect for the material progress of the West. When the Government proposed joining the provinces of the interior to the capital by a railway, this devoted adherent of his native land presented a memorial to the Emperor in which, while approving of the idea, he laid stress on the absolute necessity of not giving it into the hands of foreign engineers for exploitation, and of using home material for the construction, so that thus the level of technical knowledge in the country might be raised and, by utilising the incredible cheapness of native labour, the natural wealth of China might serve for the construction of the more necessary portions of the work. To this end it was decided to erect an enormous foundry on the Yang-tse-kiang, connecting the former by means of a lengthy branch line with the iron-mines. Chang-chi-dun, regarded by the people as the most disinterested of officials, assigned large sums for the realisation

of this project, and invited Western specialists to superintend the work, meaning, at the same time, to send some of his own more capable men to Belgium to perfect themselves in the processes.

In the markets of imperial Rome Chinese iron was regarded as the best. There is no reason why, with the development of metallurgy in the far East, it should not regain its former value. The annually and rapidly increasing import of foreign iron and steel into China cannot be normal and everlasting. A time must come when America, England, Sweden, and Germany will become unnecessary in this respect to China, as she opens up her inexhaustible stores of natural wealth.

RUSSIAN MERCHANT CLERK AND MONGOLIANS.

The Governor-General remains on board for about half an hour. On his departure, their Highnesses proceed to the Russian church.

It is nearly five months since we have heard mass anywhere but upon our frigate. With what gladness and deep reverence one steps into the Hankow church! Father Amphilochius, the chief of the Peking religious mission, awaits the Cesarewitch at the entrance with crucifix and holy water. Ringing of bells and solemn chanting greet the Imperial guest. The church is full of light, with the sunbeams piercing through the clouds of incense and illuminating the severe and thoughtful faces of the images. How vividly this reminds one of home! What feelings it arouses in the heart!

There are few in Russia who know of the existence and origin of the Peking mission. It was inaugurated some two hundred years ago for the comfort of the Albazin Cossacks from the Amoor, captives among the Manjurs, pining for their faith and the wilds of Siberia, in spite of all the kindness and generosity of the Chinese Emperor, who even enrolled them in his guard. About that time an epidemic broke out in Peking. Chancha-khutukhtu-lama, a Tibetan saint living at

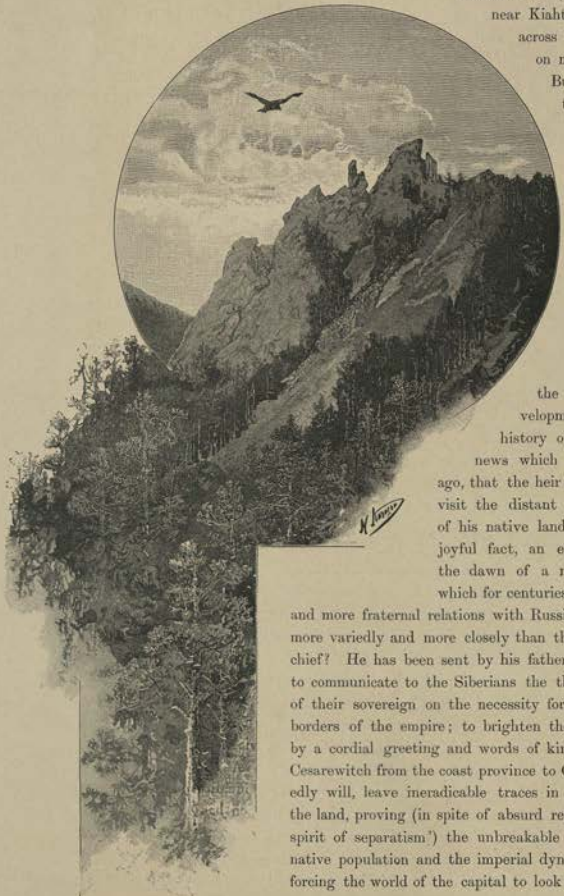
the Imperial court, saw in a dream a white-bearded old man rising out of a hill near the camp of the Albazins. According to the interpretation of the wise lama, the old man was St. Nicholas Thaumaturgus, and it was necessary without delay to erect a Russian church in Peking, to be dedicated to him. The hill beside the Cossack camp was dug up and an image of St. Nicholas was found. The Emperor hearkened to the advice of the Buddhist saint, set apart a place for a Russian church, permitted the captives to communicate with their home as to the sending out of priests, and thus initiated exceptionally friendly relations between China and Russia. While other nations sent out fanatical missionaries, who meddled with politics, sometimes gaining enormous influence at court, and sometimes being expelled from the country for insults levelled against the religious

NATIVES OF THE YENISEI PROVINCE.

feelings of the natives, the Russian caravan of monks from the Trans-Baikal region used to come to the Albazins in the capital as to their home. These humble priests used to study the Chinese language, enriching Chinese scholarship with their valuable investigations. They shared their knowledge with the lay students despatched to them through Siberia. They never came forward as diplomatic preachers, seeking to identify, with Jesuitical craftiness, the forms of heathen worship with those of Christianity, or to increase their little flock by deceit or violence. In this respect, indeed, our innate toleration and lethargy have gone so far, that the Albazin colony, through intermarriage with the neighbouring population, has lost both its individuality and its ancestral customs, and with them, to some extent, its religion. While the mission has produced scholars of world-wide fame, such as Hyacinth Bitchoorin, Professor Vasilyeff and Palladius, the Albazin Cossacks of Peking have become so Chinese as to be almost unrecognisable.

The Chinese Government regards the Russian orthodox community, free as it is from politics

and fanaticism, with sympathy. Never has it taken part in any military demonstrations in defence of pseudo-Christian, but really nothing else than commercial, interests. Not a single one of our monks has attempted to undermine the Confucian social system. The missions were equipped at Troitskosavsk (on the Russo-Chinese frontier near Kiahta), and started on their way across Mongolia to Urga and Kalgan on native camels and assisted by Buriat lamas. At every step the good-natured Lamaites fraternised so cordially with the 'white' foreigners, that they not uncommonly entered into near relations with them, gave contributions towards the support of Russian churches, reverently attended the Russian religious services, and sometimes became true Russians and Christians.



MOUNTAIN IN SIBERIA.

The year 1891 is one of the most important in the development of the somewhat joyless history of Russian Asia. The glad news which reached it several months ago, that the heir to the throne himself would visit the distant wildernesses on the borders of his native land, is now about to become a joyful fact, an event full of deep meaning, the dawn of a new era for this vast land, which for centuries has been waiting for firmer and more fraternal relations with Russia. Who can establish them more variedly and more closely than the first-born of her sovereign chief? He has been sent by his father to look on his inheritance; to communicate to the Siberians the thoughtful and creative views of their sovereign on the necessity for the awaking of the eastern borders of the empire; to brighten their dull and monotonous life by a cordial greeting and words of kindness. The journey of the Cesarewitch from the coast province to Orenburg must, and undoubtedly will, leave ineradicable traces in the life and constitution of the land, proving (in spite of absurd reports about their 'dangerous spirit of separatism') the unbreakable spiritual bond between the native population and the imperial dynasty ruling over us, and also forcing the world of the capital to look with other eyes on the com-

RUSSO-CHINESE BORDER SCENERY.

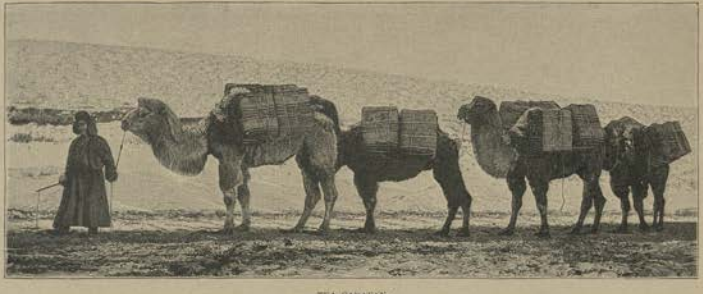
paratively neglected far East, from which we may fairly expect, and at no distant time, a mighty advance along the path leading to the final confirmation of the supremacy of Russia in Asia. The great land of Siberia is our vanguard; her sons, full of sturdy courage, and hardened by their battle with a changeable climate, are our 'heroes of the younger cycle.' These men have embodied in the life of the people the straightforward, simple, and only true national views of Russia, as it was before Peter the Great, on the life of other races; on the aims of her zealous saints and of her provincial governors; on the duty of every loyal subject to stand on the half-known borders of his native land in all the might of a humane yet firmly patriotic spirit. Thus it is that men like Count Mouravieff-Amoorsky, who, while on the European side of the Ural Mountains, were unable, owing to unfavourable circumstances, to exhibit sufficient statesmanlike energy and political enterprise, are, when stationed in the provinces of Irkutsk and of the Amoor, clear-headed and energetic and full of fruitful designs for the inevitable and natural development of our eastern borders. Once placed in the right surroundings, they undeviatingly proceed towards

TEA TRANSPORT WAGONS.

their clearly defined goal. In this they are unconsciously inspired by the taciturn and thoughtful Siberian; in this the shades of the legendary Cossack bands, searchers of the sea and the mountains, have cast their shadow over the cherished dreams of the guardians of our historical ideal; in this the ancient 'Siberian' daring of the men of Novgorod and Perm, who always regarded the Asia on our borders as something really 'ours,' has awakened to life in their hearts under the purely Western prejudices enveloping them.

The journey of the Cesarewitch through this boundless land, which was won for the Government to the very shores of the ocean by almost unknown adventurers, pioneers of this glorious work, and by officials of all social strata of the Moscow period of Russian history, will be of extraordinary importance also in this respect, that hitherto our principal administrative centre has remained somewhat indifferent to its South-Ussurian and Manju-Mongolian outskirts. From the moment that the Emperor decided to send thither his heir, on his way back from a survey of the most flourishing foreign colonies of the East, where there is at present enough for all, but where there will soon be too little for man, our wildernesses, with their untouched mineral treasures, must awake to life, must feel themselves nearer to the thoughts of the Tsar, must summon up all their inner beauty to greet their guest. Of course it is not the first time that these lands have welcomed Grand Dukes: Alexander II., when yet Cesarewitch, visited

Tobolsk; H.I. Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch has been as far as the province of Tomsk; in 1873 H.I. Highness the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch passed through the whole of Siberia on the way back from America, and not long ago H.I. Highness the Grand Duke Alexander Michailovitch, while circumnavigating the globe in the corvette *Rynda*, made an excursion from Vladivostok into the wilds of South Ussuri. But these visits were not, and could not be, of such value as the expected arrival of the Cesarewitch bearing manifestoes from the Tsar, to the great joy of the native and the exile population. It is not only the separate parts of the gigantic Siberian whole that, listening to them, will feel their unity with Russia, but the whole land will understand and feel it; the soul of the whole Siberian people will be stirred; every officer stationed in these wilds, every Cossack bred up in them, will devote himself to further labours for our historical interests in Asia. Our educated classes often wonder at the labours and the activity, the privations and the energy, of British travellers and



TEA CARAVAN.

officials in the Indian Empire. Yet if, without prejudice, a parallel be drawn between the comparatively comfortable surroundings of the British colonisers and those in which countless spiritual units of the Russian nation, scattered over its far-off borders, carry on their great and sacred national work unnoticed, it is undoubtedly to us that the first place must be assigned in the field of true labour and real usefulness to mankind. Besides, we Slavs are unconsciously devoted to ideals of a tolerant and democratic character, while western Europeans ever and in all things strive to rule by might over the 'lower' races they reject on principle. Even judging superficially, can the stiff British officials of India, dearly paid in the blood and sweat of the unfortunate native population, be placed on a level with our unknown, heroically unmurmuring and unexacting workers on the borders? No refined luxury surrounds them; no great staff of dusky servants waits on them; no self-confident national press flatters them, as if burning incense before a blind national pride; with them, the world in which and for which they labour forms one organic whole. Theirs will be the hearty thanks of Russian history; and the field they have ploughed with such hardships will bear 'the golden grain of our national majesty.' To convince himself of the first, prophetically to fulfil the second, and to believe in the last with all the fulness of his youthful heart—for these reasons it is that the heir to the throne directs his path to the forgotten land of Siberia.

RUSSO-CHINESE FRONTIER.

When English princes journey through Asia, and the unfortunate native populace, reduced to despair under a pitiless yoke, officially rejoices at the splendour it has to pay for, the narrow *fin de siècle* West sings the triumph of the egotistical principles it preaches. There is nothing to wonder at if they have created and gradually widen the abyss between the colonisers of Germano-Romanic type, who have undertaken the guardianship of Asia against her will, and the people they have conquered. There is nothing of the kind to be found when our East expresses its unbounded love and devotion to its sovereign. The native and the exile, the Siberian dissenter, still retaining his typical Russian features, and the warrior-agriculturist from the endless Russo-Chinese frontier, who has amalgamated with its Mongol-Turkic elements—they are all inspired with the same strong and zealous feeling of an internal bond between them and the chief of their native land. I know the Siberians somewhat, and so foresee clearly how touchingly this elemental spirit will display itself among them at every step!

After service the illustrious travellers and all the Russian colony adjourn to the house of our consul, where the Cesarewitch receives deputations from the Russian merchants in China, and then proceeds to the house of the churchwarden, Mr. Molchanoff, whose invitation to lunch he has accepted.

OPIUM SMOKERS.

Among the members of the Russian colony who greet H.I. Highness there is a Russian subject from the Baltic provinces, M. Pander, who holds an appointment in the local Customs. The superintendence of the Customs, which form an important source of income to the Chinese Government, has been organised by an Englishman, Mr. R. Hart. Two or three Russians hold office under him. M. Pander, who knows Chinese, formerly used to teach Russian in the Peking University, and has earned a name in the West by his rich collection of objects used in Lamaite worship (now in the Berlin Museum).

The European system of strict control over the Chinese Custom-House has supplied foreigners with a weapon against the natives, and forms the basis of a sort of unofficial guardianship over them.

In 1814 the whole foreign trade of the Celestial Empire amounted to no more than £3,500,000. In 1876 the import of foreign goods into China (worth about £15,000,000 sterling) was less by a million than the export. During the next twelve years the relations between the two changed so far that out of £45,000,000 a little less than three-fifths fell to the share of the import. Within a short period, the increase in the cargoes carried under foreign flags had to be reckoned in hundreds of thousands of tons. A little while ago China knew nothing of Austrian merchantmen; now great numbers of them come here annually. Should Europeans gain the right of penetrating deeper into the land, there will be no estimating the extent of the ensuing commercial transactions. At present the trade of China with England is ten times as great as

WEIGHING TEA.

with Germany, and two hundred times as great as with Russia, which in this respect is behind even Spain and Portugal, Sweden and Norway.

On inquiring as to the spread of Indian opium on the Yang-tse-kiang, I find that there is scarcely any market for it in Hankow and beyond, the demand being supplied by the home-grown product. Long before the English, the Portuguese and the Mohammedans used to import opium into Macao and Canton. From ancient times this article of commerce (which was afterwards widely cultivated in China itself) has been brought from India by the favourite overland routes, through Tibet or Burmah and Yunnan, along which the elements of Brahminical civilisation made their way hither. To the present day, besides the opium of India and the inferior native article, which nevertheless is in great and increasing demand, Turkish and Persian opium are exported to the far East. The reputed evils of opium-smoking are said to be greatly exaggerated. Home-grown Chinese opium, however, acts more ruinously on the health than the imported article, which is of better quality. Those who are accustomed to it (as, for instance, the tough and courageous Rajpoots of India) not only do not experience any bad effects from it, but even gain strength by its means to resist fatigue and disease.

It seems that with the exception of tea we export scarcely anything from China, still less import anything into it. The attempts hitherto made to change this abnormal state of matters have not yet been attended with any marked success, excepting the trade in kerosene, which at no remote period was not in much demand in China, but is now imported into Shanghai to the amount of £300,000 per annum. It is a favourable sign that one-third of the import falls to the share of Russian kerosene, on account of its cheapness and lesser inflammability. Our import of this article is injured by unsatisfactory packing. The business, moreover, is in the hands of English and German merchants, who buy in their supplies in Batoum. Our petroleum dealers are thus excluded from participation in the business.

PRESSING TEA.

As we are in what may be called the native land of tea, it is but natural that almost every conversation should turn upon this product. Even the nearer plantations, however, lie at some

distance from Hankow, so that there is no possibility of showing us the details of its cultivation, which in many respects would be very instructive. No account, no description, can replace visible reality. To see the tea-leaves in the tea-caddy and to understand their universal and historic import in the intellectual and physical life of mankind is one thing; it is another altogether to look on a Chinese plantation, where in the shade of mulberry-trees and bamboos, for the tea-plant cannot bear any great heat, and surrounded by rose-bushes, magnolias, and other trees specially planted for them, grow the 'eyelids of the Buddhist saint, Bodhidarma.' According to a widespread legend, this Indian mystic devoted himself in China to the higher processes of the spirit, to unceasing prayer and ecstasy. One day his weak flesh succumbed under the strain, and he fell asleep. On awaking, in wrath and horror he tore off and cast on the ground the cause of his offence, his eyelids, when, marvellous to relate, a plant like unto a rose-bush sprang up upon the spot! The sage tried infusing its leaves, and found the invigorating beverage remarkably useful from an ascetic point of view.

BRICK TEA FACTORY AT HANKOW

The quality of tea depends very much on the size of the plant producing it; the lower the plant the better its leaves, lofty ones, on the contrary, producing leaves of a coarser flavour. The freshly gathered leaves have neither the specific aroma nor the slightly bitter and astringent taste by which the tea-tasters determine its quality. Every plantation has its own traditional secrets for preparing the leaves for sale; for imparting the aroma; drying, sorting, and so on.

The representatives of our firms know every detail of the tea business and its state in the provinces about Hankow. Until quite lately the Russian clerks used even to live away from the Yang-tse-kiang, in the interior of the country, so as to be better able to watch the tea-harvest.

Few know of the attempts made by Russia to introduce tea-planting in the Caucasus. Yet some beginnings in that direction were made more than fifty years ago under the administration

MEMBERS OF JERMAK'S BAND.

of prince M. S. Vorontsoff. The first plantation was started (by order of the supreme Catholikos Narses v.) in the environs of Etchmiadzin, the religious centre of the Armenian Gregorian congregation of the whole world. Soon little plantations began to appear in Sookhoom, in Guria. Meeting with no financial success, the business began to die out. In 1883 the Imperial Free Economic Society turned its attention to it, and ordered out a quantity of seeds and cuttings from the Yang-tse-kiang. Private individuals again took the interesting experiment in hand. Good results have lately been obtained in Kakhetia and Tiflis, but Caucasian tea has not yet attained to any commercial importance, and scarcely will do so, as long as it receives no open Government support, in the shape of Crown lands set apart for it, and the superintendence of specialists.

COUNT MOURAVIEFF AMOORSKY.

After lunch H.I. Highness visits the brick-works of the firm of Molchanoff, Pechatnoff, and Co., as well as an interesting exhibition of Chinese produce and manufactures, specially arranged for the Cesarewitch by the firm of Tokmakoff, Molotkoff, and Co., in its new 'godown' or storehouse. Here we find silks and velvets, different articles of silver, porcelain, wood, metal, ivory, besides a collection of specimens of all the teas grown in the Chinese Empire. Some of them are said to be so fine as to cost nearly five guineas a pound.

In examining this interesting exhibition, and in making the acquaintance of the members of the Russian colony, one hits upon some pleasing and rather unexpected discoveries. It seems

BURIATS OF SELENGINSK.

our merchants enjoy great influence in China. In spite of their very small number and the way they are cut off from their native land, notwithstanding the competition of foreign capitalists and the very short time that serious attention has been given to the tea-trade, they have easily gained an all but commanding position in it, and one which must grow stronger every year. The Chinese like the Russians here very much. During the outbreaks of popular indignation against the European element, the native servants of the Russians are always ready to protect their masters, distinguishing them very clearly from 'the men from beyond the sea.'

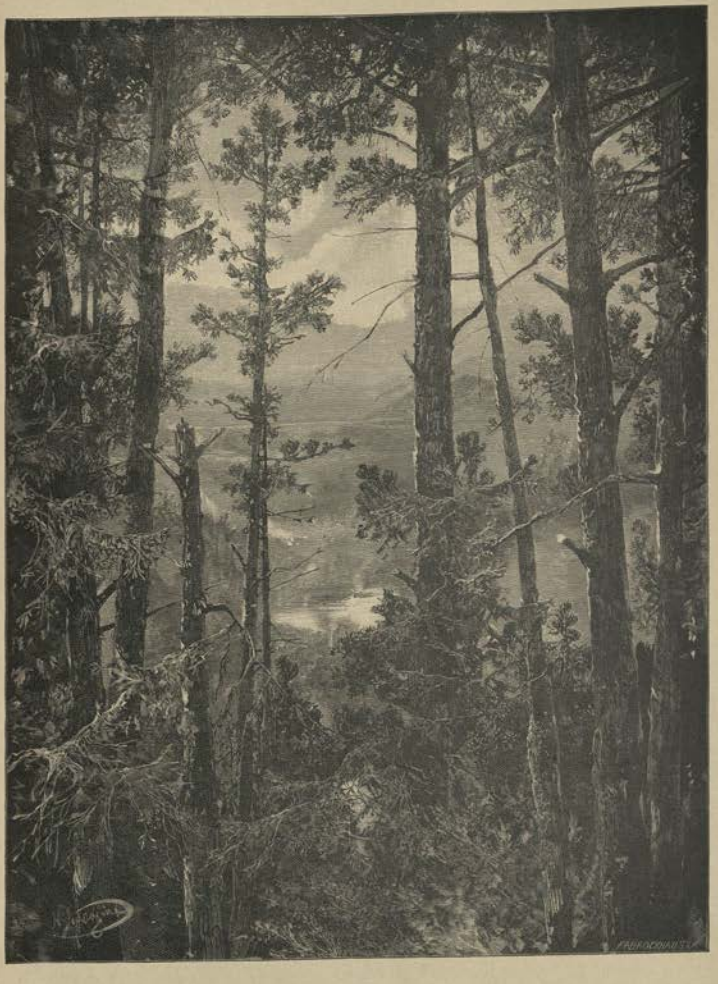
If matters are so now, what may not be expected from closer relations with the Chinese Empire in the near future? Our countrymen in Kalgan, Tientsin, Hankow, and Fu-chow are as yet but the foremost pioneers of the giant nation which feels itself at home in Asia. It is not without reason that people speak of our astounding inertness as to the development of

commercial and political relations with the coast of the Pacific. But it must be kept in mind that up to the present moment we are, or rather have been, almost feeling our way thither, without any definite plan as to what we are to do there, with whom we are to deal, with whom we are to struggle, and for what. This is quite analogous to the purely elemental events of the reign of Ivan the Terrible. Russia suddenly attained to extraordinary dimensions, and her gigantic body woke to life. When the first train from Moscow reaches the shores of the Pacific, the tendency of the Russian nation to identify itself more closely, economically and politically, with the worlds lying in its path will not fail to sweep along its track in a mighty wave. To

DISTINGUISHED MOHAMMEDAN NATIVES OF THE WESTERN RUSSO-CHINESE FRONTIER.

gain a clearer understanding of such a simple truth, it would be well to glance more frequently at our vague *Drang nach Osten* under Ivan IV.

The history of Siberia is still unwritten. The Russian people attains to self-consciousness so slowly, that scarcely any one can form a clear picture of our radical unity and progressive blending with the East. It was even attempted to give the name of 'colony' to the land beyond the Ural. Some people considered, and perhaps even still consider, the connection between it and the so-called 'mother-country' to be as artificial as the political bonds, so soon broken, which once existed between Spain and America, England and the young Transatlantic States. 'Solche ungeheuere Reiche wie Russland können gar nicht bestehen' announce the professors of Germany *ex cathedrâ*.



VIEW IN SIBERIA.

The famous words of the Russian poet Tyootcheff, about his native land: 'Understanding cannot understand her; no common measure can measure her; she has a measure of her own, and in Russia one can only believe,'[1] express to some extent the views of the educated classes on the development, completely incomprehensible to them, of a little principality into an empire the most colossal in size that has ever existed. Is it not time (say now, on the eve of turning the first turf on the Siberian railway) to examine into the reasons why this was inevitable, and why our progressive march in Asia cannot be regarded as being anything like finished? The key to this interpretation lies in the character of the conquest and colonising of the Trans-Volga and Trans-Ural by the men of Greater Russia. When Europeans crossed the seas in search of adventures and gain, they came in contact with wondrous races, professing strange creeds and using strange languages. A mortal struggle naturally began at once between such diametrically opposite elements—a struggle in which the weakest went to the wall. Meanwhile, our East Russian pioneers, half traders, half outlaws, while involuntarily enlarging our borders, found at every step not a new and sometimes positively inimical world, but often a good-natured foreign people whose type and language, manners and customs they had known from childhood. With this people it was easy to live in peace or to fight, according to circumstances, as they made their way into the interior of Asia. To the *conquistadores* of Cortez and Pizarro every Mexican and Peruvian with his unknown past and his monstrous sacrifices seemed a child of hell condemned to be wiped off the face of the earth. To the man of Vologda or Viatka, marching eastward among his fellow-adventurers, the 'unclean' Finno-Turkic aborigines he met with were simply his younger brethren, to offend whom without cause was not good either for his conscience or his profit. By means of the different Zyrians, Chuvashes, Cheremisses, Bashkirs, Mordvins, and Tartars who served them as experienced guides, our peasantry and Cossacks gradually made a highway into the boundless expanse of Siberia. Both in the forest and in the steppe their camp and watch-fires were approached without fear or shyness by the natives, dressed like them and but little different from them in appearance. A place was found for them at the common dish; their voices sometimes would have weight in the simple general conversation; their tired steeds could rest among the others until dawn. Such a *modus vivendi* was unthinkable for the white colonist and the red-skinned aborigines of America, in view of the relations between them. The short-

SIBERIAN TARTARS: THEIR MOSQUE.

[1] Verse in the original.

lived friendship sometimes existing between them was too evidently exceptional to be worth consideration.

BASCHKIR MAN.

An enterprising Russian of the sixteenth century had no outlet for his energies save beyond the Ural. The unbelieving Turanian world pressed hard on the border peasant in the south, while at home life was made unbearable by severe laws and customs. The forest roads and waterways through Perm to the virgin lands beyond attracted the emigrants of that age, just as during the first horrors of the Mongol yoke our northern forests attracted them. Thither the tireless Tartar warrior did not venture to follow the exile ploughman and the industrious monk, that persistent pioneer of Russian ways and spirit. In the days we speak of the former Tartar warrior was represented by the *oprichniki*,[1] and personified in the wrath of Ivan the Terrible, and the grim consequences following on it. But there, 'beyond the rich Biarmia' of classical writers, lay the yet more wealthy land of the Obi, with its many waters and its boundless expanse, ready to the hand of the hunter and the gold-seeker, with whole worlds of unknown extent lying beyond it along the Yenisei and the Lena, beyond Lake Baikal and along the Amoor. In a very short time small bodies of bold adventurers had crossed it to the Pacific. This could take place only because they did not feel themselves in a foreign land, but found something very homelike in Siberia. That which seems to us such a gigantic enterprise did not in the least disturb the simple minds of Yermak, Khabaroff, Poyarkoff, now forgotten, although in their way they were great men.

BASCHKIR WOMAN.

To forget Moscow in the hour of success, and not to recognise their organic connection with it, would have seemed even to the chiefs of these bands an act of flagrant sinfulness and unpardonable treason. Their love for their fatherland required that the conquerors should send home trophies of their victory, and that the leader of the movement should, in the language of the Russian ballads, 'lay before the Tsar his head, and with his head the realm of Siberia.' This spirit, ever inherent in the Russian people, exists to the present day. I can quote a marvellous instance of this. Hearing that certain deserters from the Russian army had fled to Persia, where for their remarkable courage and good counsel in warfare against the border tribes the Shah had given them a position at court, making them captains of his bodyguard and

[1] The guards of Ivan the Terrible.

offering them fortunes on condition of embracing Islam, the Emperor Nicholas I. despatched to them from the Caucasus an officer of the famous 44th Nizhnenovgorod Dragoons, to reason with the deserters, to awake repentance in their hearts, and to bring them home again. The officer went on his errand at the risk of his life. At first the men would not even hear of returning, but gradually growing troubled in their minds, they decided to give themselves up to justice, and consented to renounce advantages they had won with their blood, if only the Tsar would have mercy on them and receive his guilty subjects back again into his service! In what country

OSTIAKS (FROM A SIBERIAN PICTURE).

shall we seek for similarly striking examples of the deepest disinterestedness and boundless devotion to the monarch?

In contrast to the merciless warfare waged against the indigenous population by the white colonisers of America, for instance, it is worth noting the comparatively humane bearing of the Russian lower classes towards the social regimen and natural rights of people of a different race. If tribes like the Samoyeds, the Ostiaks, and the wandering Tunguses die out from changed economic conditions, it is not because of any oppression on the part of the ruling race, but because civilisation often acquaints savages with passions and vices which meet with no opposition in their nature. The fault here lies not in the newly introduced and somewhat primitive form of material culture, but in the weak characters which perish from contact with it, as moths meet death in the candle's flame. It cannot be denied that these vanishing races might have found living-room for another century in the wilds of northern Siberia. Such natives as

have not fallen victims to temptation wander about freely year after year hunting and fishing, occupying themselves as before with reindeer-breeding on a large scale. Natives of a more marked national character (such as the Yakuts and Buriats) have not gone down before the peaceful advance of the Russians, but in some places (as, for instance, in the Trans-Baikal, even at the time when the less far-seeing inhabitants of what is now the Government of Irkutsk still fought against the Cossacks) received the handful of pioneers from the West in a friendly manner; soon entered into physical and moral union with the stranger heroes; and imparted to the children of the latter, and to the following generations of eastern Siberia, the physical stamp of their race, but combined with the speech, the faith, and the impetuousness of the Russian.

GILJAK.

After a survey of the exhibition, H.I. Highness visited the factory of Molchanoff, Pechatnoff, and Co., to see the process of manufacturing brick tea, of which some 170,000 boxes are annually exported from China by Russian firms. The greater part of this business is in the hands of the Molchanoff firm, which employs about one thousand coolies. Tokmakoff, Molotkoff, and Co. produce about twenty-five per cent. less.

The illustrious travellers dine with our consul at the house of the Molchanoff firm, and then watch the illuminations. The whole of the European quarter is in a blaze of light, proceeding from thousands of lanterns and numerous transparencies bearing congratulatory inscriptions. An enormous crowd, consisting of the European colony and a countless throng of Chinese, surround the travellers, keeping exemplary order, however. At first sight it seemed very difficult to return to the steamer without delay, for the river was so completely covered with the boats

SAMOYEDS (MEN).

QUAY AT HANKOW.

of the curious natives that it appeared as if one could cross to the *Vladivostok* dry-shod. But it was enough for a parting 'hurrah!' to ring out from the bank, and the throng of boats at once respectfully made way for the launch.

MONDAY, *April* 8/20.

To-day, before noon, a visit is to be paid to Chang-chi-dun, who lives on the Yang-tse-kiang, some four miles above Hankow. H.I. Highness is to proceed thither under his own flag, but on the Viceroy's yacht, escorted by the *Koreyets* and the *Bobr*. The persistent reports of the intense antagonistic feeling of the authorities and the population against all foreigners do not concern us. The Chinese know very well who deserves their enmity: they do not dream of arranging a demonstration against us, to the disappointment of our European enemies. On the contrary, that staunch conservative, Chang-chi-dun, will show them openly what his people thinks of Russia. The coming reception promises to be even more magnificent than that at Canton. For the sake of effect, however, it will not take place at the residence of the Viceroy. Wu-chang, the capital of the province of Hupeh, situated on the right bank of the river, contains three hundred thousand inhabitants. It is surrounded with mighty walls, and is said to be strongly fortified. Certainly, there are four hundred guns at its disposal. It has been decided to receive the Cesarewitch, not amid the dirty crowded streets of the native city, but on the picturesque Han-yan hill opposite, where the Chin-chun-kow temple, with the so-called 'pavilion of the radiant river,' rises on the cliff near the beautiful 'island of parrots and birds,' sung by the poets of China. It is there that the official lunch is to take place. In the Celestial Empire certain temples, especially those of Confucius, are regarded as a kind of club, where one may gather for tea-drinking and conversation.

GILIAK WOMAN.

NATIVE SIBERIAN SPORTSMAN.

As we proceed slowly against the stream on our way to the Viceroy's residence, salutes thunder forth without ceasing from the fortifications of Wu-chang: long lines of troops on either bank discharge their rifles in greeting. Some fifty native gunboats escort the imperial guest up the Yang-tse-kiang, all glittering in the sun and covered with sailing-vessels. At the landing-place, where he is received by Chang-chi-dun, the yellow Imperial litter awaits him, borne, according to etiquette, by eight men. For Prince George of Greece there is the green palanquin with four bearers. The way up the hill is covered with an awning and decorated with flowers in porcelain pots. At the endless banquet in the gold-embroidered tent, amid the flag-adorned temple-buildings, the Viceroy drinks the health of the

Emperor and the Empress of Russia, adding that China well realises the importance of the Cesarewitch's visit and the value of the continuance of such friendly relations between the two countries. The Cesarewitch proposes the health of the Emperor and the Dowager-Empress of China.

At a comparatively recent period the site of Hankow was occupied by a simple trading settlement, which began to increase rapidly after the suppression of the Tai-ping rebellion. Hankow, which, owing to favourable topographical circumstances, grew up out of one of the suburbs of Han-yan, now numbers, along with the latter, about one million inhabitants. Four-

SAMOYED WITH DOG-SLEDGE.

fifths of them live in the former, a little to the west of the European quarter, where there are only some three hundred and seventy foreigners.

The annual transactions of the port, which forms a kind of store for the goods coming from the province of Sechuan, amount to about ten million pounds sterling. The number of Chinese vessels visiting it is from twenty to twenty-five thousand, representing a tonnage of one million. The export, which is twice as great as the import, consists principally, next to tea, of silk, tobacco, hides, tallow, oil, wax, musk, and rhubarb. Four lines of steamers, in active operation, connect this growing town with Shanghai.

Nevertheless, the merchants of the place have some reason to be dissatisfied with the impossibility of discharging cargo directly at the landing-place. The anchorage at Hankow is very inconvenient for large vessels, on account of the eddies caused by the large Han river, which falls into the Yang-tse-kiang just above it. The bottom, too, is very sandy, and anchors sink in it too deeply, holding so fast that sometimes cables are broken, in consequence of which steamers are lost, at times, in rough weather. To anchor near the bank is impossible. It is

GROUP OF BURIATS.

to be hoped, of course, that modern technical improvements will supply means for overcoming these inconveniences. In any case, the future of the port is a great one. Inundations are

NATIVES OF AMOOR.

not uncommon in Hankow, the Yang-tse-kiang sometimes rising as much as fifty feet in the summer-time.

Though the European quarter is sheltered by a dam of stone, yet the resistless flow of the muddy river sometimes floods even the well-kept avenues of this part of the city.

CHAPTER XXXV

TUESDAY, *April* 9/21.

YESTERDAY H.I. Highness was present at a dinner given in his honour by the whole Russian colony, to which, besides the Grand Duke's suite and the officers of the *Koreyets* and the *Bobr*, about one hundred and forty guests were invited, including a number of foreigners.

This morning the illustrious travellers visited the brick-works of Tokmakoff, Molotkoff, and Co., after which they took tea with the representatives of the firm. Next they visited a large home for little Chinese girls abandoned by their destitute parents, which is attached to the local Catholic monastery and is in charge of the Italian nuns.

The first institution of this kind on Chinese territory was founded about 1596 at Macao, under the name of Santa Casa de Misericordia, and did not appear anything extraordinary to the Chinese, the country having always regarded as a public duty the care of orphans and of such children as are temporarily a heavy burden to their parents. Afterwards, when the children were naturally brought up as Christians, and not given up to their relations when the latter wished to resume their charge, the Chinese from their point of view regarded this line of action as altogether unjustifiable, and the philanthropic endeavours of the nuns aroused inimical feelings in the populace.

CHINESE CHILD.

There is a very widely spread idea that the Chinese are such thorough wretches as to leave their new-born offspring to the mercy of fate, almost even casting them to the dogs. Yet it is well known that in no country do men exhibit so much love for their children (and that, too, on religious grounds) as in the Celestial Empire. These two diametrically opposite views find their explanation in the fact that poverty-stricken Chinese are unable sometimes to support their little children, and willingly surrender to strangers,

or place in the local foundling asylums, their girl babies, in whom they take no pride, though they regard boys as gifts from Heaven. An accurate statistical parallel between the cases of parental cruelty in the West and in China would not be at all in favour of the former. Knowing this, however vaguely, and seeing at every step the soulless egotism of the 'white race' from beyond the seas, which in the persons of a small number of the elect dares to preach the principles of Divine love to the 'yellow barbarians,' while their countrymen discredit these same lofty truths in the eyes of the indignant natives by their cannon and their merciless exactions, is there anything to wonder at in the estrangement of the popular masses from the sincerely

GROUP OF COSSACKS.

zealous 'angels of light and mercy' who come hither to help the suffering, to save the perishing, and to remedy evil? 'Why do you not devote yourselves to this work in your own land, where there is no small amount of social disorder?' ask Chinese patriots searchingly.

A certain amount of reserve and mystery with which the nuns are accustomed to surround themselves; the considerable mortality among the children in their charge, who often come into their hands completely worn out with hunger and sickness; reports, spread by the foes of order, that the children are killed for purposes of witchcraft, and their flesh used for the preparation of certain magical compounds—all these things taken together hamper the mission of these devoted women. None here can understand the sorrowful figure of the Christian woman who has renounced her home and all the temptations of the world, and nightly bends in prayer over the cradle of some ailing Chinese baby.

The Hankow sisters attached to the Catholic monastery, which also supports an asylum for aged natives and a small hospital, have about five hundred girls in their charge. Some of them live under strict superintendence in the care of special nurses in the environs of the town. The elder girls learn reading, writing, and sewing here, and are afterwards married to native converts. According to a barbarous custom, the girls have their feet distorted from childhood, otherwise husbands could not be found for them, even among the converts.

In the afternoon a farewell lunch on the *Vladivostok* is given to the members of the Russian colony, after which the Cesarewitch visits the gunboat *Bobr*.

Before the anchor is weighed (between five and six o'clock), Chang-chi-dun, who is a well-known author, sends the Cesarewitch a poem of his own composition, written on a fan, and another addressed to Prince George.

IMMIGRANTS IN SIBERIA.

For some distance down the river the Cesarewitch is attended by a steamer loaded with all the Russians of the place, and, further down, by another with representatives of each firm on board.

The weather has broken up. It is beginning to rain, and the air is colder. A hearty cheer follows the *Vladivostok* on her way.

WEDNESDAY, *April* 10/22.

Early in the morning we stop at another point on the river, where there are Russian interests. Kiu-kiang, which suffered much during the Taiping rebellion, and is only now regaining its former appearance, lies on the right bank of the river, in a fertile, hilly country. To the south lie picturesque hills, while right opposite the town, on the other bank, is a dreary plain.

It is in this relatively small but commercially highly important town that the hill-girdled Kiang-si province finds its best natural outlet for its goods, in exchange for the wares of other provinces and countries. Tea plays an important part here, as do delf and porcelain from the celebrated factories of Kiu-tê-shên. During the disturbances thirty years ago, when hundreds of factories in the district were destroyed, many secrets of the trade were lost—the trade which still supports tens of thousands of artisans.

The distance to Hankow is one hundred and sixty miles, to Shanghai about five hundred and twenty. Though the area of the town is large, there are more fields and orchards in it than houses. Barely a hundred Europeans live here.

Here the Cesarewitch inspects two Russian tea-factories and an exhibition of porcelain-ware

from the neighbouring Government works; the articles are all of very mediocre quality. This branch of industry is evidently in its decline, as compared with what it is in the West. The days are gone by when Chinese vases, valued at their weight in gold, were exported to Egypt, and adorned the palaces of Indian sovereigns.

The journey down the Yang-tse-kiang is devoid of any particular interest. Owing to our speed the landscape shifts and changes too rapidly. The only places on the river that call for any attention are Wuhu, a suburb of Nankin, and Wusung. The former is remarkable for the repeated massacres of Europeans which have taken place there. The lower classes are much embittered against the missionaries and the English. They decline to submit to reprisals; they refuse obedience to the demands of their timid rulers, and are ready at any moment to rise against their stranger enemy, regarding him (even when he comes in the garb of a preacher), as a wolf in sheep's clothing.

The principal buildings that strike the eye on nearing Wuhu are the houses of the Presbyterian and the Jesuit missions, the British Consulate and the Custom House. A seven-storied pagoda stands on a hill in the distance. The business of the town amounts to more than two million sterling per annum, the export rapidly becoming greater than the import. Beds of coal have been found in the neighbourhood. In course of time the district will undoubtedly be widely developed.

By order of the Emperor the authorities of Nankin have long been preparing a grand reception for the Cesarewitch in the mediæval capital of China. For this purpose even the few remaining monuments of antiquity have been restored. The finest of them were destroyed by the rebels in the middle of the century. Nankin itself is invisible from the river, only the chimneys of its arsenal and the roofs of some of the pagodas being visible in the distance.

A near-lying branch of the Yang-tse-kiang is fortified here: the batteries are well masked by the trees. On the same bank with the suburb of the former capital a fort has been erected on the 'lion' hill, so called because of its shape. Opposite it lies Kiang-pu, a town which, on the fall of the Ming dynasty, was the first in the province to declare for the advancing Manjus, for which it suffered severely from the rulers of Nankin in those days.

The Cesarewitch was met near Nankin by the superior local officials, with an invitation to visit the city, where a beautiful palace had been prepared for his reception. But the days of the excursion were numbered, and the visit to the objects of interest here could not take place.

At the Saddle Islands, which we reached on April 13/25, we found the *Pamiat Azova*, which had returned for the Grand Duke from the Land of the Rising Sun. The thirty-six hours' passage was as usual a favourable one.

A range of rosy-tipped hills rises up before us on the dim horizon. They become bluer and more distinct. Japan is in sight!

Rocks and a dense mass of verdure lie on either side. The long narrow inlet leading up to Nagasaki, with a range of wooded heights overhanging it, is so original and beautiful that at first it almost seems artificial; it seems just like a picture on some lacquered tray or cupboard brought from the far East.

When the thunder of the salute fired by our Pacific squadron and the other men-of-war in the harbour has ceased, the air still rings with the prolonged and deafening cheers from the

great steamer *Orel*, belonging to the Russian Volunteer Fleet. On it are the engineers detailed to build the railway from Vladivostok, the materials for it, and the recruits for the army in the Ussuri province. As one looks on this floating city, bearing to our misty shores the promise of a near and mighty awakening, the imagination depicts a brilliant picture of the glorious development awaiting eastern Russia.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THERE was much to hear and to think over on the way to Japan, while the *Pamiat Azova* ploughed her way smoothly through the ocean towards the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' or, more correctly, 'the Home of the Orb of Day.' Our officers, who had just returned from it, were charmed with the country, with the air and brightness of its spring, with its eagerness to advance along the path of Western progress, with the civility of the Japanese and the thoughtfulness they displayed towards foreigners. The sceptical voices of the more experienced officers, raised in warning against too great an enthusiasm for the new institutions of a people strange to Europe and with a prehistoric civilisation, were lost in the general chorus of thoroughly sympathetic views. It will be the more interesting to verify, during our stay of four or five weeks in the domains of the Mikado, these mutually exclusive opinions of his subjects and the true nature of the spirit inspiring them. Just now everything in this country is full of unexpected and contradictory contrasts, and presents a network of mysterious devices of a political character for preventing a foreign irruption into the native social system. The Japanese, suddenly assuming a place amid the civilised nations of the world, appear to the unprejudiced eye altogether incomprehensible in their rooted tendency to exalt in their most secret thoughts and feelings their ancient world, barbarous as it seems to a foreign eye, while at the same time grasping at all foreign novelties; while carrying their imitation of contemporary Europe and America to the greatest extremes; while despising the stranger in their hearts, yet submissively learning of him. It is clear that a people with such a diseased national self-conceit, yet with such wonderfully disciplined tact in their dealings with their more powerful rivals in the arena of the world, must sooner or later express itself definitely and doff its mask of assumed politeness.

The spirit of ancient Japan is called by patriots *yamato damashiyi*. The former word, used geographically, denoted the centre of the state in the archipelago peopled by the Mongolo-Malays, and exists even unto the present day.

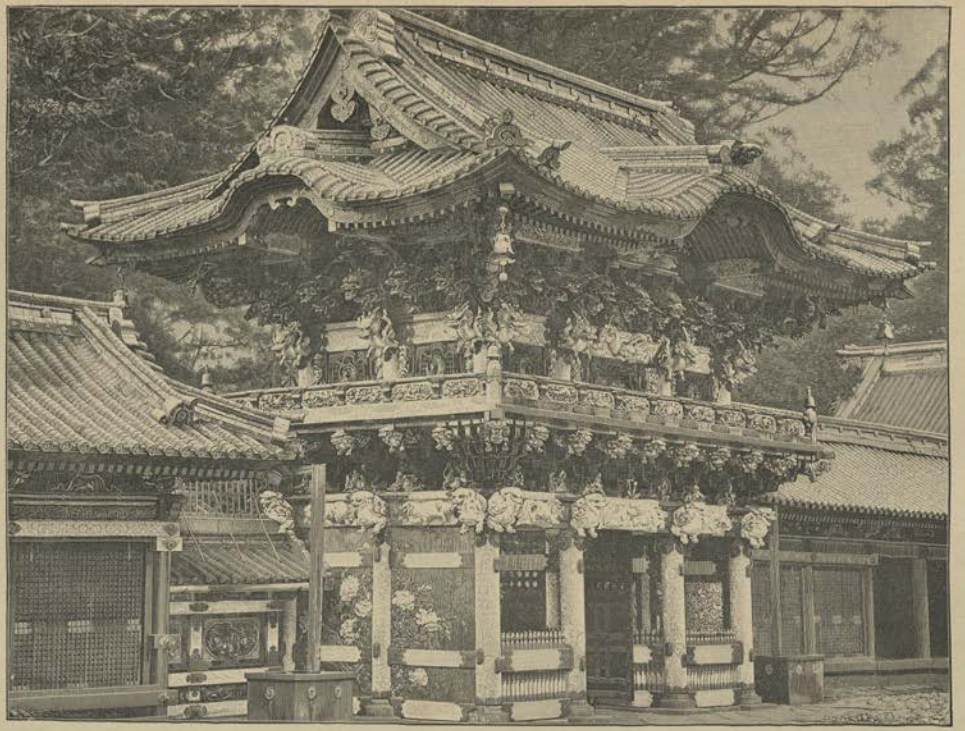
Speaking without prejudice, is there not too much savageness in the spirit, so belauded by tourists, of the *samurai* of the feudal epoch? The people worship, for instance, in one of the cemeteries of the capital, at the graves of the forty-seven faithful followers of a certain native prince, who acted literally as follows:—When their master, after a quarrel with another more influential and aged nobleman, committed suicide according to custom, they swore vengeance against the offender. For a long time they pretended to have forgotten their oath, but afterwards they penetrated in disguise into their enemy's house, succeeded in lulling his vigilance, took advantage of a favourable opportunity, and with great civility, making obeisance to the defenceless old man whom they had entrapped, cut off his head. Having washed their bloody trophy, the murderers carefully bore it to the grave of their prince, and then, by sentence of the authorities, disembowelled themselves.

OLD ARMOUR.

In what country, and in what age, could a series of such occurrences rouse the admiration of the masses? Yet crowds of people gather to do honour to the ashes of these devoted servants —these 'martyrs' to 'duty and honour' according to Japanese ideas. They regard them as something almost sacred, lay flowers on their graves, burn incense there, preserve their arms and their blood-stained garments in the temple, and leave visiting-cards on their tombs. There have even been cases of suicide committed here in memory of these 'great heroes.' To complete their immortality, statues have been erected to them. It is clear that to the Western mind such views must seem at the very least incomprehensible, just as it is incomprehensible how the Japanese can pride themselves, as on real monuments of glory, on the mounds in which lie buried heaps of Korean ears and noses, brought from the continent after campaigns against their feeble neighbours. Yet such is actually the case!

Something strange lies at the bottom of the relations of civilised European nations towards their rapidly progressing younger brother of the far East. There is an element of disdain where penetration of a politico-economical character would be in place, especially at a time when these islanders are being violently drawn out of their seclusion into the boiling current of universal politics.

Japanese art, for instance, is inimitable, yet it should not be lauded to the skies in the extravagant manner which is now so common. The subjects of the Mikado manufacture wonderfully artistic *cloisonné* enamel and varnishes, exhibit extraordinary patience in the production of incrusted bronze, silk embroidery, and other things. No Western artist can give one, with a few strokes of the brush, so vivid and pleasing a picture of a plant or an animal as can any experienced draughtsman in the 'Land of the Rising Sun'; but his gift is confined to the reproduction of the external and lower forms of nature. To use his art in an inspired fashion, representing man in organic connection with the higher world (as we understand it), is beyond



BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN JAPAN.

the genius of a Japanese, who is too fast bound by the traditional conventionalisms of the somnolent Chinese world, which ignores the ideal on earth. There is neither symmetry, perspective, nor light and shade! All his work has the air of a vignette, of decorative art.

The authors who treat of it from the most different points of view pay too little attention to the feverish haste of the natives superficially to assimilate a foreign civilisation, foreign views, even foreign dress. In this respect the young generation has perhaps gone too far. The spirit of emancipation has touched even the simple-hearted Japanese women.

The female students of Tokio attend the University, read the papers, and follow the course of politics. A resolution passed by their national parliament forbidding them to be present at their meetings called forth a strong protest from the advanced countrywomen of the Mikado. Yet the native social system does not in the least lead up to such a state of matters. On the contrary, the inferior position of woman here is very marked. The passage from it to the purely theoretical liberty of absorbing foreign ideas of radical progress is as wild an anachronism as if the sedate inmates of the ancient Muscovite women's apartments were suddenly to become the short-haired lady-students (political emigrants from Russia) who may be seen in the streets of Zurich or Geneva.

WOMAN OF INASSA.

Along with this unnatural haste to attain to a one-sided perfection, as it were, and to outgrow themselves, the islanders are inspired with a more and more risky nationalistic craving to extend their supremacy in the Pacific.

A little while ago Japan invented a new military flag. Instead of a red disk on a white ground, it now bears a disk with eight broad rays proceeding from it, intended to symbolise the currents streaming forth from this 'young' country. May not this explain the demand for a considerable army, for which there is no use, excepting on the continent? The days are not yet long past when the *auri sacra fames* brought Westerners of all races to this most populous archipelago of the far East. At present the current is beginning to turn, and millions are preparing unseen, having chosen the rich land of Korea, along with Manjuria and stagnant China, with her inexhaustible resources, as their base of operation, to begin their traditional struggle with haughty Europe. What will the future then bring forth?

Having outstripped (whether for long, or only for a short time, no one can venture to say) their clumsy giant of a neighbour, a country capable of finding satisfaction in the rule of any dynasty of conquerors from the north, the Japanese at once set to work to develop their industrial forces and extend their commercial relations.

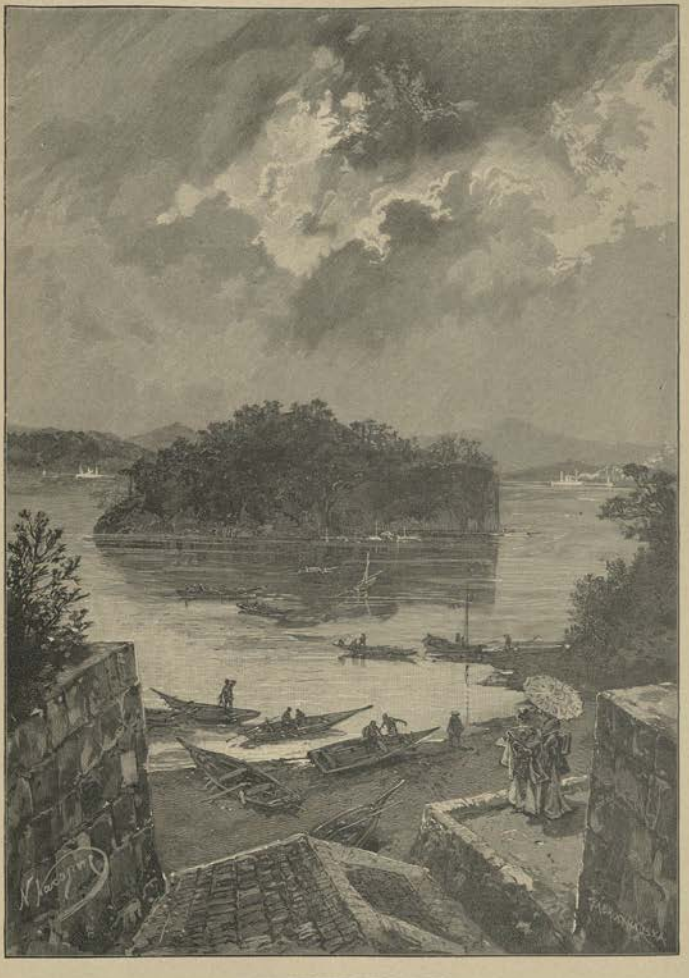
They have managed to organise, and in the course of fifteen years to treble, their enormous export of green tea to America, which formerly procured it from the Celestial Empire. They have drawn to their cotton-mills hundreds of thousands of cheap and skilful hands, have introduced model machinery, have considerably undermined the import of foreign cotton goods, and have indirectly caused the ruin of several cotton-mills in England. Regarded from a distance,

this far-off little nook of the globe appears to us toylike and amusing. But if we take into consideration the life pulsating in the depths of its energetic population, then the picture undergoes a marked change. Thence—from the land of cleverly drawn pheasants and incombustible lacquer-work—an elemental danger of undistinguishable nature creeps nearer and nearer to the careless West, like the crawling fogs enveloping passing ships in the straits of Formosa! It must not be forgotten that the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' with its 3850 islands, has a population of more than forty million souls.

The Japanese have a very peculiar past and a very problematic future. In ancient times they borrowed the elements of culture from China, principally through the Korean peninsula, and like the Tibetans, in spite of their warlike nature, they adopted Buddhism. In mediæval times they boldly sailed as far as Malacca, instituted relations with Siam and Annam, readily learned from foreigners, and in no way stood aloof from the Asiatic family of nations. On the advent of the Europeans, the natives at first rejoiced at the apparent advantages of friendship with them, but were soon confounded and disenchanted. The political bond between the missionaries and the Christian converts; their enmity towards the native faith; the bloody dissensions arising from the collision of two such markedly distinct principles; the deep-felt longing for an idyllic, peaceful life amid the material development attained to by their ancestors, even at the price of isolation from other nations—all these things combined to hasten the crisis initiated by the arrival of the white men on the shores of Japan. At the entrance to the bay of Nagasaki one may see the grey wooded island of Papenberg, whence in the seventeenth century the infuriated populace cast into the water by thousands the converts of the Catholic missionaries, who were themselves crucified at the same time. Moved by religious enmity, the Dutch assisted the heathen in this massacre, being rewarded by the monopoly of trade in the archipelago.

BASKET MERCHANT.

Japan then closed her gates against foreigners for a long time. Severe laws forbade the natives any friendship or solidarity of commercial interests with the outer world so hateful to the Government. Inquiring minds, not above thoughts of foreign lands, could gain fragmentary information about them only from the captive merchants of the Dutch factory of Deshima, in Nagasaki, who were sometimes brought from the place of their dreary captivity before the



ISLAND OF PAPENBERG, NEAR NAGASAKI.

harbour, rarely visited by their countrymen, to the capital, to offer presents to the Government. The West, for its part, knew scarcely anything of the inner life of this quaint kingdom, until Japan was sternly required to explain by what right the ships of civilised nations were denied shelter in bad weather, or simply convenient anchorage, in the harbours of the 'Land of the Rising Sun.' Not even rude savages, who had learned by sad experience to respect the will of the white stranger, denied this meagre hospitality. When this historic moment arrived, the Japanese, happy in their peaceful seclusion, contented with their lot and with the character of their Government, which had brought them to complete domestic calm after a period of severe internal dissensions, looked with alarm and indignation on the guns of the enemy directed against their flourishing coast. Whether the foe had any moral right to force on a whole people the negative blessings of a foreign material civilisation, or whether he acted in a spirit of licence, is a question for history to decide. For us Russians, whom this will one day concern more than any one else, it is of consequence to remember that it was not we who artificially and violently roused our self-opinionated island neighbours from their pleasant two hundred years' lethargy. When arousing them from it, the humane Lord Elgin justly entered in his diary the doubt whether the awakening might not lead to their misery and ruin.

VEGETABLE SELLER.

The nine days from April 15 to April 23 (O.S.) the Cesarewitch passes at Nagasaki. In solemn quiet pass the days of Passion Week on board the ships of our squadron. All hearts are full of the spirit of prayer. Amid this exotic world home seems very near, yet at the same time inconceivably far away.

During this week, and for some days afterwards, the illustrious travellers visited the town and its environs, as far as possible *incognito*, the official landing being postponed until the week after Easter Week.

One of the most interesting excursions was that to Inasa, always mentioned by English writers as the 'Russian settlement,' or the 'Russian village.' Shortly after the Crimean War, when the Russian frigate *Askold*, commanded by Captain Unkofsky, was nearly wrecked in a typhoon, and was saved only by the exertions of the first officer Zelyónoy (now Governor of Odessa) and the lieutenant, my father, who mounted to the yards along with a few sailors to cut away some of the rigging, some six hundred of her crew found shelter and a cordial welcome at the Buddhist temple of Gosindzi ('the temple of good understanding') while their ship was being repaired. The inhabitants of the village made friends with the Russians, learned some-

thing of their language, and adapted themselves to Russian customs. In two of the local hotels one may obtain our national dishes, our wines and spirits, and so on. There is even a Japanese restaurant for sailors entitled 'Cronstadt.' The Russian visitor of Inasa is greeted by the inhabitants with friendly smiles and pleasant looks.

The most interesting part of it is the cemetery, where lie certain of our countrymen, whose graves are cared for by the friendly hands of comrades. The tombstones of the privates differ very little in appearance from those of the sergeants. Of monuments there are scarcely any to

TEMPLE OF GOSINDZI

be seen. Only one of the graves is adorned with a well-executed broken anchor. Hard by lies the former Dutch cemetery and a number of stone lotuses marking the graves of Buddhist priests. It is in such company that our sailors sleep their last long sleep in this beautiful foreign land! From the slopes of the low hill set apart for the dead there is a wondrously beautiful view of the bay and of the heights that encircle it. A mass of dense undergrowth comes right up to the hill and surrounds the ashes of the dead with softly rustling, impenetrable foliage, which seems to converse in whispers with the earth.

The Cesarewitch visits the Russian cemetery, and then enters the house of the Buddhist priest Okamura, who has long been superintendent of it. There are only four ecclesiastics

attached to the temple of Gosindzi. The oldest of them still remembers Unkofsky, the commander of the *Askold*, and one of his lieutenants (my father), who resided in the monastery during the repair of the frigate. By a curious coincidence, their two eldest sons have now come here on the *Pamiat Azova*.

H.I. Highness takes tea with the highly delighted priest, to whom he gives his portrait as an acknowledgment of his care for the graves of the Russian sailors. Before returning to the harbour, we make a cursory survey of the Gosindzi temple, which contains a comparatively small number of objects of worship. On both sides of the statues of Buddha situated in the middle of the sacred building stand, lining the walls, little cases, each surmounted by the arms of the family to which it belongs, and containing a clock, a small idol, and a tablet inscribed with names of the owner's ancestors.

BONZE OKAMURA.

On the departure of the Cesarewitch the monk Okamura wraps in a special cover the chair on which the Grand Duke sat, and sets it aside, so that no one in future shall touch his treasure.

There seems to be nothing easier for Russians than to get on with Asiatics. We agree so well with one another in our views of the most important and vital questions, that a certain close spiritual kinship soon comes to the front. In spite of the deep, almost radical, difference in their national psycho-physical characters, the Japanese and the lower-class Russian stand nearer to each other, in a kind of fraternal relationship, than to Europeans. The child of the 'Land of the Rising Sun' instinctively feels in us a part of that vast spiritual world which mystics as well as pedantic scholars call by that vague name 'the East,' that is, the home of a creative calm whence great peace-makers and sovereigns have periodically come forth into the arena of history to illuminate and sanctify our troubled world.

It was not the constitutional West, certainly, that conceived the prototypes of those autocratic kings and those heralds of the truth in whom, according to the sincere and touching belief of the masses, there dwell, ever labouring in the cause of good, souls near to perfection, which have already passed through a long series of mutually dependent incarnations and moral experiences. In the eyes of a thousand million of men, conscious, in a certain sense, of their convictions, the only really supreme sovereign is the anointed of the Lord. In him the Hindus see the incarnation of Siva or of Krishna-Vishnu; the Chinese, the reflection of Heaven; the Japanese, a descendant of the 'goddess of the Sun'; the Mongols and the Tibetans, a creative ray from the Buddhas. Their idea is the same: by the will of an unseen power the throne and the sceptre can become the portion and the attributes of those exceptional beings alone who

at once, from childhood, enter into the region of purely material reality and complicated relations to mankind in general, while remaining ever mysteriously in touch with the supersensuous side of nature.

On Easter Sunday, after lunch, the illustrious travellers watch an amusing exhibition of Japanese fireworks, and dine on board the frigate *Admiral Nakhimoff*, where they are afterwards entertained by the sailors with some very good private theatricals. The officers of the frigate row the Cesarewitch back to his cruiser. In the warm darkness the water sparkles with a phosphorescent light as it is touched by the oars. The whole bay is buried in sleep. The air is wondrously mild. How beautiful are the soft, vague outlines of this harbour, at no remote period all but closed against foreigners!

TEMPLE GUARDIAN.

This morning, April 22 (May 4), it is very animated. To-morrow we leave for Kagosima. A body of Russian gunboats, commanded by flag-captain S. Th. Bauer, has already gone ahead to Kobe. Amid the thunder of salutes the *Pamiat Azova* is visited by the young prince Arisugava, with his suite, who has come hither to greet the welcome guest of the Japanese Government. H.I. Highness is a near relative of the Mikado, and was even temporarily regarded as heir to the throne. While visiting Europe for the completion of his education he was cordially received at the Russian court.

Hitherto the Grand Duke had been here unofficially, so to speak. True, about a week ago, at dawn of day, the Japanese man-of-war, *Takao-kan*, came out to meet us near Papenberg Island, and when we anchored, at nine in the morning, the local authorities, along with our ambassador, M. Shevitch, our consul, M. de Vollant, and two dragomans, came on board to present themselves, while the Russian 'hurrah!' pealed forth from the steamer *Orel*, on its way to Vladivostok with recruits. Such manifestations were not enough. The Japanese, knowing who had come hither, expected greater honours and closer relations to be the share of the visitors to their native land. Is it not proposed to spend more than a month in Japan, to see it and enjoy it in full? Has not our visit given rise to rather too much interest in the native press, suspicious beyond measure in its unripeness, and looking for some deep and hidden political meaning in it?

PADMAPÂNI.

GODDESS OF MERCY.

JAPANESE BUDDHA.

KWANNON GRIEVING OVER THE SORROWS OF THE WORLD.

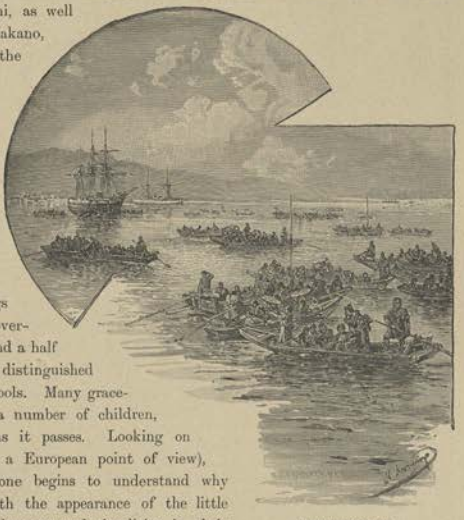
ANCIENT JAPANESE BUDDHAS.

PROTECTOR OF THE NORTHERN PORTION OF THE WORLD.

IDOLS FROM JAPANESE PANTHEON.

An hour after the visit of the prince, who on an earlier occasion had lunched *incognito* with the Cesarewitch on board the *Pamiat Azova*, H.I. Highness and Prince George land in state. The town shakes as from an earthquake with the salutes that are fired. Bands are playing, and the yards are manned. At the Ohato landing H.I. Highness is received by Prince Arisugava, the gentlemen detached to accompany H.I. Highness, namely, Lieutenant-General Kavakami, Rear-Admiral Ito, well known for his progressive views, M. Sannomia, an official of the court standing very near to the person of the Mikado, and the master of the ceremonies, Baron Madenokosi, who speaks Russian, and is a member of the Russian Orthodox Church. There were also present M. Yamano-uchi, as well as the Governor of Nagasaki, M. Nakano, and the principal members of the local administration.

It has been raining hard since morning. The weather, which cleared up a little when we landed, has grown worse again, and we take our seats in *jinrikshas* under a downpour of rain, of which the spectators take scarcely any notice, though but poorly protected by their umbrellas of oiled paper. The way runs in zig-zags up-hill to the residence of the Governor. It is lined for about a mile and a half by officials, volunteers in uniform, distinguished citizens, and pupils of different schools. Many graceful girls, among whom there are a number of children, gently smile on the procession as it passes. Looking on these artless, plain-featured (from a European point of view), and monotonously typical faces, one begins to understand why tourists are generally charmed with the appearance of the little natives. There is so much good-humour and simplicity in their features.



OFF TO KAGOSIMA.

Japanese streets, generally speaking, swarm with children: shaven little babies (with two or three locks of hair on their heads) hang at the backs of the elder children, sometimes not much older than themselves. Every one of these tiny beings is prettiness itself. The most amusing are the girls, with their hair arranged in a style far beyond their years, their walk, and their manners preternaturally sedate. At five or six years old such a miniature woman goes to school, learns to count, read, and write (not a very easy thing in the complicated 'kana' script), to embroider elegantly, and to make tea according to all the complicated rules of Japanese etiquette.

At the Governor's residence the members of his family are presented to the Cesarewitch.

While luncheon is being prepared, a native artist, kneeling and resting his elbows on the floor of the reception-room, exhibits his skill in drawing, sketching outlines of various objects with wonderful speed and correctness.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

Etiquette requires us to enter the inner apartments without our Western footgear. We are asked to wear special, very uncomfortable, cotton slippers (*tabi*), more like stockings than anything else. The fact is that here, where there are neither chairs nor polished floors, all is covered with clean white mats, and the very idea of entering in boots alarms the careful host.

Lunch is served in a narrow room, not unlike a covered verandah. Right before it, beyond the open windows, lies a little garden which is almost devoid of vegetation.

We sit on a floor covered with cushions, and have the wall at our backs. Their Highnesses are seated on a low dais. Before the guests stand little tables (*dzen*) with lacquer-work plates and saucers and chopsticks. Maid-servants (among whom, probably owing to the importance of the occasion, are several ladies nearly related to the family) bring in the dishes and offer them, kneeling to the guests. These splendidly attired figures are most original. Their long trailing dresses are covered with valuable embroidery; their broad sashes (*obi*) are tied in a large bow, spreading out like wings; their raven-black hair is dressed with great care and adorned with flowers,

BRONZE STATUES OF BUDDHA.

coral-headed pins, and tortoise-shell combs. This wonderful headdress is so complicated, and requires so much care and patience on the part of the fair sex, that Japanese ladies, instead of using pillows, place little wooden bolsters under their necks when sleeping.

According to the programme, after lunch we are to visit the more important points above the harbour. Finding nothing about them in the printed guide-books, I apply for information to my Japanese fellow-guests, while yet in the reception-room. Their answers are not of a consoling nature. In Nagasaki itself there is really scarcely anything to see. In an hour's time one may inspect the whole town. The only object of interest is the temple of O'suva, situated on some rising ground. It is one of the sanctuaries of Shintoism, the ancient Japanese religion, somewhat similar to the Shaman doctrines: reverence is shown to the souls of the departed, and the great mystery of the 'path of the gods' (Kami) is vaguely interpreted.

If one mounts a little above the principal court, where stands a great bronze horse, revered by pilgrims, and reached by a stair of stone, ornamented in places by porticoes, one may enjoy a wonderful panorama. The horizon is bordered with wavy ranges of hills, surrounding the bay, whose waters shimmer like coloured marble near the densely wooded shores reflected in them. The neighbouring heights look dreary and desolate; even the play of the sunlight on the dark foliage of the trees has something melancholy in it. On the other hand, below us, the toylike streets, with the bed of a torrent running diagonally across them, swarm with cheerful and animated human beings. In another hour we shall be there ourselves.

MONSTER STATUE OF BUDDHA.

The lunch at Mr. Nakano's house consists of the unsweetened aromatic tea (*o-cha*) prescribed by traditional custom, sweets of different kinds, a specially delicate fish (*tai*), and a kind of paste made of it along with pungent soy, skilfully cooked seaweed (*tamo shiraga*), mosses and roots, Japanese cucumbers (*kiuri*), strangely shaped radishes, chicken broth, minced wild ducks, roast chicken, beans, potatoes, tender bamboo shoots, jellies of vegetables and eggs, rice cake, and other delicacies.

While the dishes are handed round, warm *saki*, a spirit distilled from rice, is served in porcelain cups. Towards the end of dinner it is customary to drink it in the following manner: the host makes the round of his guests and drinks the health of each, sitting on his hams. Next, as a sign of respect, the cup is raised by the drinker to his forehead, and is then rinsed out. He whose health has been drunk responds in exactly the same manner. In the same way people drink to their neighbours at dinner.

In the course of the day we visit several temples (*mia*) of an archaic type, which possess no real interest. The temples raised to the memories of ancestors and heroes are distinguished by the size of the fence around them, by a complete absence of all display, and by the appearance of the priests (*kannushi*), with their loose robes and black, white-striped headgear. Idols there are none. In a little 'holy of holies,' inaccessible to ordinary mortals, lie the emblems of the worship of the sun and of war. The relations of the laity to their religion are the most

TEMPLE.

primitive; bloodless sacrifices are offered to the spirits; solemn ceremonies and public worship are unknown. Near the little temple buildings stands a tea-house with gaily attired girl attendants.

The weather becomes worse and worse. The illustrious travellers make a cursory survey of the city gardens, where tents and bands of music have been prepared for them. We return to the frigate in a downpour of rain. The illuminations arranged for the evening by the people of Nagasaki are not very successful. The poor Japanese are naturally somewhat disappointed by this failure.

TUESDAY, *April* 23 (*May* 5).

This morning the Cesarewitch lunches at the house of our consul, Mr. G. A. de Vollant, and on the way thither inspects the newly built Russian naval infirmary with its chapel.

On a platform just before the last slope on the way to our destination some native fencers armed with sticks exhibit their skill before the Cesarewitch, not without some ardour in their contest. The paths around are crowded with people, who, while celebrating the 'feast of boys,'

GROUP OF COREANS.

in honour of the god Hatchiman (a semi-mythical Mikado, born in the days of the glorious expeditions against Korea), amuse themselves by flying kites.

In the course of the day we are to leave for Kagosima, a stronghold of Shintoism and feudal traditions, whence a reasonable patriotic protest has frequently risen against too hastily introduced reforms and novelties of too progressive a character. Here, during the late internal dissensions, which were of a most threatening character, the powerful Satsuma clan, with its wise prince and best men at its head, worked vigorously for the deposal of the Siogun or Shogun, that is, the commander-in-chief and viceroy of the god-rivalling Mikados, and also for the transfer of the undivided supreme power into the hands of the Mikado, that the country might more easily unite for the great common work of expelling the foreign barbarians.

When the 'direct descendant of the goddess of the Sun' had at last gained the supreme

power in the land, and yet the interference of the hateful foreigners in the political life of the country increased, the defenders of the national ideal were confounded. As time passed, they became more and more disturbed by the growth in Japan of those liberal ideas which led to the establishment of a parliamentary Government. Always conservative and sympathetically disposed towards the Government, Kagosima found itself in a grievous dilemma. A rebellion was not in accordance with the etiquette of the native chivalry, while to wait patiently was not in the nature of the Satsuma nobility. This led to fratricidal collisions, with the result that the constitutionalists gained the upper hand. This means that the mediæval world is passing away into the regions of memory. Undoubtedly it will be interesting to glance, even for a moment, on this nook of a vanishing world, which but a quarter of a century ago was more deliberately strange to Europe than cautious Pekin under the more gifted emperors of the present dynasty. If one listens to the fragmentary remarks of the observant Europeans here, one hears that it is only formally and materially that the Japanese have taken on themselves the yoke of a foreign civilisation which is strange to them in its very essence. Every one of these islanders, however highly educated, regards it, in his heart of hearts, with the utmost contempt. It is prudence alone which counsels them *faire bonne mine au mauvais jeu*. Such a double-faced plan of action will of course some day cost both sides dear—the side that wears the mask and that which confidingly allows itself to be misled. The worst consequences await England, which, to some extent, identifies her commercial and mercenary interests with those of the Japanese. China is too passive and impenetrable a mass to experience the advantages and the disadvantages of the semi-sincere and feverish policy of her Asiatic island neighbour. Russia, opening out for herself new and boundless paths to the Pacific, is too powerful and too full of a firm faith in the future for her advance to be hindered by this state, sympathetic though it be to us Russians. It must be remembered that Japan is only pseudo-youthful, and that she is still greatly hampered by the elements of an effete, almost prehistoric civilisation. The other states are comparatively far off from Japan both in their centres of gravity and in their colonial sphere.

A COREAN.

COREAN POTS.

The development of commercial relations between the 'Land of the Rising Sun' and France, America, and Germany has nothing at all to do with the approach of the crisis of which I speak. The way the English have of regarding other nations exclusively as blind tools for British greed must sooner or later (evidently sooner than optimistic diplomatists expect) call forth an explosion of Japanese self-esteem, which will not be easy to quench. The English press, which has educated Japanese public opinion, or what passes for such, has flattered the natives with praise of their remarkable genius, of their superiority to all around them, of their world-wide importance, and so on. When they attempt to put all this to the test of deeds, they will find on the one side the Celestial Empire, invincible in its inertia, ever absorbing its bold antagonists and preparing some defeat for enemies on the very day after their glorious victory on the field of battle, while more to the north-west, above the dainty morsel of Korea, they will meet with the glitter of most dangerous bayonets. To excite the kingdom of the Mikado, to turn this ambitious nation to easy and ephemeral victories, is not difficult. But in case of failure it will be ablaze with internal fire, and will thirst for vengeance on the true cause of their misfortunes, namely, the English, who have always incited Japan to a policy of adventure. The bones of many Japanese warriors already lie on the shores of Formosa. Many times have the Koreans massacred their brave neighbours from beyond the sea. The 'walls of inert China are spiritually as firm as ever they were in the days of the ambitious Japanese generals of old, who dreamed of crushing and conquering the Celestial Empire.

CHAPTER XXXVII

TUESDAY, *April* 30 (*May* 12).

YESTERDAY and to-day have been terrible days! The great and momentous journey of the Cesarewitch to the East has, near its end, been troubled and partly curtailed by an unspeakable crime.

What is one to begin with? One's thoughts are all in confusion. The pages of this diary seem stained with drops of blood. What is this we have lived to see?

Twilight. It will soon be quite dark on the verandah of the hotel. The sky breaks into a glow, and then, as it slowly dies away, a pall of lifeless darkness falls on Kioto, the former capital of the Mikado, as it slowly sinks to rest.

Since our departure from Nagasaki the time has flown by with such devouring rapidity and amid such a variety of impressions, that none of us has yet been able to look back and collect himself, being, as indeed we are, under the spell of this charming little Japan, bathed in the light of her vernal sun, lulled, as by a supernatural vision, by the beauty of her outer world, wherein nature has reached perfection in the harmony of outline and colour.

How awful, then, our awakening! What suffering it is drearily to recall and to put down on paper all that we have seen, felt so deeply, and, in reality, scarcely understood! Our stay in the country, moreover, has been so very short that the fragmentary data scattered throughout the brief notes of a traveller scarcely enable the memory to reconstruct any clear and vivid picture out of this wondrous mosaic of impressions.

First among them are the reflections of ancient Japan, our visit to Kagosima (south of Nagasaki), our hospitable reception by a once powerful and famous Satsuma prince, who shows the Cesarewitch what wrestling was in days of old, what skilful archery was, and what pomp surrounded the expeditions of the Japanese across the sea to the wealthy land of Korea. The latter may be regarded in a great degree as the source of all true culture among these islanders. The higher elements of religion and art came to them principally from the neighbouring continent. Real architecture, for instance, the Japanese properly speaking owe to the Koreans, for before coming under their influence they knew not how to build their fine tile-roofed temples, nor did they erect any spacious private dwellings. Furthermore, in the conditions of their

NEAR VLADIVOSTOK.

daily life they were, on the whole, nearer to the savage than to civilised representatives of the yellow race.

Having received some degree of enlightenment from the West, the inhabitants of the 'Land of the Rising Sun' found it positively necessary (as did Russia in her leanings towards Byzantium) to send expedition after expedition to the neighbouring shores, whence they could bring not only much material treasure, but also the spiritual means for the engrafting of a higher form of civilisation.

While seeking for enlightenment by means of such missions to the continent, the Japanese at the same time sought to encourage the immigration of the more civilised Koreans by freeing them from all taxes.

WRESTLERS BEFORE THE CONTEST.

In later days these patriarchally simple relations of the islanders to their neighbours gave way to purely aggressive and mutually inimical tendencies. The Japanese commenced invading and ravaging Korea without mercy and without stay. The level of her civilisation began rapidly and decisively to fall. At last this country has fallen, politically, into a most pitiable state, though still presenting an object of ardent desire on the part of its warlike neighbour.

WRESTLING.

The reason is simple. The eleven millions forming the population of Korea hold a remarkably fertile land, abounding in mineral wealth. Even now the most primitive methods of mining give a very considerable yield of gold and silver, precious stones, copper, coal, iron, and tin. As regards its shores, it is not the bleak and rocky eastern coast that is of chief importance — that coast where, according to the opinion of credulous journalists, Russia treacherously seeks to gain a harbour —but the western and the southern, which, along with the neighbouring islands, present a number of convenient anchorages.

In spite of the development of late years of the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' it has nevertheless failed to obtain any economically predominant influence and importance in Korea. How

closely the latter is connected with the commercial interests of Great Britain, and only after her with those of Japan, is best seen in the fact, for instance, that of the annual imports into the port of Chemulpo (to the extent of some eight or nine hundred thousand pounds sterling), about three-fifths fall to the share of the former country, while the latter imports only one-fifth (principally goods of foreign origin). Next come China, Germany, America, France, Holland, and Austria. Russia as yet manages to import no more than one hundred and fifty, or one hundred and sixty pounds' worth per annum.

Both Japanese and Russians, it is true, set store by conquests of a warlike rather than of a peaceful character. These islanders are born warriors. The idea of universal fame, of predominance over other nations, of priority among the myriads of their race, is one they can perfectly appreciate. Are not the subjects of the Mikado convinced that it was their land that gave birth to the greatest general in all Asia? Tradition saith that, exiled from his native land by his enemies, the hero Yositsuneh sailed first to the island of Sakhalin, and then made his way to Mongolia, where he appeared at the head of her hordes as the terrible, invincible Ghengiz-khan. The spirit of maritime enterprise—long ago fostered by expeditions over the stormy sea—lives, and has always lived, in the hearts of the sons of the 'Land of the Rising Sun.' Ever since olden times they have been drawn to the continent. It was by no means the elements of civilisation alone that they sought there, but danger, rather, and adventures to which their daring spurred them. So passed many centuries. They formed a complete parallel to our Cossack adventurers. The flags of the Japanese buccaneer crews which ravaged the shores of China and Korea always bore the name of the god of war (Hatchiman). Had the bold islanders in their warlike ardour succeeded in gaining a footing on the continent, they might perhaps have incited the peaceful 'yellow' East to new conquests, boundless in their conception. Of course such conquests hitherto have never led to any politically solid and lasting results, but, nevertheless, they bear witness to the possibility of rousing the deep-lying, sleeping, primeval forces of Asia. In every one of her nations lie the germs, to be developed sooner or later, of a warlike energy, not a whit inferior to that exhibited by the Japanese. So long ago as before our era the Celestial Empire sent forth its generals as far as the Caspian. In the eighth century a Chinese leader, Kao-Hsien-fa (of Korean extraction), gained a series of brilliant victories over a Turkic khagan in Central Asia, and took captive the ruler of Tashkent. It was only the power of the Arabs that prevented the further advance of the far East towards the West.

FENCING.

It is clear, then, that from a military point of view no 'Drang nach Westen' thence need now be alarming to the European powers; but the dangerous political delirium from which

OLD JAPANESE WAR PROCESSION

the statesmen of the East are suffering must in the end be reckoned with by Western cabinets.

Its especial centre is Japan, which (beginning with the end of the sixteenth century) has almost quite struck the unfortunate land of Korea off the list of Asiatic powers of the least importance, and is now preparing to do the same by the unwieldy Chinese Empire. Three centuries ago the Japanese sovereign, Hideoshi, was already dreaming in his boundless ambition of transferring his capital to Pekin. Such dreams may yet be revived!

For some reason or other, before proceeding to the ancient city of Kioto and to Tokio, it was officially decided to visit Kagosima and see the Satsuma prince dwelling there in retirement. I say for some reason or other, because his former dominions were for a long time, and probably still are to some extent, a nursery of dislike to everything foreign. May there not have been some indirect connection between this fact and the assault on the Cesarewitch?

As far back as the sixteenth century the Portuguese had visited Kagosima (or Kongoksima, as they called it), and taught the natives the use of firearms. These friendly relations between them lasted, however, but a short time. The political part which the Roman Catholic priesthood attempted to play alarmed and incensed the local central authorities. Turning decidedly from the strangers, they soon came to an open rupture with them, falling foul not of them only, but also of those whom they had converted to Christianity. The enmity between them increased day by day, ending in cruel and bloody outrages. About the middle of the seventeenth century the hostility of the Japanese Government towards the Portuguese was so great that when an embassy from the latter arrived at Nagasaki to propose a renewal of their former friendship, the authorities had sixty members of the mission beheaded, and sent back to Macao only one European, with several black slaves, to bear to his countrymen the grim tidings of the fate which had overtaken the ambassadors.

Standing to a great extent aloof from all communion with the outer world, the islanders little by little came to the conclusion that it was dangerous as well as quite unnecessary for them. Historical precedents fully supported this view.

Under Khubla Khan, a descendant of Ghengiz-Khan, Mongolian generals had unsuccessfully visited with the remnants of their troops cast up upon these shores, not only the island of Tsusima, but Kiu-siu itself. But what was possible with regard to invaders of a kindred race turned out to be completely unadapted for resisting the inroads of the pale-faced 'barbarians.' When Americans and Europeans required the ports of Japan to be opened to them, there was no course open but speedy submission to an irresistible force. On this occasion the all but defenceless town of Kagosima suffered a most severe and scarcely deserved punishment.

The English bombarded this home of Samuraism, where scarce longer ago than yesterday such heroes of a legendary type as the mighty Saigo, who, on the threshold of the twentieth century, was the personification of mediæval Japan, could rise to stir the hearts of the people.

May it not have been on this account that we were led hither to gaze on the afterglow of a fading native antiquity? By his reception of the heir to the Russian throne, the uncrowned Satsuma prince had it quite in his power to emphasise his comparative sympathy for a country which hitherto has left no traces of blood on the shores of his native land.

Opening my short notes of our visit to Kagosima, I read as follows: 'Crowds of natives genially greeted our flag while we were yet in the bay. Within the walls of the old palace we

were at once shown a fragment of that native world which is now decaying and vanishing. At the very first step we were especially struck by some of the Japanese gardens.

'A Japanese garden is at times intended to represent some perfectly abstract idea, such as rest, chastity, old age, and so on. According to the sages of the far East, all inanimate nature is imbued with a deep-seated inner life, is full of thought, and is only apparently silent. An eloquent Buddhist monk, named Daita, is said to have mounted a hillock and surrounded himself with stones of different sizes: the mystic words of his sermon so acted on these inanimate objects, that they stirred and seemed to bow to the preacher, who then consecrated them in memory of the miracle.

'Before us, here in Kagosima, on the very beach, lies something between a garden and a court bestrewn with a multitude of pebbles. This was an ancient custom observed at the dwellings of Japanese nobles, in order that the sound of footsteps might always attract the attention of the guard. Beyond the rocky shore lie the outlines of little bays and capes.

'Standing on an elevated spot, the Satsuma prince shows his guests and their suite a mimic military procession (in helmets and coats of mail of an ancient fashion), slowly marching forth to war to the strains of a dreary kind of music, and with discordant cries. Before these improvised warriors of a bygone age marches the little son of the prince, whose eyes fill with tears at the sight of the transiently formidable pageant. What a tragedy is the revolution that has taken place—the passage from a feudal semi-savage constitution to the present reign of semi-modern progress and militarism! At any rate, the young Japanese officers accompanying us look on without either interest or regret, but simply smile a little at their Satsuma countrymen in their antiquated armour. A few hours later they gazed just as uninterestedly at the Kagosima exhibition, arranged for the Cesarewitch, of the little models of all the sailing-vessels (*funeh*), both merchantmen and ships of war, now going out of use, which, skilfully grouped, were explained to H.I. Highness by a Russian-speaking Japanese gentleman, Mr. Siga of Nagasaki.'

Everything in Kagosima, where traces of a remote antiquity abound, is redolent of venerable customs. Before the banquet (as original as that at Nagasaki, but more stately in its surroundings) in the prince's palace, amid his wondrous gardens, the Cesarewitch surveys the heirlooms of the Satsuma reigning family, consisting mostly of their weapons and their armour.

When, after being lavishly regaled with warm *saki* and with tea and sweetmeats, the guests are offered rice, this (according to traditional local custom) is to be considered as a sign that the repast is ended. During the banquet 'noble' musicians (richly attired young ladies of the best native families) sang and played on the classic *samisen*.

Wishing to do honour to his host, according to the custom of the country, the Cesarewitch of his own accord came up to him to drink his health, an action which evidently touched the old man very much, and caused the proud relative of the Mikado, Prince Arisugava, to follow the example of the Grand Duke.

When we had already returned to the frigate, just as we were weighing anchor, a boat approached, laden with cups and saucers as presents for us. After an official repast it is customary to present those present at it with the lacquered dishes off which they have eaten.

At the exit from the bay into the sea bonfires burn on the shores, lighting up our path.

Their Highnesses carry away with them, among many other valuable presents and purchases, some splendidly decorated white vases.

Satsuma porcelain is known throughout the world. Its manufacture in Kagosima has always been in the hands of most skilful Korean immigrants.

Before the development of Japanese keramic art along Chinese lines, under the strong influence of Buddhism, the islanders produced nothing but clay images of human beings and various animals, which were buried, according to custom, in the earth, forming the train, as it were, and personal property of departed men of rank, summoned to the kingdom of shades by their ancestors dwelling there in happiness.

When closer relations sprang up with the civilised land of Korea, the keramic artists of Japan, instead of merely working upon utilitarian lines, began to devote themselves to other and higher ones, seeking for perfection in colour and form, labouring at art for its own sake, and for the sake of finish and harmony of outline.

From Kagosima we proceeded northwards, through the Straits of Simonoseki to the inner waters of Japan, and thence somewhat westward to the port of Hiogo. This is what I find in the short notes in my diary, developed no further owing to the suddenness of the brutally senseless assault at Otsu, which thrust everything else into the background:—

'The Japanese Mediterranean is about two hundred and seventy miles long, nowhere exceeding fifty-five miles in width. Its constant fogs make great watchfulness necessary in navigating it. The beautiful outlines of its never-distant shores sometimes recall the coast near Singapore, sometimes the turquoise setting of certain Swiss and Italian lakes. Here and there through the azure gloom somewhat lofty terraced hills are to be seen, with verdant clefts and reservoirs of water. Sometimes, too, the dwellings of the natives stand out in spots of yellow among the cedars, bamboos, and ferns of the countless islands on the way.'

The days pass in a fragrant dream until our arrival with the squadron at the principal island, where we are to proceed by rail to the old and to the new capitals, pausing on the way to visit any objects of interest. From the moment of our landing we again find ourselves in fairyland. Here at every step one takes one meets with poetry or legend. Let me note, for instance, the tradition I have just heard about the town in which we now are.

One of the greatest and most ambitious of the lay sovereigns of Japan, the famous Kiomori, who flourished in the twelfth century, built himself a beautiful palace—'Fukuhara'—on the spot where Hiogo now stands. According to tradition, one day the builders found themselves unable to finish certain important work by sunset. Their master thereupon pointed his fan towards the heavens, and for a space of time compelled the sun to pause in its journey. It was there that he domiciled the *fainéant* Mikado himself, whose palace in Kioto had been accidentally burnt down; the origin of the fire, it must be added, having been of the most incredible character. Seven gentlemen had drunk too much *saki* at an inn, and after many hot words, had disembowelled themselves. The landlord, fearing that he would be held responsible for what had taken place, thereupon set fire to the room in which the suicides lay, and the flames destroyed the whole of the mediæval capital. There is something peculiarly Japanese in this incident!

Here, in this same Hiogo, the inhumanly cruel Kiomori lay on his deathbed, haunted to the last by the awful spectres of his victims. The smiling landscape of Japan still lies around, with the temples of Shintoism, the antiquities of the land, and the living memories of an age when this strictly secluded world was yet untouched by the hated wave of Western immigration.

The latter now exercises much influence in this neighbourhood, changing the life of the land in the spirit of hastily conceived and yet more hastily introduced reforms.

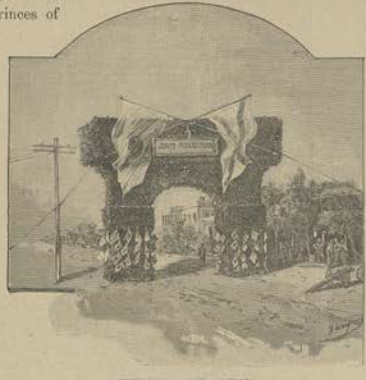
KOBE.

The comparatively modern town of Kobe, situated somewhat to the east of Hiogo, contains, besides natives, some six hundred Europeans and Americans, as well as about a thousand

sons of the Celestial Empire. The presence of the former explains in a great measure the exemplary state of the city, the care of which is in the hands not only of the Governor but also of the consuls. Broad, smoothly paved streets, lined with trees, run from the shore to the neighbouring hills; there is much verdure around, and even many lawns. The English colony here has established a yacht-club, a cricket-club, and a bathing-place. The comfortable ivy-grown villas must, for a foreigner, enhance the charm of his stay in this port, which, moreover, is famed for its climate.

The Cesarewitch expresses a wish to scale the heights commanding Kobe for the purpose of surveying the panorama of the town and the harbour.

On Saturday (two days before the assault), after a short journey inland by rail, the august travellers safely arrive at the late capital of the Empire and are received in state at the Shtidzo terminus by two princes of the blood, Yamashina and Kueh, the local authorities, and the pupils of the local schools, drawn up in ranks. At the entrance to Karasumaru Street is a triumphal arch.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT KIOTO.

For eleven centuries Kioto was regarded as the principal city of Japan. Among its names were the following: 'The fastness among the heights,' 'The stronghold of peace' (in spite of the fact that bitter strife and civil war had more than once raged within its walls). The town was long a hotbed of intolerance towards everything foreign; of narrow national fanaticism and bigoted ignorance. Before the pressure of the great powers had let in a flood of light into this darkness, the rulers of the land used to lead the strangest and most secluded lives imaginable. Not satisfied with playing the part of a hermit, as etiquette demanded, the Mikado would sometimes voluntarily retire from worldly affairs into the walls of a monastery. Under the influence of Buddhism, a custom sprang up among a number of people, without distinction of rank or age, of retiring from the world and becoming *inkio*, that is to say, monks. The example of the monarch, of course, only encouraged this movement, calling men to the practice of a stern abstinence, and awaking ascetic views and tendencies in the light-hearted natives.

The people grew so accustomed to the character of court life in the capital, that quite recently it regarded any breach of these abnormally burdensome customs, the slightest change in the mechanism of the state, as an act of sacrilege. From their point of view such objections were rational, especially since they so relentlessly hated any novelties of western origin. A few years ago Great Britain insisted on the reception of her ambassador within the walls of the principal residence of the spiritual sovereign; but the representative of the Queen was attacked openly, in broad daylight, when proceeding thither in state, by fanatics who cut down his guards.

Outbursts of bitterness and excitement did not cease even after this. When the Imperial

palanquin was leaving the abolished capital, the people of Kioto fell prone upon the road and, weeping, begged their sovereign not to migrate to Tokio. The bearers were actually forced to walk over the backs of the prostrate crowd. The populace, according to some Europeans, retained its inimical attitude towards strangers even in later days. When the town was visited by Prince Henry of Prussia in the course of his journey round the world, a stormy mob surrounded him and his suite, and it was not without difficulty that the police succeeded in averting a catastrophe.

The Cesarewitch was received here with especial splendour, exactly as if he had been the Emperor himself. This, of course, must produce a great impression on the people. Kioto receives him in attire customary only on very great occasions. Russian, Greek, and Japanese bunting is plentiful. The houses are also decorated with lanterns and cotton stuff, for the manufacture of which, in incredible quantities, Japan has long been famed.

OLD JAPANESE MINISTER IN COURT DRESS.

On Sunday and Monday we saw and experienced so much, that the pen can only partially chronicle one's thoughts, which rove restlessly from memory to memory. After the terrible occurrence at Otsu one's mind is in a chaotic condition, lit up at times with gleams of deep and vivid impressions.

Among these impressions important places are held by the native Buddhist world, the stately desertedness of the royal palace, the typical native manufactures in the exhibition arranged for the Cesarewitch, and, finally, the residence of the *shogun*, the former lay sovereign of the land. It has so often been described by tourists that but a few words about it will be sufficient.

Outwardly the castle of Nijo in its rude massiveness somewhat reminds one of the outlines of ancient Etruscan buildings. The pagoda-roofed buildings, of a blinding whiteness, which stand within the walls, look very like separate fortresses. Their inhabitants naturally depended less, in the capital of the Mikado, on their prestige than on their military power.

Now this temporary residence of the real masters of Japan during their visits from Tokio is partly occupied by provincial officials.

What luxury! What spaciousness! One can hardly believe one is in a land where everything is so attractive just on account of its simplicity and miniature proportions. Throughout the mansion of the *shogun* the walls are decorated with paintings (tigers, birds, and flowers) on a ground of gold; delicate fretwork carving representing peacocks, pheasants, and flowers, all larger than life, is above the doors, while the gilded and lacquered ceilings are adorned with endless arabesques, ornamental bosses of metal, and the arms of the proud Tokugava family, which cast into the shade the little emblem of the real kings—the chrysanthemum, sung by the poets.

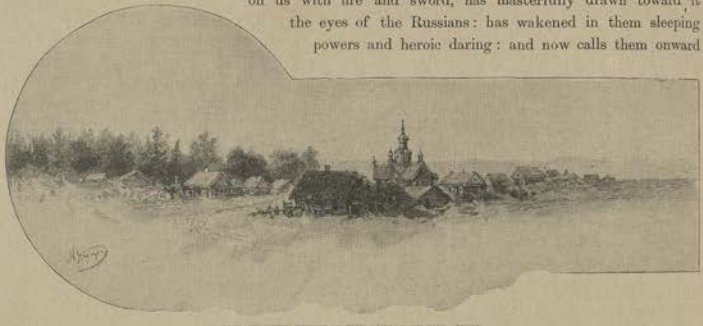
The more marked is the passage from the contemplation of these triumphs of native sculpture and architecture to the apartments of the 'Descendant of the Sun-Goddess.' One passes through them with scarcely any æsthetic enjoyment, but with feelings of a really mystic character. This, however, may perhaps be owing to the nature of the surroundings. In view of the frequent murders which have taken place within the precincts of the palace, a special type of wooden buildings has been developed there—a type especially favourable to all manner of precautions. In these erections sliding walls allow of literally everything being watched, while the floors creak audibly at the slightest footfall.

The visitor, moreover, cannot help feeling that but a little while ago there dwelt here a being regarded by the populace as supernatural, as inaccessible to the very sight of ordinary mortals. And suddenly all is bared! An end is put to everything by the ruthless modern era! The palace of the Mikado, called 'Go-sho' (the dwelling of the sovereign) is purposely distinguished by extreme simplicity: there is scarcely any artistic ornamentation on its whitened walls. Its principal decoration consists of white elastic mats, skilfully interwoven with strong dried grasses from the sea-shore. In one of the gardens of this ancient and reverend palace, which has several times been burnt down (the last time not so very long ago), the so-called *kugeh*, that is to say, courtiers sprung from the most aristocratic family of the class which surrounded as with an impenetrable wall the person of the 'wondrous' sovereign, played, according to ancient rules, a game of ball before the Imperial guest, just as in days of old when they delighted the sight of the august Mikado.

It has been held that the savage assault at Otsu was, in a measure, provoked by the admission of the illustrious travellers into the 'holy of holies' of the Japanese people, where honour was done them, as the descendants of the sun, in a manner incompatible with an extreme degree of national self-love. This is absolutely untrue as regards the Cesarewitch, for inasmuch as the monarchical principle is strong among the native masses, they reverence all that proceeds from the fountain-head of Russian autocracy. In the last century this was not quite realised here, but now it cannot but be felt. Previously to the unfortunate and disgraceful Ryazanoff embassy to Nagasaki, our Government vainly despatched Lieutenant Laksman from Irkutsk to Japan, to convoy to their native land some unfortunate islanders cast up on our shores by a storm. The natives received him well, but absolutely refused to enter into communication with the north-western power. At that period the latter seemed to them an inimical and barbarous chaos, to be guarded against in every manner. Gradually, however, their feelings changed. As near neighbours we became more accessible for purposes of study and comprehension. From the moment that Asiatics clearly grasp the principles of our autocratic constitution, they become one with us in spirit. V. V. Golovnin relates that when he showed the Japanese the autograph of the Emperor they bowed their heads to the very table, and only after remaining in that position for about half a minute did they venture to examine the document. Many years have passed since then. With the spread of education in the 'Land of the Rising Sun' the people have gained a very fair idea of what the boundless Russia of the Tsar is. The arrival of a powerful squadron and the reception of the Grand Duke have strengthened their figurative view of the foreign giant who has outgrown China. Before our time, a somewhat similar effect may have been produced on the natives by the stately landing of Mooravioff, when a body of three hundred men (taken from the nine vessels forming the convoy of the Governor-General of

Eastern Siberia) was led by Colonel Yossiliani. But in its character the present reception is widely and essentially different from that. It is no longer the embryo of Russian power in the far East that appears, but that power in the prime of its strength and influence. How, then, has it been developed from a purely infinitesimal quantity? What unseen principle has woven this titanic tissue of empire? The answer to this has long ago taken form in my mind. Far from succinct though it be, yet at this moment place must be found for it in the pages of my diary, for this answer is the key to many a problem.

From that remote period when our great golden-domed Moscow, which but a little earlier was no more than a small town in an insignificant subordinate principality, received the blessing of the saints and was irradiated by the creative glow of the autocratic idea, the East, advancing on us with fire and sword, has masterfully drawn toward it the eyes of the Russians: has wakened in them sleeping powers and heroic daring: and now calls them onward



COSSACK SETTLEMENT IN THE REGION OF THE AMOOR.

to deeds of glory, to advancement beyond the bounds of a dull reality, to a bright, glorious, and ineffable future! There neither is nor ever has been a nation whose past is so closely bound up with its future, as may be seen in the growth of the Russian Empire. The man of the West (the German, the Frenchman, the Englishman, the Italian) must cross the seas to find relief from the pressure which overwhelms him at home. Far from his native land, he must build his temporal prosperity on a foundation of sand, and the more firmly he takes root there under conditions of the most favourable nature, the more evident does it become that his old home, and he the voluntary exile, belong to two perfectly alien worlds. Beyond the seas, away from the life of his native land, he may gain money and position, but cannot (except artificially and but for a short time) retain completely untouched the spirit of his people, their ideals and traditions.

Russia alone does not know what it is annually to send forth to foreign lands thousands of her sons who cannot find food and shelter amid the superfluity of wealth and labour falling to the share of their countrymen. With us there is work for all—work to last for hundreds of years; with us every one who has hands to work is a welcome guest on our eastern, or, rather, south-eastern borders, where a vigorous flow of life breaks forth in an inexhaustible spring, and the charms of an untrammelled life are an everlasting attraction. Properly speaking, in Asia we have not, nor can have, any bounds, except the boundless sea breaking for ever on her shores, an ocean as unfettered as is the spirit of the Russian people itself. When one states such an

evident truth, one generally hears the reply: 'What do we want with it? We have land enough already. As it is, we have spread and grown to a monstrous size, to the prejudice of the government of the state and to the direct harm of our radical population.' But for Russia there is no other course than either to become what she is destined to be—a great power uniting the West with the East, or ingloriously and imperceptibly to tread the downward path, because Europe of itself would crush us with its external superiority, while the races of Asia, awakened from their slumber by other hands than ours, would be in time even more dangerous to Russia than the nations of the West. Naturally we cannot, even in thought, admit of our ruin or future humiliation! The unavoidable growth of our historical heritage, our triumph over inimical principles, the coming supremacy of Russia in the greatest and most populous of continents, is perfectly evident to our spiritual eyes. In days of old, when communication with distant borderlands was far more difficult than in our days, vast empires, nevertheless, easily came into being, grew powerful, and extended their boundaries on the borders of semi-barbarous Europe and the East, fluctuating in form, but immutable in its essence. At the present time, when railways, the telegraph, the telephone, to say nothing of other inventions and improvements of importance, have simplified communication between all lands and nations to the last degree, there is scarcely any reason to fear either distance or the estrangement of the several parts of a single whole. Practically distance is almost non-existent. What to our ancestors appeared simply near at hand now seems to lie immediately before our eyes.

All that used to be matter of report, a dream of a fabulous land on the very borders of the world, is now accessible by a journey of a few weeks. The twentieth century promises us even greater surprises in this respect. We must not blind our thoughts and our imagination by prejudices and fancied terrors to the undoubtedly coming events which will change all things. If on the threshold of a future of growing complexity we really thirst for moral healing, for great knowledge and unheard-of deeds in the cause of Russia and the Tsar, we must first call to mind whence and how our native land came into being, whose blood it is that flows most abundantly in our veins, what are the brilliant traditions of our past. A predominant part in it has always fallen to the share of Asia. It was Asia that devastated us, and it was she, on the other hand, that renovated us. It is owing to her alone that the Russian mind has developed the idea of a Christian autocrat placed by Providence above all earthly vanity, amid a throng of heterodox but sympathising races. An old Russian poem gives a characteristic view of the position of our sovereigns on the throne of Moscow—

'Our White Tsar is a king above kings,
And he holdeth fast to the Christian faith,
To the Christian faith, to the faith of prayer:
He standeth forth for the faith of Christ,
And for the house of the Holy Virgin.
All the hordes have bowed down to him,
All the tribes have submitted to him,
Because the White Tsar is king over kings.'

The popular songs of Russia present us with a similar view of the secular prince of Moscow. In the letter of Ivan the Terrible to Prince Koorbsky there is a still clearer realisation of the divine origin of all true autocratic thought and constant care for the good of the people: 'The earth is ruled by the mercy of God and the grace of the Immaculate Virgin; by the prayers of the saints and the blessing of our fathers, and last of all, by us, its sovereigns.' Where and

when, in what European sovereigns, can we find more or as much humility in the estimate of their position? Such words could be used only by a sovereign deeply imbued with the Oriental view that the world is plunged in sin and falsehood; that he himself, a weak mortal, was strong and 'wide-ruling' only by the unseen favour of a bright and spiritual power, creating and maintaining all around him.

It is this sacred conviction which has given birth to the steadfast belief both of our rulers and of the ruled, that Russia is the source and centre of an invincible might, which is but increased by the attacks of her foes. The East believes no less than we do, and exactly as we do, in the preternatural qualities of the Russian national spirit, but values and understands them

GEISHAS.

just in the same measure as we treasure the most precious of our national traditions—autocracy. Without it, Asia would be incapable of sincere liking for Russia and of painless identification with her. Without it, Europe would find it mere child's-play to dismember and overpower us as thoroughly as she has overpowered and dismembered the Slavs of the West, now suffering a bitter fate. The question is: In whose name and by whose single will shall the heritage of Russia be ruled in the future?

Two days before the unfortunate trip to Otsu, the illustrious travellers went, for the first time, to see a performance by the dancing-girls of Japan, no less famed than those of India. What we see does not, unfortunately, correspond with the enthusiastic descriptions of tourists. In my diary I find the following entry: 'It is still early evening; the streets, however, are difficult to recognise. They are almost deserted. Endless lines of little lanterns dimly mark the road before us. The houses are closed up with wooden gratings. Vague inscriptions peer forth in the darkness. A whole string of jinrikshas rushes precipitately toward the border of Kioto, where the rising land begins. The "tea-house" is lit up with incandescent lamps.

'The sombre-garbed female musicians seated around play on the traditional three-stringed *samisen*—brought from Manilla in 1700—and on little tambourines. So very mechanical is their playing, that at times they appear to be simply inanimate figures. It has always seemed to me that a European cannot possibly take more than a purely superficial interest in this exotic art.

'Now they have begun to sing and the hall is filled with sounds, now slow, now impetuous, inexpressibly sad, but at the same time displeasing to the ear by reason of their unnatural discordancy.

'Meanwhile the dancers with studied step glide gracefully before the singers; the play of their fans is far more eloquent than their frozen smiles and vacant gaze! This is neither dance nor promenade, but merely a monotonous, purely Oriental pantomime, with skilful turns of the body and clockwork shifting of the feet. The girls approach the spectators, retire, change places with each other, gently turn and bow, and so on.

'No, positively they themselves are far more interesting than their art! Children in appearance, the poor things according to custom are painted to the neck. Their eyebrows are blackened, their lips are rouged in the middle so as to make their mouths seem smaller. Their dresses—red, or of a soft azure—are embroidered with little birds and flowers, sometimes, it would almost seem, with whole landscapes. It is a dance of puppets, moved by invisible springs!'

I shall not describe all that we saw in our visit to the remarkable silk-mill for which the former capital of Japan is famed. To do so would occupy another chapter in this diary. The breeding of the silkworm and the weaving of precious variegated tissues were taught to the Japanese in days of old by emigrants from southern China. At first the raw silk was so highly valued that it was stored in the throne-chamber of the Mikado himself.

Here, too, at a small exhibition of interesting manufactures arranged in the court of a palace, we are made acquainted with the most remarkable of the local industries. It is only fair to say that what was collected here was strikingly cheap, good, and even elegant. The various kinds of varnish deserve special mention. Nor may the foreigner keep silence concerning the paper of the 'Land of the Rising Sun.' Did not the Japanese, as far back as the Middle Ages, send their remarkable paper to China for printing the literary works of the latter?

However painful it may be, yet one has to draw nearer and nearer to the circumstances and details of the crime committed in a town whose very name was scarcely known to any one in the West before the twenty-ninth of April (May 11), 1891. This place, however, had always a certain importance in the eyes of the native population. About A.D. 1700 it was in Otsu, then the capital of the land, that the native laws were reduced to a single code, the basis of which consisted of the legal principles of the Chinese.

We proceed thither in jinrikshas, of which we are already somewhat tired, though a railway runs thither.

The natural beauty of Japan is somewhat monotonous. The dark green of the coniferous forests and the light-coloured flexible bamboos begin at last to wear an artificial aspect, as of a bit of clever scene-painting.

First of all we are taken to a temple on the shores of Lake Biwa. Near the monastery of Mindera—once, like many others, the fortified stronghold of a well-known political party—stands an obelisk, erected in memory of certain persons slain in the Satsuma insurrection of 1877.

The illustrious travellers do not survey the sanctuary, having seen the principal temples of Kioto. The impression produced by them deserves mention.

The roofs of the Japanese pagodas are low and clumsy, less graceful than those of China and Indo-China, original rather in their surroundings than in their conception. At the entrance to every important sanctuary, on either side of the grand and simple portico, stand the guardians of the temple, with dark and terrible faces and threatening attitudes.

As we walk along the outer corridors of any old temple, built altogether of wood and not containing a single nail or bolt of metal, the floors groan and creak under our heavy tread. Within are spacious chambers with columns hewn out of a single piece of timber, an altar with gilded figures, offerings of lotuses, censers, bronze figures of cranes, and much else that is interesting.

The splendid Buddhas, motionless in their sacred postures, seem to gaze deep into the heart of the visitor. These images are consecrated by a special rite—the 'opening of the eyes,' that is, the instilling into them of life and power.

For some reason or other, there is an idea dominant in the press of Europe that in the 'Land of the Rising Sun' Buddhism is in a state of decay. This notion is absolutely incorrect. The government, it is true, under the influence of modern ideas, has cooled towards it, but the lower classes retain their zeal for the doctrines and cultus of the 'wise prince.' The women in particular positively worship at his feet. Hundreds of thousands of Japanese women but lately sacrificed their flowing tresses for cordage for the materials used in building the Hongvanji temple, a marvel of beautiful carving erected on the site of a noted shrine destroyed by fire.

I pass on to the locality about Otsu, whither we were brought not long before the attempt. It has always been famed for the beauty of its scenery.

Lake Biwa itself was formed after an earthquake on a spot originally occupied by impassable morasses, where the aboriginal Ainos once dwelt amid their native forests. Gradually a busy life grew up around it. Here the Japanese began to gather together many of their sacred treasures.

A broad endless stair runs picturesquely down the heights to a dense wood adjoining the Mindera monastery—a wood wherein reigns a mystic stillness. Some of the steps are cracked and moss-grown. Down below there glitters the silvery surface of the azure lake, seen from here only in part, with the square brown sails of fishing-boats flitting over it. Here and there, hilly points of land and verdant islets conceal its smooth surface from the curious gaze. One can get a clear view only of the breakwaters built at Otsu for the convenience of the somewhat numerous vessels discharging their cargoes in its harbour.

At Biwa we visit an unusual little nook, which is an object of admiration for all tourists, since it contains a real wonder of the vegetable kingdom. I speak of a tree, the age of which has been lost count of for many years.

This wonderful tree strikes one both by its monstrosity and its size: the girth of the trunk, for instance, is thirty-five feet, the height is some eighty-four feet, the length of its incredibly elongated branches varies from two hundred and forty to two hundred and eighty feet. That they should not at last bend and sink down, they are supported by wooden props on stone foundations. This gigantic tree is almost an object of worship with the natives.

Along the shore are skilfully constructed enclosures of bamboo and cane, whence fish cannot leave once they have entered. In these cunning pens the fishermen keep and fatten them.

I pass on to the official version of the savage assault and to the events succeeding it, as they were afterwards described in the Russian *Government Messenger*.

After a trip on Lake Biwa in a steam-launch, the whole party proceeded to the Governor's house, where luncheon was served. During lunch the Cesarewitch spoke of the cordial welcome accorded him by the populace both in Kioto and in Otsu itself, and thanked the Governor warmly for all his thoughtfulness.

At 1.20 P.M. H.I. Highness left the Governor's house, proceeding along the same streets back to Kioto.

The order of the jinrikshas was as follows: first came the local police-master, followed by one of the Japanese masters of ceremony, next, some thirty or forty paces behind, came the Cesarewitch in a jinriksha with one man in the shafts and two men pushing at the sides. Immediately after H.I. Highness came Prince George of Greece, followed by Prince Arisugava,

CROWN PRINCE'S BEDROOM IN HOTEL AT KIOTO.

and behind him a court servant of the Mikado appointed by him from the very beginning of the journey to be always near the person of the Cesarewitch. Then came the Russian ambassador, Prince Bariatinsky, and the other members of the Russian and the Japanese suites, as well as the local authorities. The street was narrow, being some eight paces wide, and the procession, consisting of fifty jinrikshas, formed an unbroken line, which passed at a trot between two rows of policemen stationed on either side of the way at distances of some eight or ten paces from each other.

The criminal, Tsudo Santso, was among the watchers over the safety of the illustrious guest of Japan. He stood on the same spot in the morning, but allowed his prospective victim to pass, without, as appeared afterwards, showing the slightest sign of any criminal intention. He knew that the Cesarewitch was to return by the same road. Scarcely had H.I. Highness's jinriksha passed him when he leaped from the ranks, and, drawing his sword, dealt from the right and somewhat from behind, between the jinriksha and the man on the right hand, a

swinging two-handed blow on the head of the Cesarewitch, who, turning and seeing that the villain had raised his sword for a second blow, sprang out of the equipage to the left side of the street. At the same moment Prince George jumped from his jinriksha and struck the man from behind with a bamboo cane, while the principal coolie of the Cesarewitch (the one in the shafts), with rare coolness and courage, threw himself at the feet of the policeman, and, grasping them with his hands, brought him to the ground. Prince George's coolie, who had meanwhile arrived on the scene, observing that the assailant had dropped his sword in falling, picked it up, and with two blows, one on his neck and the other on his back, reduced him to a state of almost complete insensibility, and made it impossible for him to rise.

EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

All this took place within some fifteen or twenty seconds, so that the police who rushed up from all sides were able to lay hold of the villain only when he was already on the ground.

The first words spoken by His Highness, when he was seated on a bench by a neighbouring house, were: 'It is nothing, if only the Japanese will not think that this incident can in any way change my feelings toward them and my thankfulness to them for their cordiality.' This the Cesarewitch repeated to Prince Arisugava, who ran up to him a few seconds later.

At this point Dr. Rambach came up and bandaged the wound firmly. During the process the Cesarewitch pleasantly discussed the incident with the horrified and agitated members of both the suites.

Meanwhile our ambassador having crossed the street to see the assailant, found him in a house, where he was being bound by two policemen. 'I shall never forget,' said D. E. Shevitch,

'the savage expression of his face, as with bared fangs he answered me that he was a *samurai*, that is, a feudal gentleman. A deep, implacable hatred glared in his eyes as he gazed at me.'

The Cesarewitch was taken back to the Governor's house, where his wound was dressed, while a special train was ordered for his return to Kioto. So well did he feel that it was with difficulty he was persuaded to lie down for a while on a sofa. Though this gave rise to the hope that the wound was not serious, yet it was only on his arrival at Kioto, and after the wound had been again dressed by the surgeons from our squadron, that all occasion for alarm was past, and he could be pronounced out of danger.

EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

At 11 P.M. on the following evening the Emperor of Japan arrived by train from Tokio. He was much agitated, and wished to see the Cesarewitch at once, but, understanding from our ambassador, who by order of His Highness had received him at the station, that the Cesarewitch had now probably retired for the night, postponed his visit until the morning, when he called on him at his hotel.

It being decided that the Cesarewitch should return to the squadron, at 4 P.M. the Emperor came again to the hotel, and, having driven with him to the station, accompanied him in the train to Kobe, and thence to the landing-place. At 7 P.M. the Cesarewitch set foot once more on the deck of the *Pamiat Azova* amid the enthusiastic cheers of the officers and crew.

Four days later, on learning the Tsar's desire that the Cesarewitch should proceed directly

to Vladivostok, His Highness immediately informed the Emperor of Japan of his approaching departure on May 7th (19th). Owing to the categorical protests of the surgeons against his going on shore, it being the seventh day after the infliction of the wound, the Cesarewitch was unable to accept the Emperor's invitation to lunch with him at Kobe on the day of his departure, but invited him instead to lunch with him on board the frigate.

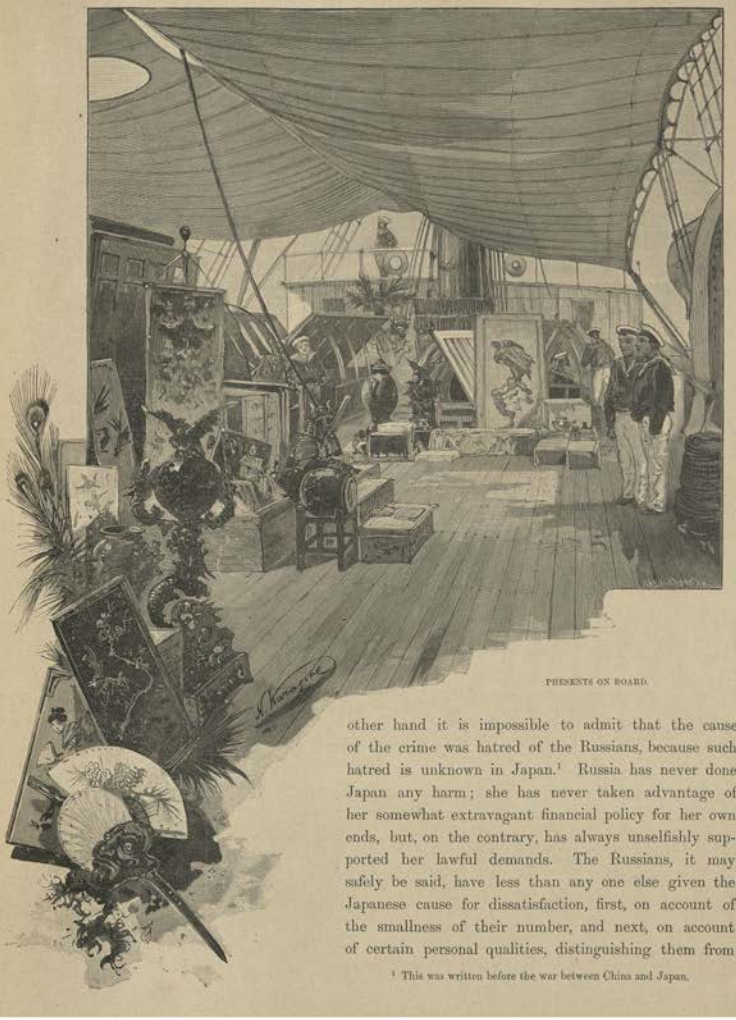
On May 7th (19th) the Emperor came on board, accompanied by the princes Arisugava

OLD JAPANESE WARRIORS.

and Kitasirakava, and his suite. After lunch, having bidden the Cesarewitch a most friendly farewell, the Emperor went on shore, and about five o'clock the squadron weighed anchor and directed its course towards Vladivostok.

What could have led the policeman to commit so terrible a crime?

Mere hatred of all foreigners can scarcely have moved Tsudo Santso to so desperate an act, the more so that he stood in no want of opportunities for satisfying his bloodthirsty instincts, Otsu and Lake Biwa being daily visited by numbers of foreign tourists. On the



PRESENTS ON BOARD.

other hand it is impossible to admit that the cause of the crime was hatred of the Russians, because such hatred is unknown in Japan.[1] Russia has never done Japan any harm; she has never taken advantage of her somewhat extravagant financial policy for her own ends, but, on the contrary, has always unselfishly supported her lawful demands. The Russians, it may safely be said, have less than any one else given the Japanese cause for dissatisfaction, first, on account of the smallness of their number, and next, on account of certain personal qualities, distinguishing them from

[1] This was written before the war between China and Japan.

other nations. Our sailors, for example, are highly popular in Japanese ports, owing to their generosity and civility towards the natives. Nor did any of the papers, with a few marked exceptions, refer to the visit of the Cesarewitch otherwise than with sympathy. It was not the comments of the press, therefore, that moved the criminal to his attack upon the Cesarewitch.

It may be mentioned that the judicial investigation proved the criminal to have had no accomplice.

Tsudo Santso cherished a deep hatred towards all foreigners. During his eight years' service in the police he had to guard many of the hated strangers. He was of a stern and reserved character, and his own comrades spoke of him as an irritable and savage man, though extremely attentive to his official duties.

The exceptional reception and the ovations accorded to the Cesarewitch by the people of Japan must certainly have raised the gorge of the fanatical *samurai*, who remembered how in the days of his youth these same people regarded all foreigners with deep aversion; and probably the enthusiastic reception of the Cesarewitch in Kioto, always noted for its anti-foreign feeling, put the finishing touch to the wrath of the criminal. He could not bear the accounts of the popular ovation at Kioto, and when on the morning of the fatal day the stern and enraged ascetic took his place in the ranks of his comrades to guard the person of the illustrious traveller, he must have already made up his mind to the commission of the crime.

Such is the only logical explanation of the event of April 29. Old and experienced Japanese concur completely in these suppositions, and the judicial investigation shows that beyond the general psychological state of the criminal there were no immediate or apparent causes for the crime.

As soon as this murderous attempt was publicly known, the outburst of indignation in the land was universal and irrepressible. It may be said that there was no town, village, society, or institution which did not send to Kobe or Kioto some expression of its horror at the attempt on the Cesarewitch's life. These messages, according to an estimate made by the Japanese ministry of the Court, numbered fully twelve thousand.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

FEW among Russians know by what close and ancient ties they are bound to the near East, which, so to speak, is their original home.

The great number of bronze sickles (very like those of ancient Greece and Rome) found in Siberia leads to the conclusion that the ancient inhabitants of the land were no strangers to agriculture. The number of bronze axes, of a type similar to that existing in modern Europe and Russia, proves that carpentry had reached a certain stage of development. The bronze battle-axes, spears, javelins, and arrows recall very closely those of the classical world.

It has been proved, moreover, that all these objects were not imported into Siberia, but were manufactured on the spot, out of Siberian ore, and cast in moulds made in the country.

The mass of the pottery and sherds of earthenware discovered here, of characteristic shape and style of ornament, is identical with that found in the barrows of southern, western, eastern, and northern Russia. All these objects, especially the piles of broken pottery found in the ancient fortresses of Siberia, point to the existence of settlements there in days of old, and to the development of local industries.

According to Schliemann's excavations, the civilisation of Troy was widely different from that of Greece, and in many instances the objects found were very similar or even identical, as regards form and ornamentation, with those discovered in the ancient barrows of Siberia. This is most frequently the case with pottery.

At the time when the Greeks, the Romans, the Celts, and even the Teutons had long been settled in Europe, the majority of the Slavonic race still remained in Asia, near ancient Bactria and Sogdiana. Here they were in intimate communication with the Iranians, and did not lose touch with Hindus even after the latter had migrated across the Himalayas. To the Greeks they were known either under the generic name of Scythians, or by special tribal designations. A portion of these Trans-Caspian Aryans formed part of the ancient kingdom of Persia, and after its disintegration migrated to the south of Russia under the name of Sarmatians. But the majority long continued to occupy the steppes of the Syr-Daria, of southern Siberia, of Orenburg and of the Black Sea coast, under the common name of Asiatic and European Scythians, thus forming a vast and homogeneous semi-nomadic population which for centuries lived and

developed on Aryan lines without any perceptible influence from Semitic or Western civilisation.

This race, boundless as the ocean, then covered a good third of Asia, and knocked at the gates of the classical world. If the theory of the Slavonic origin of the Huns is correct, though

CONVICTS AT WORK.

it be only in its general features, then was the power of Attila indeed the first to unite the Slavs into a mighty nation!

As in European Scythia there were agriculturists and nomads, so in Asia both one and the other were to be found, the development of cattle-breeding on a very considerable scale not excluding the existence of large villages. The migrations of the Scythians were something like the summer migrations of the peasants in certain Siberian provinces to distant fields and meadows. At such times the villages are almost empty, the peasants camp out with their families amid their fields, returning home only for some great festival, or when the harvest is over.

AMONG THE GOLD-MINES OF SIBERIA.

Agriculture, as has been said, undoubtedly existed in ancient days in southern Siberia, a fact indicated by the number of bronze sickles found here. Charred barley and oats have been found in the barrows of Tobolsk.

In some old Siberian forts far away to the north there have been not infrequent finds of bronze or silver objects of clearly southern origin. Among these, old Persian coins, silver vessels, metal mirrors with Greek ornamentation, and emblems of the sunny south were included. The Aryan names of many rivers, as, for instance, the Obi (from the Sanscrit root 'apa'—water), show that they were not given by the inhabitants of the northern marshes, but by an Aryan race, once predominant among these water-ways, most probably the eastern Slavs.

The fishermen and workmen of Tobolsk returning from the lower Obi sometimes bring with them objects of archæological interest, found by them or purchased from the natives.

Not only in Siberia, but also in the provinces of Viatka, Perm, and Ufa there is now scarcely a gold-mine to be found which has not been discovered by the traces of ancient mining work. The people of that land worked at their mines not only for their own use, but principally also for their trade with the tribes of southern Russia.

Gold was brought to India, as well as to Greece and Persia, from far-away unknown lands. Among such, western Siberia may well have been one, as gold, silver and copper were undoubtedly mined there in days of old.

In the last century the search for buried gold was an organised form of industry among the peasants of that land. Much of it was taken by them from ancient barrows and tombs. All this buried wealth of the Scythians of Asia was probably obtained by them on the spot.

The mineral wealth of the Ural mountains must have attracted those who sought so steadily for precious metals in the mountains of Siberia. It may well be that it was in the search for the ores of the Ural that the ancient inhabitants of Siberia first discovered the rivers on the western slope of these mountains. Following these they were led into a world new to them—the northern regions of what is now European Russia. The traces of ancient mining and of fortifications guarding these waterways may serve as proofs in support of this hypothesis. Indeed, there are as many ancient workings in the Ural region as in the Altai mountains in Siberia.

The old forts on the right bank of the Yrtish are grouped mainly opposite the mouth of the Tobol, the principal outlet from the Siberian 'barrow' region, which occupies the southern half of what is now the province of Tobolsk. The Yrtish itself is one of the principal waterways of Siberia, running in a straight line from the Chinese border right through western Siberia. It is the best natural outlet to the north for the products of the Altai and the trade of the depths of Asia.

To the east and the north of the mouth of the Tobol lay the land of the Finnic tribes, with its impassable forests and marshes, whence inroads might ever be expected. Hence it is that the forts on the Yrtish are grouped almost exclusively about what is now the city of Tobolsk. Here was always the bulwark of our Scythian ancestors against the foreign world of Mongol-Turkic blood.

These ancient forts are mentioned in those chronicles of Siberia which treat of its conquest by Yermak. Since the name Isker—properly, 'old dwelling-place,—is applied to the principal one of them, and since the Tartars did not seem to realise their importance as fortified positions for repelling the Russian invader, but sought safety in flight, we may come to the conclusion that they were of pre-Tartaric origin.

The decorated potsherds in them are identical with those found in Russian barrows, and show that the latter and the Siberian forts were probably contemporaneous, and that they certainly are relics of one and the same race.

The very type of these earthworks, the choice of their situation on lofty points of land along river-banks, their semicircular shape, the barrow-tombs in their neighbourhood, and the bronze weapons, vessels, and ornaments found in them, all tend to show that the Huns, who once

GOLD-WASHING.

dwelt in Siberia, were near akin to the Bulgars of the Kama and the Scythians of southern Russia.

The Bulgarian culture of the Volga and the Kama was a branch of the ancient Permian and Tobolian.

The most common type of pottery in the north (it has decorations of a definite kind impressed on the moist clay)—a type found in all Russian and Siberian barrows, is not at all common either in Asia or in western Europe. Yet the same type is met with on the site of ancient Troy, among the ancient Slavonians of the Baltic and of the Danube, and in some places in Switzerland. Evidently such pottery belongs to a peculiar form of civilisation. It is found only in certain regions, and almost exclusively in those places where we find such ancient forts and barrows as are found in Russia and Siberia. Whether the culture of Troy spread from the

Storm in a Siberian forest.

Hellespont to the Volga, the Kama, and Siberia, or whether it proceeded simultaneously in different directions from Central Asia, is a matter of indifference with regard to the point in question.

The unity of Siberian and Permian-Bulgar culture is most clearly expressed in the various ornaments adapted to national taste, custom and creed. Ancient Siberia and Bulgaria were once swayed by common ideals, formed a united whole, and were independent of the influence both of the classical West and of the Persian South. They formed a separate north-eastern world far away both from civilised Europe and from Asia. A portion of this Siberian heritage penetrated at an early period into the north of Russia, Scandinavia, and to the Baltic coast. Still more drifted westward along with the great migration of the Aryan tribes, yet some of its most ancient forms remained unknown to Europe, and died in the place of their birth, among the tombs and earthworks of south-eastern Russia.

YURAK MEN.

In the track of the Huns, as it were, there came from the Altai mountains westward to the Ural and the Volga those Mongol-Tartars whom the majority of historians are inclined to believe the real Huns. The Tartars and Mongols who replaced the ancient 'barrow' population of Siberia began to press on the Bulgarians and Ugrians, who in their turn moved further westward to the lands about the Black Sea and the Danube, the Bulgarians about the seventh or eighth century, the Ugrians about the eighth or ninth. For centuries these tribal waves moved along this highway from east to west, forming new kingdoms on their way. This really great migration of the nations, lasting perhaps for many centuries, was concluded in the thirteenth century by a similar event, namely, the invasion of Russia by the Mongols and the Tartars, which took place in the full light of universal history. The steppes of Siberia thus seem to have been a special kind of nursery of nations, where various tribes attained to a mighty but geographically unstable power, and, moved by destiny, poured westward to crush or to renovate the effete civilisations of Europe.

YURAK WOMEN.

Archæology gives us a clear picture of the almost complete identity of ancient Siberian, Bulgarian, and Slavonic culture. There are the same earthen barrows, the same riparian forts

STATUE OF YERMAK (IN YEKATERINBURG)

with their semicircular walls, the same pottery, ornaments and weapons, on the one side and the other of the Ural.

There can be no doubt that in one and in the other half of modern Russia there once dwelt a race akin to us. Judged by archæological data this race was unlike both the eastern Finns and the Tartars. Nor did it correspond to the denizens of ancient Gaul or Germany. Who, then, were the owners of these countless mines, these peculiar objects of bronze, gold, and silver, these brazen sickles and other implements of agriculture, of carpentry and of other trades? Whose are the traces of river navigation and settled life in fortified places? The Siberian antiquities of the barrow age are almost certainly traces of ancient Slavonic civilisation.

In such a case is it not rather naïve to speak of our growing *Drang nach Osten!*

Gradually, as the Russian race grew stronger in its new Western home, a reverse current of an elemental character set in among them, drawing them back to the land of their forefathers—Siberia, and to the freedom of the steppes of Asia.

Early in the eleventh century we find traces of Russian expeditions eastward, and the first authentic record of them takes us back as far as 1092, when Novgorod sent its men to the land of the Yugra, lying to the west of the Ural mountains. About 1187, a massacre of Russian tax-gatherers took place there, which shows that Novgorod must have levied tribute on the natives. In 1193, Novgorod sent a successful armed expedition against them, and in the second half of the thirteenth century the land of Yugra was already regarded as a dependency of the Russian principality. Expeditions against it gradually became a common thing; the men of Novgorod penetrated deeper and deeper into the land, and in 1364 they crossed the Ural mountains and harried the land as far as the river Obi and the sea.

When in the fifteenth century Novgorod lost its autonomy, the struggle with the East was taken up by Moscow, which, in 1483, despatched an expedition against western Siberia, which reached the Obi.

In the sixteenth century we find the Tartar khans, who had become masters of western Siberia, sustaining friendly relations with Moscow. In 1555, envoys from Yediger, prince of Siberia, and from all the land, came to Ivan, prince of Moscow, to congratulate him on the conquest of the kingdoms of Kazan and Astrakhan, and to offer him submission

MONUMENT TO YERMAK (IN TOBOLSK).

and tribute. Their offer was accepted, and western Siberia became a Russian protectorate. In 1563 the throne was usurped by Koochoom, a scion of the dynasty which once ruled Siberia. It was against him that war was waged by the whilom robber-chief, Yermak, and his Cossacks, who had taken service under the border traders Stroganoff. They bought themselves pardon for their crimes by the conquest of Siberia for the Grand Duke of Moscow, to whom they brought a great part of that vast land.

YERMAK'S STANDARD.

In the first half of the seventeenth century, Russian forts began to spring up on the banks of the Lena and the Uda. Here, in 1639, the Russian learned from the Tungusians of the existence south of the mountains of the great rivers Zea, Soongari, and Amur, and of lands abounding in silver and furs, and inhabited by an agricultural people rich in cattle. This was enough to attract our adventurers to those distant unknown lands.

In the summer of 1643 an expedition of one hundred and thirty-two men was despatched by the governor of Yakutsk under the Cossack Poyarkoff. Being overtaken by winter, he deserted his boats and with ninety volunteers crossed the Stanovoi range on snow-shoes, dragging provisions and arms on little sledges. By the spring of 1644 the adventurers had reached the Amur, not without sundry skirmishes with the natives on the way. Descending the river, Poyarkoff wintered at its mouth, and next summer, having built themselves vessels, the explorers journeyed northward along the coast of the sea of Okhotsk. It was only in the summer of 1646 that this daring handful of men returned to Yakutsk, having in three years journeyed some five thousand miles, lost three-quarters of their number, and wintered three times on the way. These bold explorers opened up the way for further enterprise.

RELICS OF OLD SIBERIA.

A few years later, Khabaroff, a Russian peasant, organised an expedition at his own expense, and, overcoming the resistance of the natives, made his way along the Amur to its junction with the Oossoori, where he founded a fortified settlement, which he maintained successfully against the attacks of the natives and the Manchurs. He was succeeded by others, not always so successful in their

operations, until a band of adventurers under Tchernigoffsky not only regained all that had been lost, but even conquered fresh lands along the Oossoori, and partly along the Soongari, as far as the mountains.

Alarmed at the inroads of these Russian adventurers, the Chinese Government decided to take energetic measures against them, and in 1685 it sent an army against them. The principal settlement, Albazin, was destroyed, and the Cossacks had to retire. In 1686 they returned and were again attacked. The siege lasted fourteen months, and was only raised on the arrival

AN ABORIGINAL OF THE AMUR TERRITORY.

of a Russian official, on his way to treat with the Chinese with regard to the determining of the frontier. Finding the land void of organisation, and its defence against the constant attacks of the Mongols wellnigh impossible, and having weakened his forces in attempting to worst the enemy, in 1689 he signed the treaty of Nertchinsk, by which Russia gave up the conquests of Khabaroff.

The basin of the Amur was never quite forgotten, but the question of its occupation had to give way to others of more importance. The mouth of the river, moreover, had never been surveyed, and it was very uncertain whether it would prove accessible to sea-going vessels. It was only in 1846 that the brig *Constantine* was despatched to settle the question, in spite

of the opposition of the party which held, with Lapérouse, Broughton, and Krusenstern, that the mouth of the Amur was inaccessible from the sea, and feared that the annexation of its basin might rouse the dissatisfaction of Europe, and especially of England. Owing to want of time and means, the expedition obtained no positive results, but these, such as they were, led the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Nesselrode, to report to Nicholas I. that the Amur was not navigable for shipping at its mouth, that Saghalien was only a peninsula, and the river was of no importance to Russia.

ABORIGINES OF THE AMUR, WITH A RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Being thus led to believe that the possession of the Amur was of no consequence to Russia, the Russian Government—which until then had constantly declined the proposals made by China for continuing the demarcation of the frontier between the two countries as far as the sea, through those regions where it had been left undefined by the treaty of Nertchinsk—decided at last to agree to a frontier running along the southern slope of the Hingan-Stanovoi range, thus ceding to China for good and all the whole basin of the Amur.

It was the appointment of Mooravyoff as Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, as well as the outbreak of war in the East, which prevented the execution of this plan.

Towards the end of 1847 the transport-vessel *Baikal* being despatched to our Siberian ports with stores, her captain, G. Nevelsky, strove hard to reopen the long-forgotten Amur question, and sought permission to devote what time was left him to an investigation of the mouth of that river.

Having received no direct permission, Nevelsky decided to act on his own responsibility.

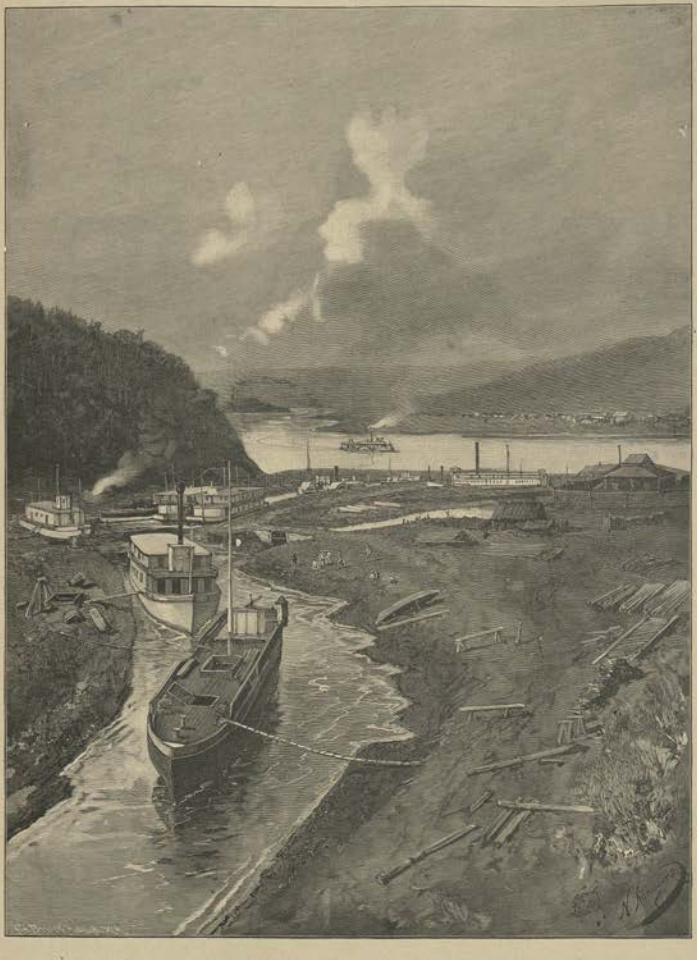
After three months of difficult and dangerous cruising about the island of Saghalien and the mouth of the Amur, the *Baikal* entered the port of Ayan, where Nevelsky happened to find Mooravyoff and reported to him, for transmission to the Emperor, the news that Saghalien was an island, and that the Amur with its delta was open to sea-going vessels from the north and from the south.

In St. Petersburg the discovery was not believed to be genuine, and the only result of Nevelsky's report was the erection of winter-quarters near, but not in, the delta of the Amur.

CAPTAIN NEVELSKY.

This satisfied neither Mooravyoff nor Nevelsky, and in 1850 the latter, in spite of the serious responsibility he incurred by such a course, entered the Amur in a launch with six men and a small cannon, and, having hoisted the Russian flag on the bank, named the post Nikolaieffsk, in honour of the Emperor, and, in the name of the Russian Government, announced to the natives and to the foreign vessels anchored about the delta that Russia had always regarded this land as her own.

Nevelsky's report to the Emperor was made in person. The committee, under Count Nesselrode, appointed to examine into it decided that Nevelsky's unauthorised action was deserving of severe punishment, and that the post founded by him should be abolished. Owing to



AMONG THE WHARVES ON THE AMUR.

ON THE AMUR BORDERS.

CANOES ON THE AMUR.

Mooravyoff's intervention, however, the Emperor ordered a new examination, the result of which was more favourable to the bold explorer.

In confirming the decision arrived at by this second committee—according to which the post of Nikolaieffsk was to be retained, Nevelsky appointed chief of a commercial expedition to the Amur, and the Chinese Government informed that Russia undertook the charge of the mouth of the river—the Emperor Nicholas I. spoke these weighty words: 'Where the Russian flag has once been hoisted, it must never again be lowered.'

One of the consequences of Nevelsky's course of action, which had thus received the approval of the Emperor, who had pronounced it noble and patriotic, was an invitation to the Chinese Government to proceed to a final delimitation of the Russo-Chinese frontier. Thenceforth the mouth of the Amur was to remain in Russian hands.

CHAPTER XXXIX

On May 12 (24) 1891, at Vladivostok, H.I. Highness once more set foot on Russian soil after his long journey through the far East. The days of his visit to the remote Siberian port will long be memorable in the annals of the Amur. On May 17 (29) he was present at the unveiling of a monument to Nevelsky, the bold and patriotic seaman to whom Russia owes the possession of this land. On the following day he laid the foundation of the dry dock then building at Vladivostok. The contract with the builders had been concluded only in November 1890, when the Chinese labourers had returned to their homes and the navigation season was almost over. Hence it was impossible to obtain either a sufficient number of workmen or the tools and machinery necessary for the task, while the hard frost severely hampered the work of excavation. The timber necessary for the work, moreover, had to be brought from a distance of more than thirty miles, and there was a complete absence of labourers accustomed to pile-driving. The task, therefore, had to be accomplished under exceptional circumstances and amid obstacles unknown to European Russia. In spite of all this, operations were carried on with the utmost persistence all through the winter, and by May the piles were almost all driven and more than 1,715,000 cubic feet of earth excavated. A steamer was daily expected from London with a cargo of sixteen hundred tons of cement, besides rails, trucks and machinery.

It was during the Cesarewitch's stay in Vladivostok also that glad tidings came to the convicts and exiles of Siberia. A considerable amelioration of punishment was granted to all those among them who had shown themselves deserving of it.

Finally, on May 19 (31) the Cesarewitch went through the ceremony of turning the first turf on the great Siberian railway, destined to connect the far East by an uninterrupted line of rail with the heart of Russia.

CHIEF COMPANIONS OF H.I.H. THE CESAREWITCH ON HIS JOURNEY THROUGH THE EAST.

On May 20 H.I. Highness bade farewell to the squadron, and on the following day left Vladivostok on his way westward. A drive of seventy miles brought him by evening to the village of Nikolskoye, whence on May 24 he continued his journey by steamer along the winding river Soongatch, towards the Oossoori and the Amur.

I shall omit any detailed description of the manifestations of enthusiastic loyalty with which

ARRIVAL AT VLADIVOSTOK.

the Cesarewitch was greeted all along his route through Siberia. They were too numerous and too similar in character and spirit for this.

Station after station and village after village were passed on the way up the Amur, the Cossacks turning out everywhere to greet the son of the Tsar. One of the features of these receptions was the presence of Cossack boys among the mounted men drawn up at the various stopping-places to greet the Cesarewitch. On hearing that cavalry drill formed part of the school training in the boys' schools of this province, H.I. Highness was pleased to grant permission for the schoolboys to take their places in the ranks of the Cossacks at such receptions.

The horsemanship of many of these little fellows was remarkable, not a few of them being excellent trick-riders, dashing along at full speed while standing on their heads in the saddle, to mention only one of their feats.

The reception at Blagoveshchensk-on-Amur was most enthusiastic. In spite of the pouring rain more than thirty thousand people, besides the troops, flocked down to the bank to greet the Cesarewitch. The scene was no less striking at his departure, when not only the population of Blagoveshchensk but also the Chinese population on the other bank turned out to bid him farewell.

Nor were the rejoicings and manifestations of enthusiastic loyalty one whit less marked at

BARON KORFF, FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE AMUR TERRITORY.

any other of the points along the route of over fifteen hundred miles up to the borders of the Trans-Baikal province, which were reached on June 10 (22).

Here, having bidden farewell to the Cossacks of the Amur, and having received a warm and loyal welcome from the representatives of Trans-Baikalia, the Cesarewitch continued his journey, proceeding by steamer up the river Shilka, stopping at settlement after settlement on the way, to the great delight of the inhabitants.

Stretensk was reached on June 13. Here the Cesarewitch spent a day, reviewing the troops, inspecting the local school with its technical class, and presiding at a shooting-match between the Cossacks. Here it had been designed to continue the journey to Nertchinsk by land, but the river being very full it was found possible to reach that town by water. That same evening, therefore, the steamer left Stretensk, reaching its destination on the following morning.

OUR FIRST RAILS BY THE OPEN SEA.

IN THE GOSSOORI TERRITORY.

At Nertchinsk, one of the oldest towns in the Trans-Baikal, the Cesarewitch remained until the following morning, inspecting the troops, the schools, and the museum.

TROOPS OF THE OOSSOORI TERRITORY, SIBERIA.

SIBERIAN CONVICTS.

From Nertchinsk H.I. Highness continued his journey by land in an open carriage. The halts made at the settlements on the way were veritable festivals for the inhabitants, who took advantage of the opportunity to express their heartfelt loyalty in the most enthusiastic manner.

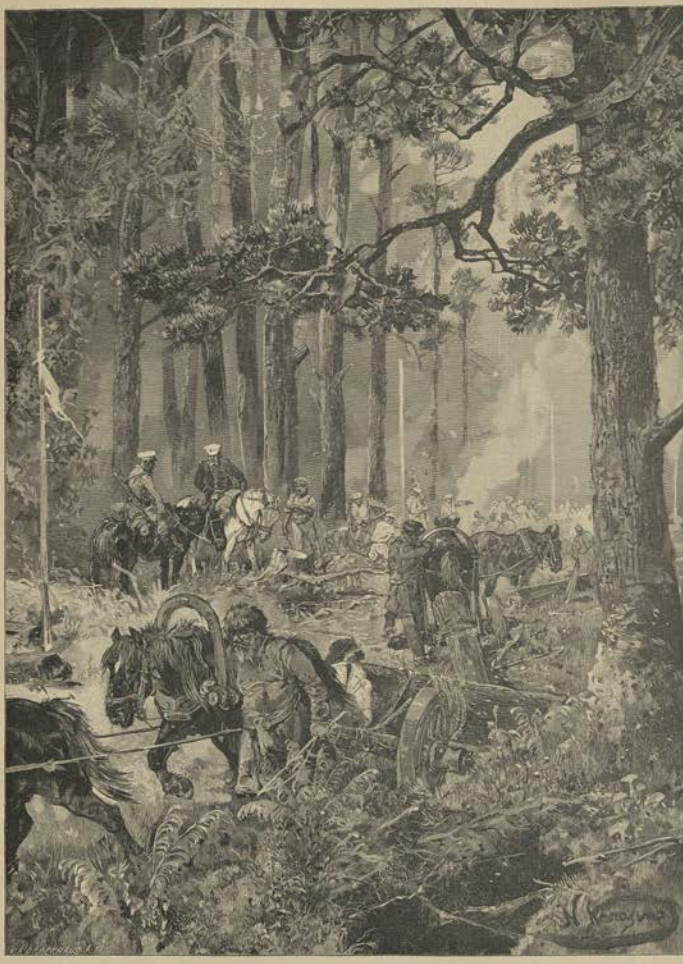
At Kniaze-ooroolga the Cesarewitch was greeted by the Tungus inhabitants, and lunched at the house of the manager of the Tungus clans, part of the menu consisting of native dishes. Further on, during a halt for fresh relays of horses, the Buriats were for the first time officially presented to the Cesarewitch, whom they entertained with an exhibition of their skill in horse-breaking. A herd of wild Buriat horses were feeding hard by, and the natives proceeded to catch several of them. A mounted Buriat would cast a noose over the neck of the horse selected by him, and, gradually twisting it tighter and tighter by means of a stick attached

RUSSIAN RAILWAY STATION IN THE FAR EAST.

to it, would reduce the animal to a state of exhaustion. All this took place during a wild gallop, the captured horse struggling violently for liberty and obliging its captor to use all his own skill and that of his steed to baffle the struggles of his victim. Half-strangled, the latter at last would halt, to be immediately surrounded by a swarm of men on foot, who held it by ears, mane, and legs, while it was saddled, bitted, and mounted. After this, finding that no rearing, kicking, or bucking could throw its rider, the horse would at last submit to the inevitable.

This novel sight excited great interest in the Cesarewitch and his suite.

It was near sunset when H.I. Highness arrived at the camp prepared for him by the Buriats of Aginsk, where he was received in state by their chiefs. One of the features of the camp was a large Buriat tent presented to the Cesarewitch by the natives. He expressed a wish to pass the night in it.



RAILWAY-BUILDING IN THE SIBERIAN FORESTS.

The tent was furnished like that of a very wealthy Buriat. To the right of the entrance stood a bed covered with a silken quilt; opposite the door was a sort of throne with a high back and a canopy. To the left of the entrance stood a special table for the *burkhans* (gods), upon which were a number of silver sacrificial utensils. There were also many boxes and coffers of native make. The floor was covered with cloth and carpets.

Next morning, as a mark of special favour to the Buriats, the Cesarewitch was photographed together with their chiefs.

TROOPS OF THE SOUTH OSSSOORI TERRITORY.

To describe the reception of the Cesarewitch at Chita and at the other towns and settlements along his path would simply be to speak again and again of enthusiastic exhibitions of loyalty on the part both of Russians and of the aboriginal natives of Siberia.

Any account, however, of his journey through the Trans-Baikal would be incomplete without some reference to the historical and natural peculiarities of the land.

It should be remembered that the Trans-Baikal was annexed with scarcely a struggle, at an earlier period than the Irkutsk region which offered a stubborn resistance. The first bands of Russians appeared on the shores of the Baikal in 1643 and in 1647, and the following year two forts were built. With a view to increasing the Russian forces in this part of Siberia in 1761 a Tungus native regiment was formed, and in 1764 four Buriat regiments were raised. To them, along with the Russian Cossacks, the defence of the frontier was committed.

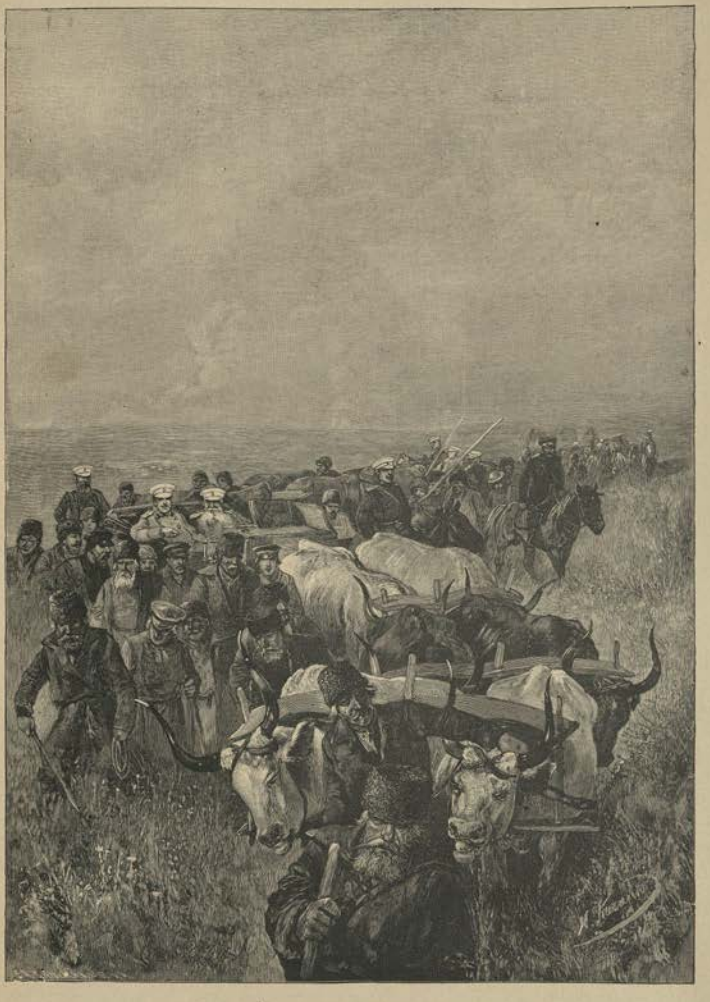
The Trans-Baikal Cossack forces were organised on the same basis as the Cossack forces in other parts of the Empire, and very soon after began to fulfil one of the functions of the Russian Cossacks in general, namely, the colonisation of newly-acquired territory. In 1854 the fifty thousand Cossacks then in the ranks of the Trans-Baikal corps furnished no small number of men for the rapid and effectual occupation of the district of the Amur, and three years later many Cossack families migrated permanently to the banks of the Amur and the Oossoori.

ON THE WAY TO KHABAROFFSK.

The land belonging to the Cossacks of the Trans-Baikal amounts to about 8,000,000 acres, consisting of 3,400,000 acres of arable, meadow, and pasture land, and some 700,000 acres of forest, the rest being sandy desert and bog. The population amounts to about 172,000—24,000 being Lamaites.

The spread of civilisation here threatens the land with some serious evils. The advent of the Russians has led to a wholesale destruction of the forests which the Buriat and Tungus population had husbanded with great economy. It is enough to say that in the thirty-two years following 1853, 47,000,000 acres of timber had been cut down, while 3,000,000 acres was all that the population required.

While the forests existed, the winter layer of snow was more stable, the trees preventing its



PASSAGE OF THE CESAREWITCH THROUGH OOSSOORI TERRITORY AFTER A FLOOD.

being blown away and the soil denuded; the snow melted with more regularity, while the rain-water was retained for a longer period and flowed down to the rivers more slowly. With the destruction of the forests, and the denudation of the soil over large tracts of land, the rain and the snow were no longer retained, for, owing to the hilly character of the country, the rain-water ran down to the rivers with extreme swiftness, filling them to overflowing and giving the soil no time to absorb it. The forests, moreover, used to act as natural condensers of atmospheric moisture, and the rainfall in former times was probably greater than it is now.

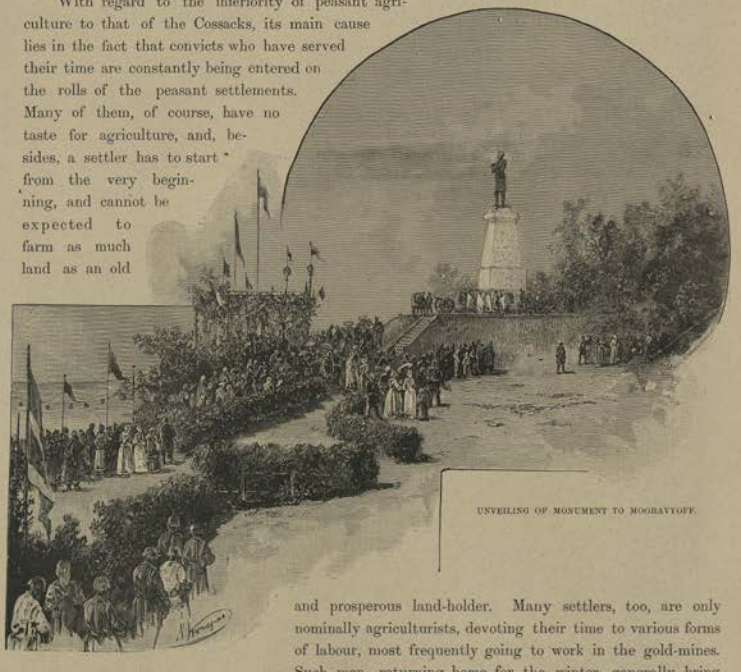
KHABAROFFSK.

It would seem that with the loss of its forests the Trans-Baikal is gradually losing its water. Many springs have dried up; small rivers which never ran dry from year's end to year's end are now represented by insignificant rivulets, which are full only during the rains. In sundry places fields are no longer cultivated, the brooks by means of which they used to be irrigated having run dry. The porous soil, deprived of its natural covering, cannot resist the action of the winds, and gradually dries up.

Many villages, having cut down all the timber belonging to them, now encroach on the neighbouring forests belonging to the crown, the local population regarding them as being no one's property. Under the circumstances, it is to be feared that the last vestiges of forest here will soon disappear, and many brooks and rivers run dry. In such a case the climate of

the Trans-Baikal will become still drier, the winds more violent, and the alternation of heat and cold yet more marked. It is to be seriously feared that this once fertile land may become somewhat like the neighbouring Gobi desert, which, it should be remembered, has already wedged itself into the Trans-Baikal between the Onon and the Argun, and with every year is creeping further and further into the land.

With regard to the inferiority of peasant agriculture to that of the Cossacks, its main cause lies in the fact that convicts who have served their time are constantly being entered on the rolls of the peasant settlements. Many of them, of course, have no taste for agriculture, and, besides, a settler has to start from the very beginning, and cannot be expected to farm as much land as an old



UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO MOORAVYOFF.

and prosperous land-holder. Many settlers, too, are only nominally agriculturists, devoting their time to various forms of labour, most frequently going to work in the gold-mines. Such men, returning home for the winter, generally bring nothing with them, and, having no store either of grain or provisions, lead a miserable life, subsisting on chance jobs until the arrival of spring, when they return to the mines. It is not uncommon for such a 'digger' to depart for the Amur and disappear for two or three years, sometimes for good and all, or else to return home, hopelessly crippled with rheumatism and other diseases, to become a burden on the community.

The task of the immediate future is to develop cattle-breeding in this land. The cattle of the Trans-Baikal are small, but successful attempts are being made to improve them by cross-breeding with imported stock. Along the Onon and the Argun there is no small number of

9 THROUGH THE FOREST MARSHES OF SIBERIA.

breeders whose cattle are to be numbered by the thousand. One Shestakoff, a Cossack, owns 5000 head of cattle, 6000 horses, and more than 15,000 sheep—26,000 in all. Next to the Cossacks, the wealthiest cattle-owners are the Buriats.

There is no housing for the cattle in winter, and they wander about the vast steppes, guarded by shepherds, grazing on the withered grass, which they frequently have to search for under a thin layer of snow. In consequence of such poor food the cattle grow very thin and weak during the hard months, and during a very snowy winter the mortality among them amounts to tens of thousands. To avoid this, the Trans-Baikal nomads drive their herds across the frontier into Mongolia for the winter, wandering about until there is a sufficiency of pasture at home. Between the Onon and the Argun the frontier is open and unguarded, and it is always possible to cross it.

MONGOL FRONTIERSMAN.

Thin and exhausted by a winter of semi-starvation, the cattle rapidly recover strength and flesh on the spring pastures. The Trans-Baikal grass is extremely nourishing, probably owing to the great proportion of various mineral salts in the soil. Nevertheless, the eastern part of the territory does not supply enough food for the cattle, and it will soon be necessary either to diminish the herds or find means for increasing the supply of grass.

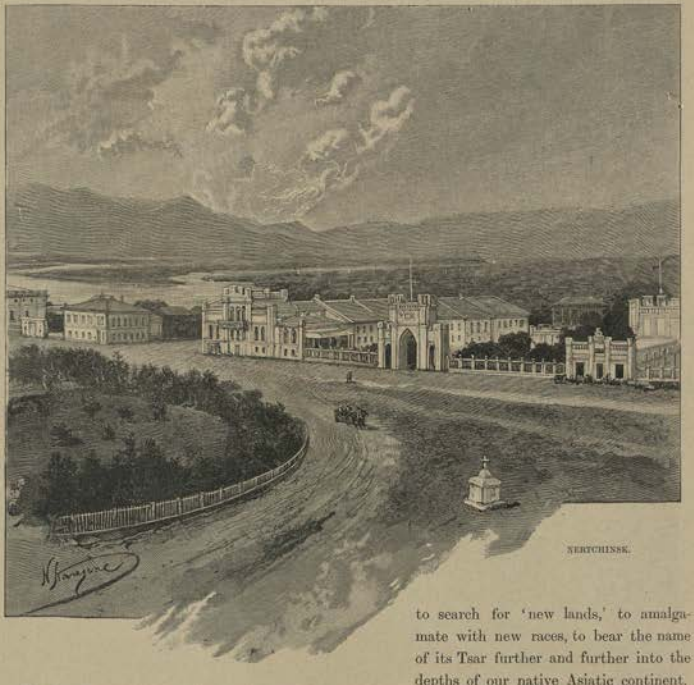
COSSACK BOYS.

Owing to this superabundance of cattle, the Trans-Baikal drives a flourishing trade in meat, with which it supplies the territory of the Amur. Large quantities are also despatched to the mines in the Amur, Trans-Baikal, and Yakut territories. The greater part of the cattle intended for these places is driven to some point on the Shilka in the autumn. Here the animals are slaughtered, and then the carcasses are transported in a frozen state to the different mines. The average number slaughtered annually on the Shilka amounts to about 25,000 head. The slaughtering takes place on the ice, where the meat lies until it is frozen.

Emigrants from European Russia have long ceased to settle here; they only pass through

the Trans-Baikal in crowds, eagerly hastening eastward to the Amur. In fact, many of the inhabitants of the Trans-Baikal, finding life growing harder there, are beginning to think of migrating to a more fertile land themselves.

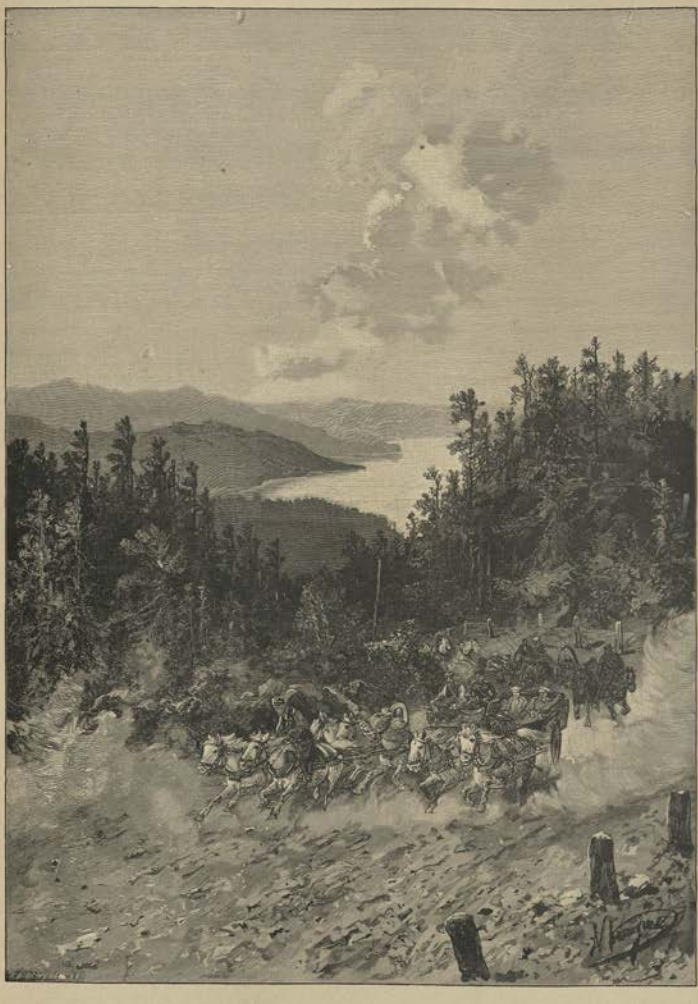
Yet it could not be otherwise. It is clear as day that for the restless Russian race, all these Siberian borderlands can be no more than temporary points of vantage in its natural tendency



NERTCHINSK.

to search for 'new lands,' to amalgamate with new races, to bear the name of its Tsar further and further into the depths of our native Asiatic continent.

In the Trans-Baikal, intense frost prevails throughout the winter. The deeper rivers freeze to a considerable depth (for example the Shilka at Stretensk is usually covered by nearly six feet of ice) and the shallow ones to the very bottom. The ice on the river cracks and warps; the earth itself is covered with yawning cracks, and fragments are constantly breaking from the rocks and rolling down the hillsides.



THROUGH THE TRANS-BAIKAL HILLS.

The snow is rarely more than five inches deep, and, being dry, does not cling to the ground, but is swept along by the wind until it reaches some natural barrier. Owing to the slight depth

TUNGUS MEN.

of the snow, sledge-travelling is not everywhere possible, and is practised chiefly along the rivers.

Though the frost lasts through the winter without any break or thaw, yet its severity is

BURIAT WOMAN.

much abated by the dryness of the atmosphere. When the thermometer stands at 15° to 20° of frost (centigrade), the weather is said to be mild, and even at −30° and lower, thanks to the

dryness of the air and the absence of wind, both man and beast bear the cold with ease. Wind in winter only occurs when the thermometer stands comparatively high, at about -20°; when it falls to -30° the air is generally very still.

The earth freezes to a considerable depth, and it is noticeable that the frost seems to penetrate deeper than the summer heat. Hence, throughout the greater part of the Trans-Baikal, at a certain depth the earth is frozen all the year round.

BURIAT TENT, WITH ALTAR AND ROYAL SEAT, PRESENTED TO THE CESAREWITCH.

Manufacturing industry in the Trans-Baikal has to be carried on under conditions of the most trying nature, even when compared with those existing in European Russia. With those prevailing in Western Europe they cannot even be compared.

One of the most important obstacles to the development of manufactures in the Trans-Baikal is the all but complete absence of skilled workmen who have been trained in the various branches of industry. They have to be brought from European Russia, a distance of 4000 miles, and paid double or treble wages, as well as enormous travelling expenses. Such men, moreover, imported

BEFORE THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE IN CHITA.

at an immense expense, soon realise the advantages of their position, grow lazy and impertinent, and constantly demand increases of salary, threatening to leave for another mill or foundry in case of refusal. Even written agreements are of no avail, for the workman, if forced to remain in his place, does so much damage that his master is soon only too glad to get rid of him.

Another and no less serious obstacle lies in the necessity for importing all machinery, and even the simplest appliances, from European Russia, generally from Moscow. These things are not to be had on the spot for love or money, while the cost of carriage is enormous. The Kiransk salt-works, for instance, having purchased in Moscow a small engine and some other

CHIEF LAMA OF THE BURIATS.

machinery, weighing altogether about eight tons, for £600, had to pay another £600 for carriage, at the rate of nearly £75 per ton. This was moderate for Eastern Siberia, one merchant having had to pay as much as £248 per ton for the carriage of an engine to his gold-mine. Under favourable circumstances the time of transport from Moscow to the Trans-Baikal is generally about six months. The carriage even of compact goods is very expensive. Thus the same salt-works paid three times their value for the transport of a supply of fire-bars from Nizhni-Novgorod.

Combined with this there was for many years a strong disinclination among the wealthy merchants of the Trans-Baikal to invest their capital in industrial enterprise, and when, tempted by the prospect of large and speedy profit, they have done so, it has often been without the slightest knowledge of the business.

Two things alone are in favour of the development of manufacturing industry in the Trans-Baikal, and these are the natural wealth of the territory, and the neighbourhood of the equally wealthy land of Mongolia. The soil of the Trans-Baikal is fertile; the Daoor steppes feed

OUT OF LAKE BAIKAL INTO THE ANGARA

millions of cattle of all kinds; the mountains are rich in gold and other valuable minerals. Wood is cheap, especially that imported from Mongolia, and there are beds of good coal in the land.

But all these natural riches lie fallow, and without the spread of technical education and the support of the Government, the endeavours of individuals, however enterprising, remain, and must remain, fruitless.

ACTORS IN THE BURIAT 'TSAM' (A RELIGIOUS DANCE).

MYSTIC DANCE OF LAMAITES.

On June 23 the Cesarewitch arrived at Irkutsk. Here, at a triumphal arch erected near the landing-place, he was received by the Archbishop of Irkutsk and Nertchinsk, with his suffragan and the clergy of the diocese. After attending a special service in the cathedral the Cesarewitch held a reception at the Governor-General's residence, and thence proceeded to visit the Girls' College of Eastern Siberia, the Foundling Hospital, the classical and the industrial schools of the city, the military school, and several others. On the following day he

IN THE WILDS OF SIBERIA.

attended a review of the troops, visited the Theological College, and inspected the museum of the East-Siberian branch of the Imperial Geographical Society.

Early in the morning of June 25 he left Irkutsk to proceed on his homeward journey.

Krasnoyarsk was reached on July 1/13. It is scarcely necessary to say that the welcome accorded to the Cesarewitch was no less enthusiastic than at the other points visited by him. After the usual reception and visits to the local schools and colleges, the Cesarewitch inspected an exhibition illustrating the agricultural and industrial character of the province.

The show was not a brilliant one, but the objects and produce exhibited pointed to the

possibility of a high development both of agriculture and of industry in this province, notwithstanding the severity of the climate. Not to speak of agriculture, there is a future for market-gardening, and especially for dairy-farming in this territory.

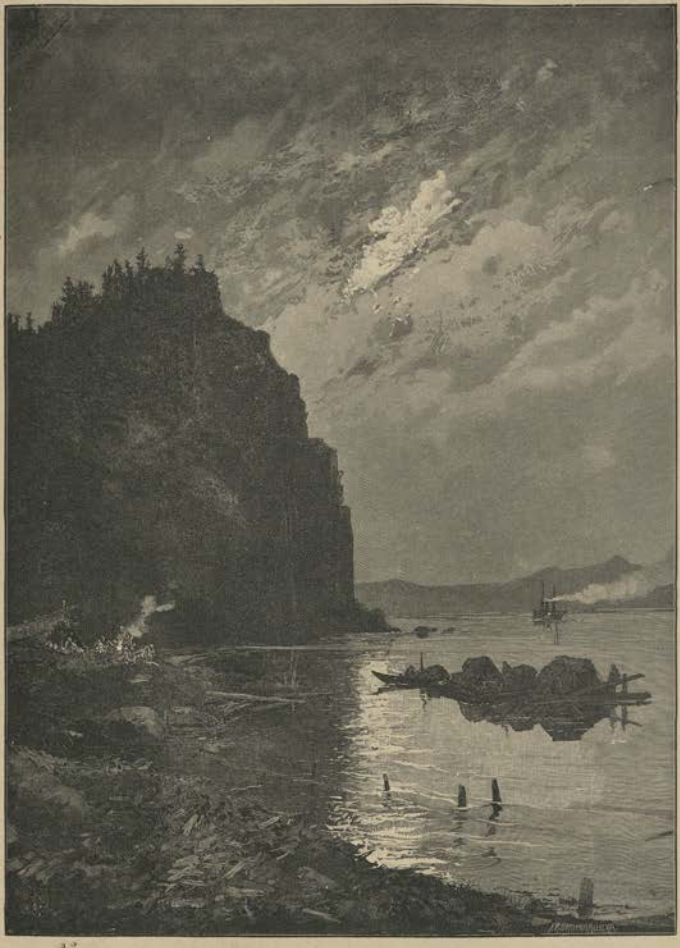
The specimens of glass and pottery exhibited by local manufacturers show, that though in these forms of industry there is still much room for improvement, yet in their present state they are quite capable of satisfying the local demand, especially in view of the cheapness of the products as compared with those imported from Russia.

NOMADS OF EASTERN SIBERIA.

The iron trade in the province may be said to be still in its infancy, but it has a splendid future before it on account of the inexhaustible wealth of ore buried in the soil. The iron produced here is excellent, and, as regards quality, is in no way inferior to that of the Ural.

The distilleries, breweries, and flour-mills of the province were also represented at the exhibition. Tanners and saddlers, hatters and bootmakers, had sent their wares to it. The technical school exhibited some very good specimens of cabinet-making, and photography was capably represented.

A special feature of the exhibition was a collection of specimens of work done by the

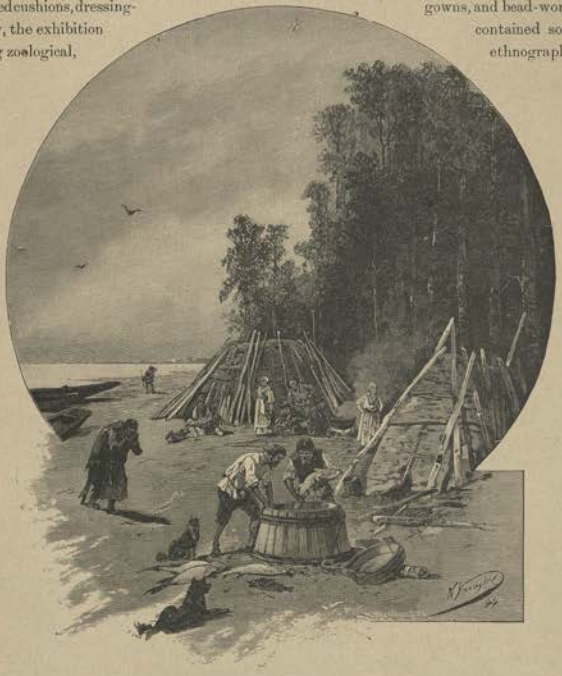


ON THE SELENGA, BEYOND LAKE BAIKAL.

convicts of the Krasnoyarsk prison. Some of the work was remarkably good, notably a writing-table veneered with oak, a fretwork toilet-table with swinging mirror and photograph frames, a travelling-bag, boots, shoes, tea-urn, and metal tea-pot.

There was also some beautiful fancy-work done in the prison: embroidered cushions, dressing-gowns, and bead-work baskets.

Finally, the exhibition contained some highly interesting zoological, ethnographical, archæological, agricultural, and industrial collections, lent by the museums of Krasnoyarsk, Yeniseisk, and Minusinsk. The collection belonging to the last occupied the first place, as regards both size and importance. Here might be seen a lay-figure attired in the full costume of a Kachin *shaman* or sorcerer. He was clad in a mantle of brown cloth, covered with a number of ribbons, little bells, and other trappings. The head-gear consisted of a conical cap of red cloth, with a plume of owl's feathers. The wings of the owl, a *sine qua non* of the costume, were hung on either side by long ribbons. In the right hand was the *shaman's* rattle, with which he was wont to beat his drum. Around him were all the various objects used by him in his incantations—



ON THE SHORES OF LAKE BAIKAL.

figures of demons, men, birds, beasts, fishes, snakes, and so on. Not far off hung a water-colour, representing the consecration by a *shaman* of an *izyk* or sacred steed, destined to preserve the herds of horses belonging to the natives from all evil. No woman, not even a young girl, might ride or even mount it. Here, too, were idols of various and fantastic form, wooden models of animals, used by the heathen natives in their sacrificial rites, the blade-bones of sheep, inscribed with sacrificial prayers, and other objects used in the religious observances. No less

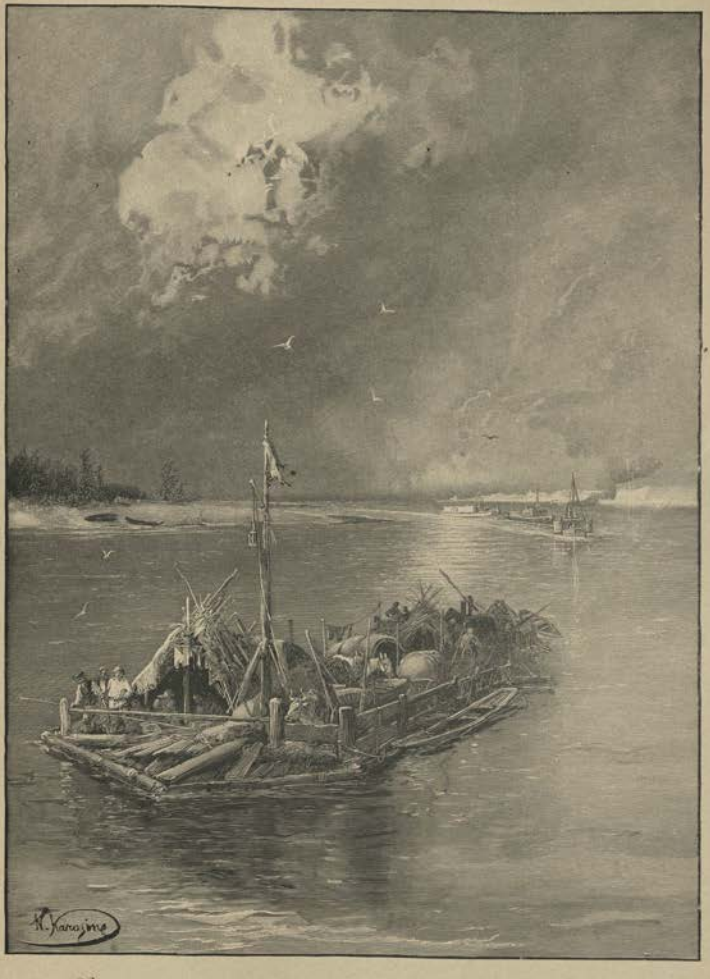
BURIAT SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

interesting were the games. The dominoes, and the chessmen in the shape of different birds and beasts, were especially notable.

In the archæological department, which contained a rich collection of weapons, household utensils, and other articles belonging to the ancient aborigines of the Minusinsk district and the neighbouring territory, there was a collection of ancient Chinese metallic mirrors. They were intended, however, for other uses than our modern mirrors. Some were sacred mirrors used at sacrifices, others were given as rewards for virtue, for deeds of valour, and so on. Others, again, were used as a species of defensive armour, being attached to the breast, or back of shoulder, by a small ring on the unpolished side.

The ethnographical department of the collection lent by the Yeniseisk museum contained a collection of objects illustrating Tungus life. It is to be observed that they were all of a markedly different character from those in the Minusinsk collection.

The Krasnoyarsk collection was an exclusively palæontological one. Among other objects it contained the bones of a mammoth, discovered in 1889, some fifty miles from Krasnoyarsk.



EMIGRANTS.

On July 3 the Cesarewitch reached the borders of the province of Tomsk. His progress through it was a veritable triumphal procession. Everywhere he was greeted by all classes with outbursts of deep-seated, loyal emotion. At Maryinsk, where the river had to be crossed in boats, his barge was manned by a crew of local merchants richly attired in Russian national costume. In many places where no stoppage was to take place, the peasants nevertheless came forth with consecrated images to invoke a blessing on the Cesarewitch as he drove past. The very poorest managed to find means to decorate their houses with flags. Birches and pines

A TYPE ON THE BORDERS OF WESTERN CIVILISATION

were specially planted about every house and along all the fences, that, as the peasants said, 'Their Little Father might find it more cheerful as he passed.'

On July 5, Tomsk, the capital of Western Siberia, was reached. On his arrival the Cesarewitch was presented by the mayor with the traditional 'bread and salt' on a silver dish. All the church bells in the town were ringing, and a dense crowd of people, including the students of the Tomsk University and the pupils of all the schools in the city, was assembled to greet the first-born of the Tsar.

After a speech of welcome from the Bishop of Tomsk, the Cesarewitch proceeded to the palace, where the Governor presented to him the senior Civil Service officials of the province, and the deputations from the various districts, who came bringing 'bread and salt,' that from Barnaool offering it on a jasper dish of remarkable workmanship.

On the following day the Cesarewitch visited the university of Tomsk, as yet the only

one in all Siberia. Here, presiding at an extraordinary meeting of the corporation, he was presented with the freedom of the University. He then inspected the library, where he devoted much attention to the rare volumes contained in it, and examined the museum and collections of the University. Thence he proceeded to visit the classical and the modern schools attached to it.

Shortly after noon H.I. Highness left Tomsk on the steamer *Nicolai* to continue his homeward journey.

Soorgoot, the first stopping-place in the government of Tobolsk, was reached on July 8. Here the Governor and senior officials were in waiting, ready to escort the Cesarewitch on his way through the province.

DERVISHES.

The passage by steamer was very restful after the long and fatiguing land journey which had preceded it.

The next halt, one hundred and seventy miles from Soorgoot, was at Samarovo, a little village at the junction of the Obi and the Irtysh—a point of historical interest in the conquest of Siberia. Small though the place was, the villagers came forward with their modest and somewhat original gifts—furs, a live bear, a reindeer and some foxes presented by the Ostyaks, and other presents.

It was only on the evening of July 10 that the steamer arrived at Tobolsk, the most ancient city of Siberia, and its former capital.

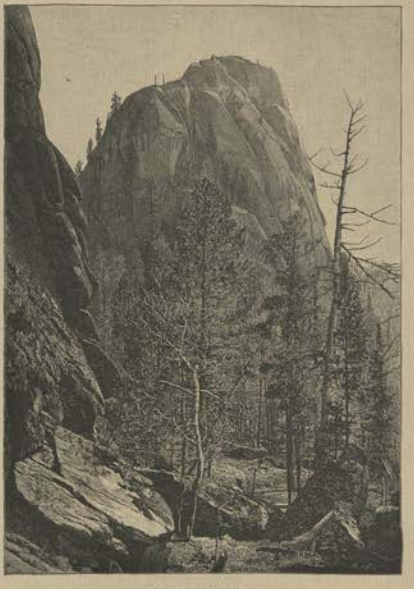
Here, after receiving the usual welcome of 'bread and salt,' the Cesarewitch proceeded directly to the cathedral, where he was met by the bishop and all the clergy of the city. After service he proceeded to the museum of Tobolsk, where he inspected the collections with much interest.

MONASTERY OF ST. INNOCENT, NEAR IRKUTSK.

IRKUTSK MUSEUM.

Next, the monument of Yermak, the conqueror of Siberia, was visited, and the Cesarewitch was shown the boat in which his grandfather had crossed the Irtysh in 1837. Near it stood the last of the crew which had ferried Alexander II. over the river—an ancient man of ninety-two.

By 10 P.M. it had grown so dark that the Cesarewitch returned on board the steamer, and shortly after midnight the journey was resumed.



NEAR KRASNOYARSK.

There were other stoppages in the course of the two thousand miles journey from Tomsk to Omsk, but the scene was everywhere the same—enthusiastic rejoicing among the inhabitants, deputations, 'bread and salt.'

On the afternoon of July 14 the steamer reached Omsk, where the arrival of the Cesarewitch had long been eagerly expected.

Here the Cesarewitch was received by the Governor-General of the Steppe territory. An immense crowd followed him to church, and on his reappearance swept after him with deafening

cheers to where he reviewed the guard of honour and received the deputations from the outlying districts. He next visited the Girls' College and the Refuge for poor children.

In the review of troops with which the day finished, three regiments of Cossacks took part. The Cossacks of many outlying settlements had not been called forth, owing to the great distances separating the latter from Omsk, though undoubtedly they would have come as willingly and in as good order as their brethren dwelling comparatively near to Omsk. Within a short time after the order had been given to prepare for the review, all the men turned up at the gathering-points fully equipped and armed and properly mounted, without having applied to the Government or to their own administrators for a single farthing to cover expenses. Fully

SHAMAN SACRIFICE.

to appreciate this, it should be remembered that 1890 had been a year of bad harvests, while in 1891, the year of the Cesarewitch's arrival at Omsk, a severe drought had been followed by a plague of locusts which had destroyed not only the corn, but much of the grass. Yet in spite of all this the men called forth came in perfect order, from distances ranging up to more than three hundred miles, at their own expense, besides supplying guards of honour and as many as two thousand one hundred horses for the use of the Cesarewitch and his suite on their journey through the territory.

Their drill was very good. Watching them ride past at the review, it was difficult to realise that they were not regular cavalry, but men recalled to the ranks only some fortnight or three weeks ago, and that quite a quarter of them were young Cossacks who had never yet been in the field.

The following day was one of rejoicing among the Cossacks, for the Cesarewitch, who is Hetman of all the Cossacks in the Empire, devoted the greater part of it to them. Having attended divine service, in the church of the Siberian Cossack army, where the banner of Yermak,

AT THE SHRINE OF ST. INNOCENT OF IRKUTSK.

the conqueror of Siberia, is still preserved, he received the deputations from the various Cossack settlements, who had come to greet him with 'bread and salt' and consecrated images.

Next he proceeded to the hall of the central Cossack administration, where he spent a whole hour, acquainting himself in detail—with the help of photographs, drawings, and maps, explained by the president—with the past and present of the Siberian Cossacks.

Finally, to their great delight, the Cesarewitch dined in the hall among his loyal Cossacks, conversing at length with many prominent members of their body.

A TUNGUS MEDICINE-MAN (IN THE TRANS-BAIKAL)

In the course of the afternoon H.I. Highness paid a visit to a Kirghiz village some eight miles from Omsk. There he was received by deputations from the nomad tribes of this part of Siberia. An exhibition of considerable interest had been prepared against his arrival, illustrating the various phases of Kirghiz life; it was arranged in twelve Kirghiz tents.

In the first tent was a Kirghiz bride, richly dressed and wearing the *saukeleh*, a sort of sugar-loaf hat, more than two feet high, decorated with silver-gilt bosses, and strings of pearls and coral beads. This headgear, worn by brides and by young wives during the first year of their marriage, is now going out of use. Here, too, were several young girls, working at Kirghiz embroidery.

THE GRAVE OF A MEDICINE-MAN IN WESTERN SIBERIA.

In the next tent the Cesarewitch was shown the manufacture of Kirghiz cheeses, the smoking of hides for the manufacture of leather bottles, Kirghiz weaving, and other forms of Kirghiz industry.

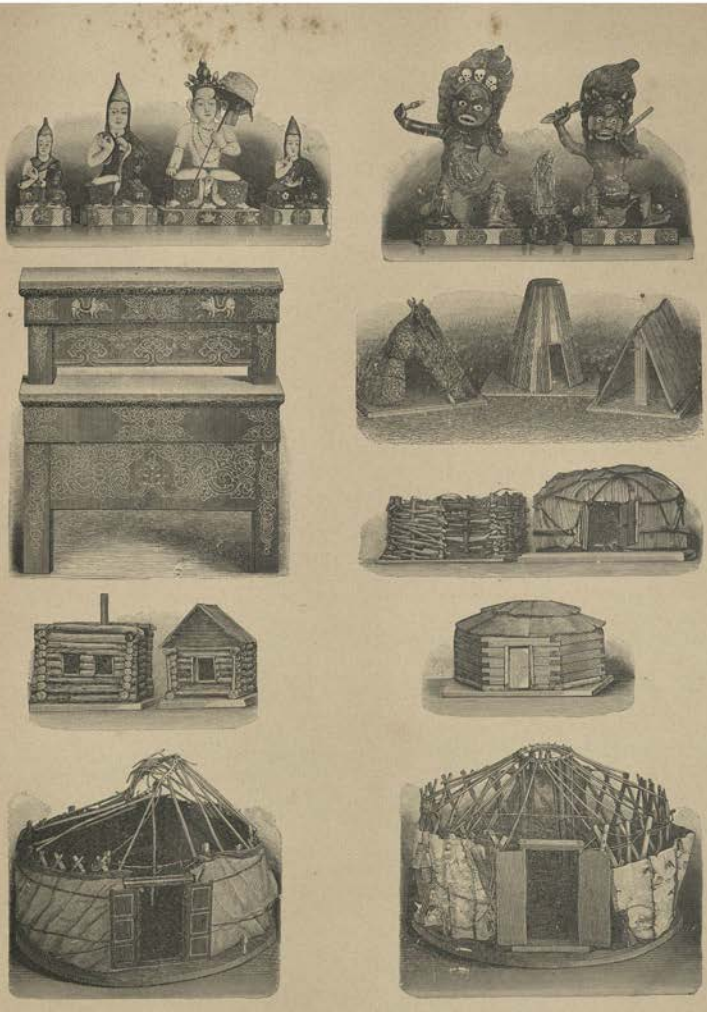
Next came an exhibition of ancient Kirghiz weapons and costumes. Besides coats of mail, helmets, lances, swords, bows and arrows—relics of the heroic period of Kirghiz history—this tent contained some objects of historic interest: a sable mantle, a belt and a sabre decorated with precious stones, which were the gifts of Catherine II. to the Kirghiz sultan Vali, on his confirmation in 1782 as Khan of the Middle Horde.

The contents of the next tent were intended to illustrate the domestic life of a wealthy Kirghiz family. Here, among other things, were a variety of Kirghiz delicacies: notably a dish of boiled mutton as served to an honoured guest, the best parts of the animal being surmounted by a boiled sheep's head. Here, too, were *palaw* (boiled rice and mutton), smoked and salted horse-fat, and other specimens of Kirghiz cookery.

The tent devoted to objects of the chase was hung with the skins of panthers, lynxes, foxes, deer, wolves, and other animals. It contained a live fox and a young antelope. There was also a collection of falcons in their hoods (for these nomads still practise hawking), traps, and matchlock and percussion-capped guns.

The fifth tent was devoted to Kirghiz trades—joinery, metal-work in iron and in silver; while in the sixth the Cesarewitch found a band of Kirghiz musicians and bards, who received him with songs of greeting. They also gave specimens of their skill in improvisation and in playing on the *dombra* (a species of guitar) and the *kobooz*, a kind of small violoncello, with a leather belly and two strings of horsehair.

IDOL OF THE ABORIGINES ON THE OBI.



IDOLS, FURNITURE, AND MODELS OF DWELLINGS IN THE MINUSINSK MUSEUM.

Next came a tent illustrating the domestic life of a poor Kirghiz. Here there were none of the foals and cattle found around the dwelling of a wealthy nomad: a single horse and a goat

TOMSK UNIVERSITY.

were all that was to be seen. The food of a poor Kirghiz consists of a porridge of roasted grain, sometimes mixed with a little goat's milk; while his tea is simply boiled in an iron pot.

WOOD-PAVED STREET IN TOBOLSK.

Next came the scientific department of the exhibition. In the first place there were the collections of the Semipalatinsk statistical committee. The ethnographic branch contained speci-

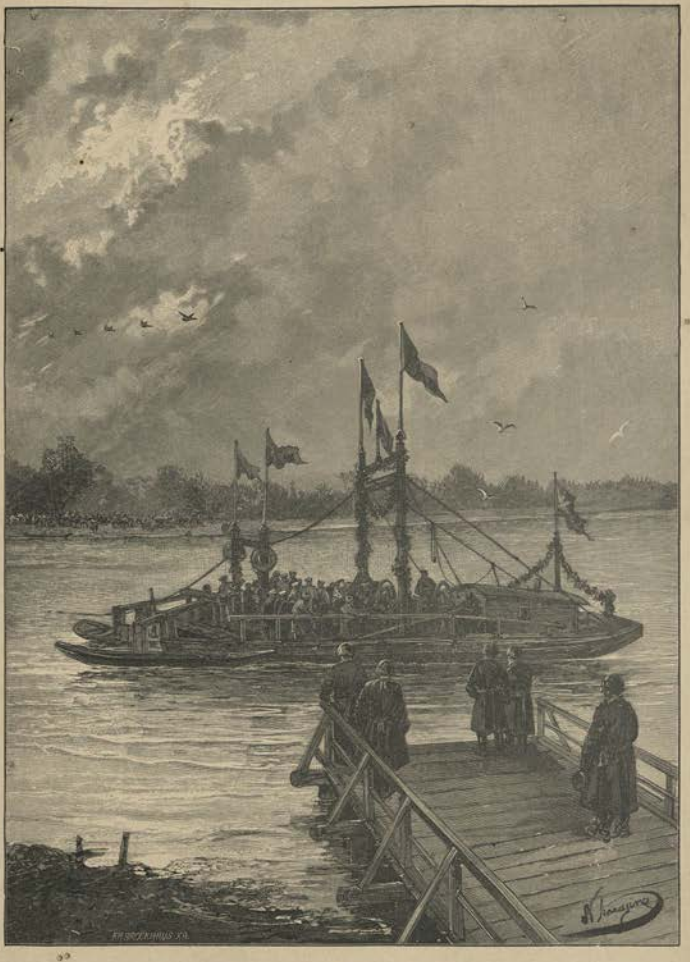
mens of Kirghiz horn-ware: spoons, snuff-boxes, *torsuks*, vessels of wood and leather ornamented with silver, for transporting *koumyss* on horses; whips, musical instruments, ancient and modern

COSSACK OUTPOST IN THE STEPPES.

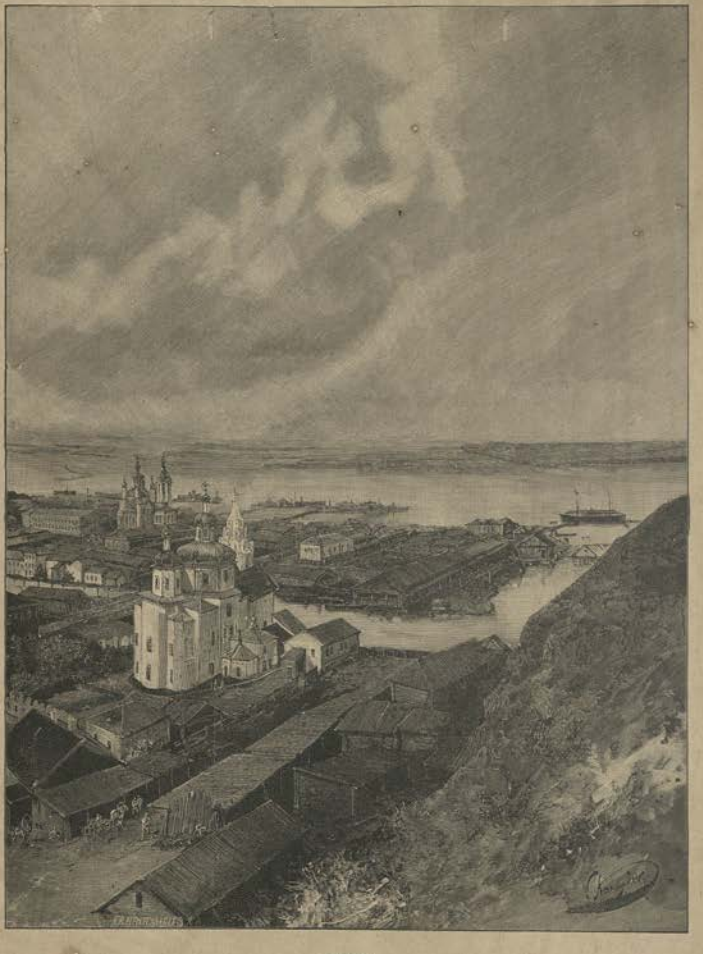
girdles, battle-axes, bows, arrows, quivers, lances, war-clubs, and fighting-sticks. Much interest attached to the archæological collection, as well as to the mineralogical and the zoological ones,

COSSACK BOYS.

and to that illustrating the various forms of Kirghiz industry. Then came exhibitions illustrating the good work done by the agricultural and industrial schools established in the province:



H.I. HIGHNESS CROSSING A SIBERIAN FERRY.



TOBOLSK.

specimens of harness, foot-gear, felt, and joinery. The last tent contained specimens of cheese and dried fruit, and a collection of silk-worm cocoons, besides the raw silk produced from them.

Nor was this the last that the Cesarewitch saw of the Kirghiz. On the following day, after

COSSACK SKIRMISHER.

SIBERIAN KHAZAK (MUSICIAN).

he had left Omsk, a deputation of these nomads was awaiting him some distance from the city, and gave him an exhibition of fox-hunting with eagles. The trained birds overtook and captured their prey with great rapidity and certainty. At another point, too, the Imperial traveller witnessed the Kirghiz game of *Kok-boorew* (grey wolf), in which a number of mounted

SIBERIAN MUSICIAN.

SIBERIAN FEMALE MUSICIAN.

natives, riding at full speed, strove to snatch a wolf's skin from each other, the winner being the one who retained it the longest.

In the evening, after his return from the Kirghiz village, the Cesarewitch proceeded to Omsk racecourse. As horse-breeding forms the principal source of wealth in the Kirghiz steppes,

KIRGHIZ

KIRGHIZ GIRL

and the favourite occupation both of the nomads and the Siberian Cossacks (while the steppe horses are noted for their speed and endurance), the Omsk racing society, desiring to acquaint the Imperial traveller with this form of national wealth, had invited all the stud-owners of the Akmolinsk and Semipalatinsk provinces to take part in the races. Fifty-three horses were entered, principally of the steppe breed.

The distances were: ten versts (6⅔ miles) as a test of endurance, and two miles as a test of

KIRGHIZ WOMAN

KIRGHIZ TENT.

TENT OF WEALTHY KIRGHIS.

speed. Of the thirty-three horses entered for the first race the winner did the distance in fifteen minutes and fifteen seconds. The time for the second distance was four minutes eight seconds.

The rest of the evening the Cesarewitch spent in the tents of the Siberian military school and in that of the local troops. After dark the camps were illuminated, presenting a line twelve hundred yards long of lanterns, stars, monograms, and so forth. Thus ended the second day in Omsk.

On July 20 the Cesarewitch reached the borders of the Orenburg Cossack territory, through which lay at least seven hundred miles of his route.

ORENBURG COSSACK ESCORT OF H.I. HIGHNESS.

Against his arrival the authorities called forth three regiments of Cossacks and three Cossack batteries, besides forming three squadrons of Cossack boys.

On the eve of H.I. Highness's arrival, that point of the boundary (which was also the boundary between Europe and Asia) where he was expected witnessed a scene of extraordinary excitement. Besides the authorities and the troops, crowds of peasants and Cossacks had gathered here, many of them having come forty miles and more on foot to see the Cesarewitch.

He arrived next morning, a little after nine, and, having reviewed the guard of honour and bidden farewell to his Siberian escort, proceeded on his journey. For the whole of the sixteen miles to the next halting-place he was escorted not only by the Cossacks, but by the boys as well, who, keeping up with the open carriage all the way, entertained the Cesarewitch by feats of horsemanship. The lads, many of whom were only eight or nine years old, dismounted

and mounted again at full gallop, rode standing on their heads, or lying across the saddle; some fired blank cartridge out of their rifles, while others pretended to be killed, and fell from their saddles, to be gathered up by others of their comrades while riding by at full speed. Some remarkable feats were exhibited by one of the non-commissioned officers commanding the boys. He unsaddled his horse while at full speed, flung the saddle and girths away, and then resaddled his steed, the articles which he had thrown away being handed to him by his comrades as he tore past at a breakneck speed.

GROUP OF COSSACKS.

Settlement after settlement was passed on the way. Until the town of Troitsk was reached the road lay through the open steppes, though some twenty or thirty years ago this part of the country was far more wooded than it is at the present day. In 1891 the landscape, however, was even more dreary than usual, the summer having been distinguished by a severe drought and a plague of beetles which had devoured what little corn and grass had sprung up. The fields on every side were bare, with here and there an isolated stack of hay. The failure of the harvest weighed the more heavily on the population, inasmuch as the province has neither navigable rivers nor railways running through it, nor are any subsidiary forms of industry practised there.

In spite of this calamity, the population was everywhere in a state of loyal animation, and the welcome accorded to the Cesarewitch was not one whit less enthusiastic than in the other towns and settlements which he had visited during his journey from Vladivostok. Cossacks and peasants, Tartar, Kirghiz, and Bashkir were equally animated with a desire to express their simple loyalty in as fervent a manner as possible.

AT ORENBURG.

At every stage of the journey there was a fresh body of Cossack horsemen waiting to convoy their Imperial guest to the next station.

At the Khalarny settlement, a little beyond the town of Orsk, a change came over the

NATIVE CHIEFS (SULTANS) OF WESTERN SIBERIA.

WARRIOR OF CENTRAL ASIA (WITH RUSSIAN MEDAL)

MERCHANT OF CENTRAL ASIA

landscape: the open steppes began to give way to rising ground, for the southern slope of the Ural mountains was near. Further on, the scenery became more and more beautiful. Especially charming were the valleys of the Gooberli and the Tchebakla rivers, the former of which winds in a ribbon of silver between rocks and cliffs, groves of trees and clumps of bushes, here and there spreading out into a multitude of rivulets shimmering in the sunlight. No less picturesque

IN THE STREETS OF SAMARKAND OR LEHI

NATIVES OF BOCHARA

and fertile is the valley of the Tchebakla, whose banks are overgrown with elm and poplar, alder and birch, currant-bushes and wild rose-bushes, while narrow woodland paths run through the chequered shade, by the shallow waters rippling among the stones and spreading out here and there into reed-bordered pools.

The cool balmy air is full of the singing of unseen birds and the chirping of grasshoppers, while in the distance rise the hills, which resemble a fantastic pile of ruined castles, colonnades, and painted buildings. Yet all this is merely rock, moss, and bushes, tinged by the wonderful play of the sunlight.

WOMAN OF TURKESTAN.

Orenburg was reached on the evening of July 26. It was regarded as a good omen that the arrival of the Cesarewitch was preceded by a heavy shower of rain. This had long been wished for on account of the drought from which the land was suffering.

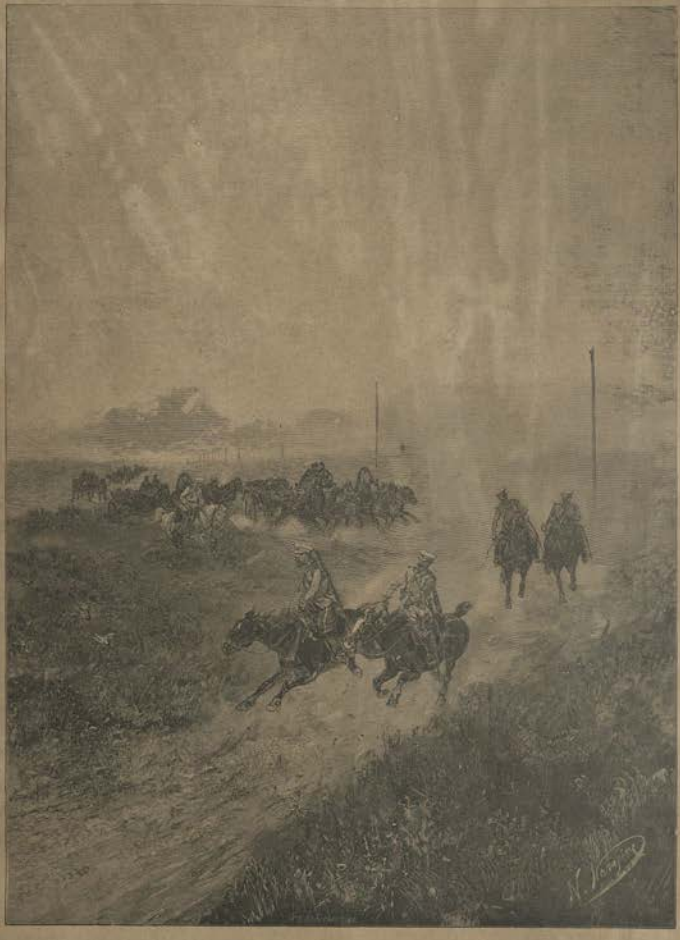
The Cesarewitch took up his quarters in the Karavan-serai, a square two-storied building of stone with turrets at the corners and a mosque in the inner courtyard. This building was erected in 1834, and was primarily intended to accommodate the headquarters of the Bashkir native troops, the arsenal, the school for Bashkir children, and the model workshops for those trades which are necessary for this semi-nomadic tribe: smithies, joiners', harness-makers', painters', shoemakers', and tailors' shops. Here, too, Bashkirs coming up to Orenburg on business or for military service were to find quarters; here their disputes were to be settled; and here a mosque was erected for their worship. This mosque, though not large, is richly decorated.

On the abolishment of the special Bashkir troops, this building passed into the hands of the Home Office, and now accommodates the offices and lodgings of the provincial administration and the lodgings of the servants of the mosque.

Among the numerous deputations presented to the Cesarewitch was one from the merchants of Khiva trading in Orenburg. Two of its members came forth from the audience-chamber literally shedding tears of joy at having seen so "kind" a son of the "Ak-Khan" (the White Tsar).

On July 27 the Cesarewitch held a review of the troops, and afterwards attended the races and the competition in trick-riding arranged for the occasion.

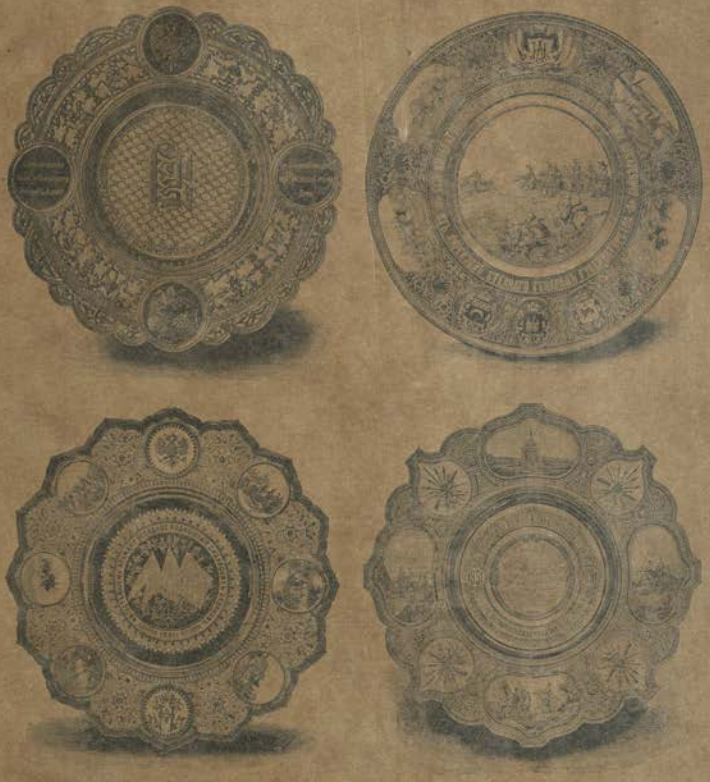
That same evening the Cesarewitch left Orenburg by rail for the territory of the Ural Cossacks.



THROUGH THE STEPPES OF WESTERN SIBERIA.

THE STANDARD OF THE URAL COSSACKS

At Uralsk the preparations for his reception were on a grand scale, for it was their hereditary chief that the Cossacks were about to welcome. Many regiments of them were called



DISHES FOR BREAD AND SALT PRESENTED TO H.I. HIGHNESS.

forth for the occasion, and the city was gaily decorated. Nor were the Kirghiz nomads of the territory backward in their preparations. Such a number of them made up their minds to travel to Uralsk to welcome the Cesarewitch that the authorities were obliged to limit their number to one hundred tents from each district. Deikuns, according to their custom, to express

their loyalty by something more than words, they decided to present the Cesarewitch with a tent, two horses, with saddles and harness, and a set of bowls for *kommyss*. As soon as permission had been granted them, their mounted messengers flew all over central Asia. Artisans who had never been heard of before made their appearance, and the preparation of the gifts was

GIFT FROM SIBERIAN COSSACKS TO H.I. HIGHNESS.

commenced, men and women producing specimens of new and wonderful workmanship. It would not be easy to depict the zeal and animation exhibited by the natives in their determination to make their gifts worthy of the Prince for whom they were intended. That such a one had ridden off to Khiva in search of a certain ornament; that another had galloped off to the Tekki Turcomans, or somewhere else into the depths of Asia, on a similar errand—such occurrences were regarded

as being of the most everyday nature, as if these places were somewhere near at hand, instead of being a thousand miles away.

It is needless to describe the reception of the Cesarewitch in detail. After enjoying an enthusiastic welcome, he received the deputations, presided at the review, and then laid the foundation-stone of a new church. In character, if not in detail, this reception was the same as those accorded to the Cesarewitch all along his route of thousands of miles through the wilds of Siberia. Here he was already in European Russia, and practically at the end of his long journey.

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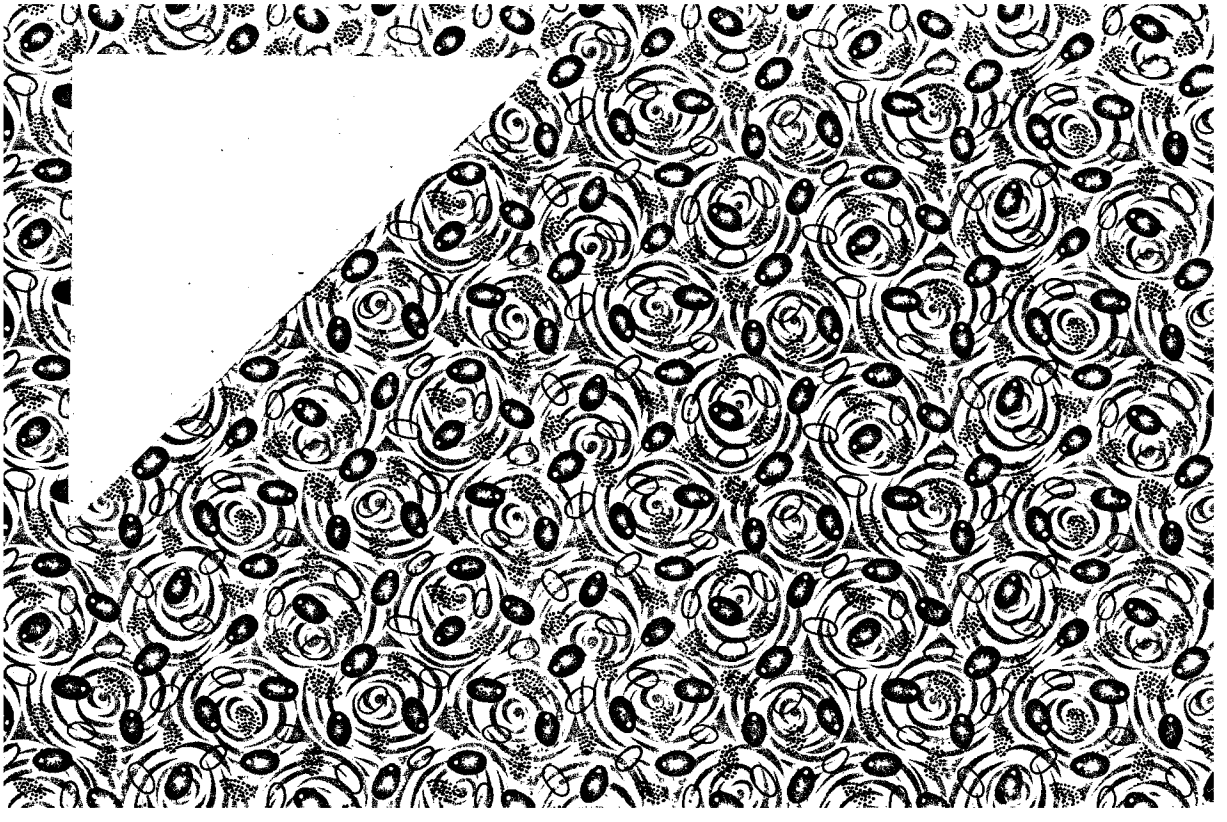

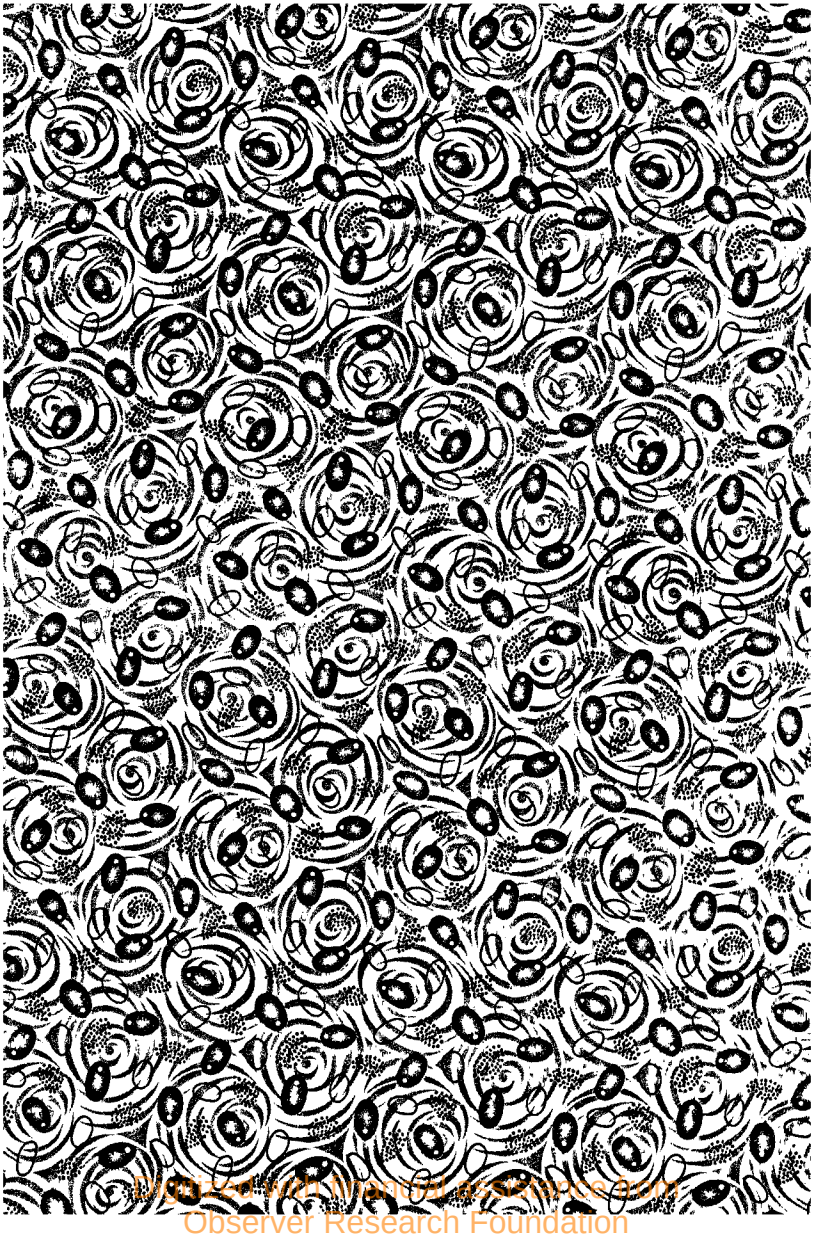

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